TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

QUEEN VICTORIA

AND

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT

THIS MEMORIAL

OF THEIR FIRST PROGRESS

SO GRATIFYING TO THE LOYAL PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND

WRITTEN BY HER MAJESTY'S COMMAND

IS NOW WITH PERMISSION DEDICATED

BY THEIR MOST HUMBLE AND DEVOTED SERVANT

THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

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William Bowie, Esq. one small.
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Robert Bryson, Esq. do.
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Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch, one large.
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Neil Campbell, Esq. do.
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Mrs. Campbell of Ormsary, one large.
The Burgh of Canongate, one small.
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Marmaduke Constable, Esq. one large.
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Duncan Cowan, Esq. do.
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Commander A. Snape Hamond, do.
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J. Henderson, Esq. do.
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Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. one large.
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The Right Hon. Charles Hope, one large.
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T. Hunter, Esq. M.D., (12th Lancers,) do.
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Captain Innes, do.
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Gilbert Mitchell Innes, Esq. do.
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William Johnston, Esq. do.
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W. J. Hope Johnstone, Esq. do.
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Miss Kinloch, one small.
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The Proprietors of the Liverpool Mail Newspaper, one large.

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George Logan, Esq. do.
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John Mackenzie, Esq. do.
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William Mackenzie, Esq. M.D. do.
W. Forbes Mackenzie, Esq. M.P. one large.
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J. M'Dougall, Esq. do.
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Sir John M'Neill, do.
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John Murray, Esq. do.
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The Right Hon. Lord Portman, one small.
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R. Clerk Rattray, Esq. do.
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Walter Richards, Esq. one large.
Messrs. Richardson, Brothers, one small.
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Thomas H. Richardson, Esq. do.
David Roberts, Esq. do.
George Robertson, Esq. do.
Henry Robertson, Esq. do.
James Robertson, Esq. do.
J. M. Robertson, Esq. do.
Mrs. Robertson, do.
Murdoch Robertson, Esq. do.
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John Ronald, Esq. do.
Hugh Rose, Esq. of Kilravock, do.
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G. Rowe, Esq. one large.
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Frederick Roy, Esq. one small.
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R. B. Sangster, Esq. one small.
Alexander Scott, Esq. do.
Archibald Scott, Esq. do.
Colonel Scott, do.
Isaac Scott, Esq.
J. N. Scott, Esq. one small.
John G. Scott, Esq. do.
John Scott, Esq. do.
William Scott, Esq. do.
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John Shearer, Esq. do
Captain Shearman, one large.
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C. G. Sidey, Esq. one large.
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Messrs. Simms and Son, do.
Professor Simpson, do.
Sir George Sitwell, Bart. do.
Mrs. Skipton, three large.

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B. Smith, Esq. do.
David Smith, Esq. do.
James Smith, Esq. do.
James Smith, Esq. two small.
Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset, one small and one large.
Graham Speirs, Esq. one large.
Henry Spencer, Esq. do.
James Spittal, Esq. one small.
Robert Spittal, Esq. M.D. do.
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William Steele, jun. Esq. one large.
John Steell, Esq. one small.
William Steuart, Esq. one large.
Moses Steven, Esq. one small.
John Stewart, Esq. one large.
Sir M. Robert Shaw Stewart, Bart. one small.
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Major W. Moray Stirling, one large.
Sir John Strachan, Bart. one small.
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His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, one small and one large.
Mr. J. Sutherland, one small.
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Professor Syme, do.
David Syme, Esq. do.
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John Tait, Esq. one small.
J. C. Tait, Esq. do.
William Tait, Esq. one large.
Robert Thom, Esq. one small.
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John Thomson, Esq. one large.
Mrs. James Thomson, - do.
James Thomson, Esq. do.
Messrs. J. and J. Thomson, one small.
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Thomas Thomson, Esq. do.
W. T. Thomson, Esq. do.
Sir R. Throckmorton, Bart. do.
Benjamin Tipper, Esq. do.
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Charles Trotter, Esq. one small.
John Trotter, Esq. one large.
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D. Vertue, Esq. do.
Misses Viner, do.
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Patrick Warner, Esq. do.
Miss Watson, one large.
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Alexander Welsh, Esq. do.
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The Ven. Archdeacon Williams. do.
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Captain Wood, do.
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William Wotherspoon, do.
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Messrs. D. Wyllie and Son. do.
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SUBJECT.	DRAWN BY	ENGRAVED BY	PAGE.
Edinburgh, from St. Anthony's Well,	W. L. Leitch.	William Miller.	Frontispiece.
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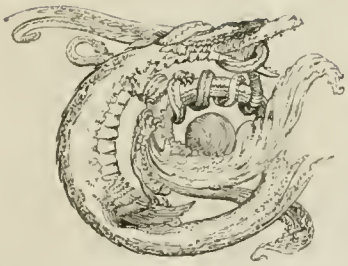
TO THE READER.

All who are acquainted with the difficulties attendant on any endeavour to discover truth, will at once be able to form some estimate of those which the Author has encountered in producing the following Work, where, amidst the most extraordinary contrariety of evidence, it was necessary to record the minutest circumstances with accuracy. It would be presumption to declare that he has been successful in doing so in every instance, but he may be permitted to state, that neither time, labour, travel, nor correspondence have been spared, to ensure the correctness of all facts, however trifling, and he is consequently disposed to believe, that if errors do exist anywhere throughout the whole narrative, they must necessarily be so small both in number and importance, as to leave to it all the character of fidelity that can belong to a human performance. He is the more emboldened to express this conviction, because every information was readily supplied to him by those distinguished personages who bore prominent parts in the scenes described, the sheets being afterwards subjected to their strict revision, for which he begs thus to express his most grateful acknowledgments.

At the risk of increasing the number of its pages, but with the hope of imparting to them a greater degree of interest in the eyes of those who are unacquainted with Scotland, it has been thought right to notice the antiquities, and other objects of interest, as well as to describe the scenery all along the route of The Queen's Progress.

The Grange House, 1*st July* 1843.

INTRODUCTION.



The Scottish national character has an inherent tendency to a certain peculiar description of loyalty, having perhaps more of romance than of reason in it, of which the later periods of the history of the people are replete with glowing examples. It was especially manifested by all ranks, from the peer to the peasant, during those chivalric but vain struggles, made for the restoration of the Stuart family to that throne from which they had been driven by the majority of the British nation. The poor nameless Highlander, who so nobly refused to betray him whom he conscientiously believed to be his legitimate Prince, though tempted to do so by a reward, in his eyes great as the riches of Crœsus, and who afterwards suffered an ignominious death for stealing a cow, was but one prominent example of that devotion which was generally diffused. It was this very flame of Scottish loyalty, indeed, burning like an *ignis fatuus* before the eyes of the brave but unfortunate Princes of the House of Stuart, which tempted them to proceed, with the most inadequate support, but with gallant and desperate resolution, in the dark and perilous path

which they so long and perseveringly pursued, with the vain expectation of at last reaching their ancient hereditary seat. It was not even gradually subdued in the minds of the people, until some time after the extinction of all rational hope that the race could ever be restored as monarchs of Great Britain. After smouldering for a time amid its ashes, it again roused itself up in behalf of those sovereigns who reigned in their stead; and being by slow degrees transferred to this new altar, it has since continued to burn for about three quarters of a century, growing in greatness and strengthening in fervour, until it now blazes with all its pristine ardour and intensity.

The rarity of those opportunities that have occurred since the Union with England, where Scotsmen could give full vent to this national feeling, whilst beholding their Sovereign among them, has probably increased its force when such occasions have arisen. As no undisputed reigning King had honoured Scotland with his presence since the days of Charles II., it is no wonder that the visit of George IV. to his northern metropolis, in 1822, should have produced a very great sensation among all ranks and conditions of people, even although he could not be considered as enjoying a more than ordinary share of general popularity. On that occasion, the preparations for the reception of the King of Great Britain were gone into with the utmost readiness by persons of every description. The national pride of Scotland was roused. All were eager that things should be rightly done; and, consequently, every thing being planned and executed with scrupulous circumspection and unremitting care, the result was, that the whole particulars of the parade and pageantry, and the whole scenic effect of the various acts of the drama, were perfected in arrangement. When the curtain rose, therefore, every movement went on without a fault, like those in a well-rehearsed play, in which Majesty itself willingly condescended to take the great and prominent part; and

Scotland, with Sir Walter Scott as master of ceremonies and prompter, received the Royal Visitor, as befitted her to welcome her Sovereign.

But while George IV. thus came to honour Edinburgh with his illustrious presence, *en grand Monarque*, and surrounded by all the dignity of state that belonged to him as Sovereign of Great Britain, anticipating and fully prepared to partake of the pageantry and the banqueting that was provided for him, it was the acknowledged wish of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, on the recent occasion, to visit the Scottish portion of her dominions without pomp or parade, and to mingle with her subjects there, without being subjected to the tedium of ostentatious and harassing ceremonial. This was most desirable for the right accomplishment of her objects, which were those of gathering useful and amusing information—gaining a knowledge from personal observation of that portion of her dominions, as well as of its inhabitants; and having the full and unfettered enjoyment of necessary relaxation from state affairs, whilst freely inhaling the healthful breezes that play amid the romantic scenery of Caledonia. Her Majesty's earnest and most natural desire indeed was, to be permitted to pass every where with the least possible degree of recognition. But potent as is the Royal will, it cannot control that feudal spirit of loyalty which has been described as a characteristic of Scotsmen, and consequently no British crowned head whatsoever could appear among them without in some degree experiencing its effects. But if to this spirit, excited by the mere name of Sovereign, there be added all those finer, and deeper, and holier feelings, which call on the natives of Scotland, in common with their brethren of England and of Ireland, to admire and to love, in the person of a Queen, her in whom the highest qualities and virtues are most transcendant, then might flames of affection, as intense as any that ever burned within the bosoms of a people, be well expected to burst forth at the

very idea of the first coming of our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria—the Queen of the people's warmest affections!

Accordingly, no sooner was the rumour heard, that Her Majesty had conceived the gracious intention of visiting Scotland, than every plain, glen, and hill, from one end of the country to the other, was excited, as if the fiery cross had flashed throughout all its intricacies. Beloved as our Queen is, her coming produced the most vehement pulsation in the hearts of people of all ranks and parties, most of whom had never before looked upon her august person. The action of the heart becoming thus so powerfully predominant, the head was not thereby rendered the more fit for the sober performance of its duties. The royal advent was hailed with so great an intoxication of joy, that the people were left without a sufficient share of calm reason. They ceased to be possessed of that sobriety of thought, that might have permitted them in some degree, to have availed themselves of the uncertain intelligence that reached them as to Her Majesty's motions, and the extremely limited time that intervened, to have made at least some of those preparations, which better previous information, greater leisure, and cooler and riper reflection might have enabled them to have rendered perfect. But who could think of any such dry and irksome details, as were necessary for doing mere formal honour to Her Majesty Victoria as the Queen, when every bosom was bursting with enthusiastic affection for the woman? The merely national loyalty of the people was absorbed by the superior strength and influence of that less artificial, but more intensely affectionate attachment to the person of their youthful and beautiful Queen, which they hold in participation with all her subjects, and this—arising as it does from the purest moral grounds, and from the frequent contemplation of that exemplary piety, and of those high qualities, and amiable domestic virtues, which have uniformly distinguished Her Majesty from her earliest years—swallowed

up each colder and less genuine sentiment, with every formal show to which they might have given birth, as the rod of Moses devoured those of the Egyptian soothsayers.

Were it expected then, that we should estimate the reception given to our most gracious Queen in Scotland, by reckoning up the number of those who appeared before her, or who rode in her train, in nodding plumes—richly attired in silks, satins, velvets or furs—in scarlet or in cloth of gold—their arms as well as their persons glittering with jewels —and mounted on magnificent horses sumptuously caparisoned, we should indeed be compelled to confess that, in such respects, it might be considered as naught. Her Majesty, leaving behind her all such gorgeous trappings of a Court, and perhaps rejoicing in having escaped from them for a time, looked not to find them anywhere. She came among her people of Scotland, in all manner of outward simplicity, but internally moved by the most anxious desire that ever filled the breast of beneficent monarch, to spread happiness abroad wherever she went; and all this being fully understood, felt, and appreciated by them, their enthusiastic emotions of affection became too powerful for control, and each individual rushed to meet and to behold her, as if she had been some dearest personal friend, relative, or benefactor. From the moment of Her Majesty's landing at the pier of Granton, till her re-embarkation for London from the same spot, she was continually surrounded by thousands and tens of thousands of both sexes, and of all ages, and these beholding a fair countenance, over which the varied angelic expression, produced by perfect purity of mind, was continually playing with a radiancy of sunshine that warmed all hearts, they threw aside for the moment all consideration of her royal dignity, and thought of her only as the exemplary Christian—as the attached and virtuous wife—as the fond and happy mother—as the kind and considerate mistress—and as the feeling and liberal, and ready dis-

penser of God's best charities; and thus it was that the glory of the reception of Queen Victoria in Scotland consisted, not in stiff, formal, and heartless pageantry and parade, but in those smiles of heartfelt welcome that lighted up every honest, though humble countenance the Royal eyes were turned upon—in the "God bless your Majesty!—God bless your bonny face!" that involuntarily escaped from hundreds of unsophisticated Scottish tongues—and in the deafening shouts of unalloyed delight that followed her in every quarter.

The whole period of the Queen's stay in Scotland, though unattended by pomp and parade, in the strictest sense of these words, was one continued triumph of the best affections of the human heart, and these having been continually kept in active agitation for so great a length of time, it may not perhaps be considered as altogether a vain hope, that, with the blessing of God, the beneficial effect may be more than transitory, and that, in addition to the satisfaction which Her Majesty probably feels, in the conviction she may well entertain, of the universal joy and happiness which her visit shed so widely among her Scottish subjects, she may also have the agreeable reflection, that her appearance among them, like that of an angel of light, may have somewhat tended to their permanent improvement, associated as it is with the living example she exhibits of those grand Christian and moral perfections for which she has proved herself to be so pre-eminent, and which even her temporary presence must have deeply impressed upon their minds. Writing under the full influence of such feelings, these few preliminary reflections may be appropriately concluded with that aspiration, which was not only continually rising heavenward from every lip during Her Majesty's stay in Scotland, but which still finds its way thitherward from countless thousands

"GOD BLESS AND LONG LIVE QUEEN VICTORIA!"

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEPARTURE.

HILST the wide champaign country around Windsor was still quietly reposing in the dull light of the approaching dawn of Monday the 29th of August 1842, those within the walls of its magnificent castle had been for some hours in busy activity. Distant thunder had been heard, the morning was drizzly and wet, and every roof was dropping with a melancholy sound, as if the very eyelids of the royal pile were flowing with tears in contemplation of the departure of those it loved.

By a quarter past four o'clock, the royal breakfast had been served, and ere that moment that the sun should have appeared above the horizon had arrived, and whilst the effect of his rising rays showed themselves but rawly through the rain, and before the bell of the great quadrangle had given forth the hour of five, our most gracious Queen Victoria, and His Royal Highness Prince Albert,—the beloved partner of her voyage through life,—may it be happy and prosperous

to both!—issued forth from its gates to commence that expedition, to which both these august personages had been for some time looking forward with much pleasing anticipation, and with no inconsiderable degree of interest. Her Majesty, always a lover of aquatic excursions, felt an especial pleasure in the contemplation of this voyage. Never did handsomer pair quit these walls, since they were first founded by the Norman William. Her Majesty was simply attired in a blue silk dress, and a white silk bonnet, and over her shoulders was thrown a splendid shawl of Paisley manufacture. His Royal Highness was wrapped in a military cloak, with a red collar, and he wore a travelling cap. The blush of health was on the countenances of both, and youth and ardent hope soon imparted a restoration of buoyancy to their spirits, after the temporary depression they experienced, as the tender mother and fond father bid adieu to the spot which contained the infant Prince and Princess, who were left in the castle under the charge of their preceptress, the Dowager Lady Lyttleton. Though somewhat dimmed by the unfavourable morning, the prospects that greeted the eyes of the Queen wherever she looked, were in themselves most lovely. The works of nature and of man were starting into life, under the reviving influence of the dawn, and the rain had given a freshness to every rural feature. Proud must have been the thoughts that filled the royal bosom, as her Majesty surveyed the country that stretched away on all sides, affording one of the richest and most beauteous samples of her own merry England. Few Scotsmen could have witnessed that most interesting departure from that grand and ancient castle, for ages the favoured residence of a long line of monarchs, towering as it did in the sombre light of that morning, from the commanding eminence on which it stands, and surveyed the exquisitely rich country spreading in all directions as far as human sight could reach—the park—the forest—the venerable pinnacles

of Eton College—the glorious Runnymede—and the silver stream of Thames, softened by the haze, and winding away through this garden of verdure and luxuriance—without heaving a sigh of anxious doubt at the thought, whether after having daily feasted on so rich a repast as this, the wilder and sterner features of Scotland could possibly find favour in the royal eyes.

Though the weather was far from encouraging, her Majesty and the Prince travelled in an open barouche and four. They were followed by two pony carriages and four, containing Her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk, Lady in Waiting,—The Honourable Matilda Paget, Maid of Honour,—Major-General Wemyss, Equerry to the Queen,—Colonel Bouverie, Equerry to the Prince,—Mr. George Edward Anson, Treasurer and Secretary to the Prince, and Sir James Clark, Physician to her Majesty. The Earl of Liverpool, Lord Steward, had already preceded the Royal Party by a special Railway Train from Slough at three o'clock.

The Queen and her illustrious consort having arrived at the Slough Station on the Great Western Railway in less than a quarter of an hour, they were received on a platform covered with a crimson carpet, by Mr. Russel, Chairman of the Railway, Mr. Holland, M.P., one of the Directors, Mr. Sanders, Secretary, and Mr. Howell, Superintendent, by whom they were conducted to the Royal Saloon, or State Carriage, which they entered, followed by the Duchess of Norfolk and Miss Paget. One carriage before and another immediately behind the State Carriage, were occupied by her Majesty's attendants and the gentlemen connected with the Railway Company, and every possible provision having been made for securing the safety and comfort of the royal party, the Argus steam-engine, decorated with colours, was attached, and at twenty-one minutes past five o'clock, they left the station, and proceeded easily to Paddington, the time allowed

for the performance of the distance of eighteen miles being half an hour, so that they arrived safely at the terminus at ten minutes before six o'clock. It is curious to compare the happy difference of circumstances in the state of the country now, and the present rapidity of the powers of locomotion, with those which must have existed even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and still more in the very ancient days of William the Conqueror, with whom most of our ancestors first visited this island. That which is now the pleasant passage of an hour, may then have been the painful and hazardous journey of more than one day; indeed the very name of Slough would seem to indicate the nature of some of the difficulties which were to be encountered by the way. No less gratifying is it for us to compare the gentle and angelic reign under which we now live, with the iron dominion which then prevailed.

"Not thus the land appear'd in ages past.
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they.
Awed by his nobles, by his commons curst,
The oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and Church his iron rod,
And served alike his vassals and his God."

On their arrival at Paddington, the Queen and Prince Albert entered an open carriage and four, and drove by Vauxhall Bridge, towards Woolwich, preceded by outriders, and under the escort of a party of Hussars, and followed by their suite in two carriages and four. Owing to the earliness of the hour, the crowds along the road were not great, so that her Majesty passed with little observation, but wherever she was recognised, she was hailed with enthusiastic cheering.

The preparations for the Royal reception at Woolwich had been made by an early hour in the morning of Monday, and from about five o'clock, numerous naval and military officers began to arrive. Amongst these were, Admiral The Honourable Sir Robert Stopford, Governor of Greenwich Hospital; Captain Sir Francis Collier, Superintendent of the Dockyards, and a number of naval officers; Lieutenant-General Lord Bloomfield, Commandant of the Artillery, accompanied by General Count Rosen, an officer of the Swedish Service; Major-General Sir Hew Dalrymple Ross; Colonel Lacy; Colonel Cleveland; Colonel Dyneley; Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas; Lieutenant-Colonel Macbean; Major Harding; Major Sandilands, and Brigade-Major Cuppage, of the Royal Artillery; Colonel Sir George Hoste; Brigade-Major Sandham, and Captain Wulff, of the Royal Engineers; Colonel Parke, Colonel Commandant of the Woolwich Division; Colonel Conolly, late Commandant, and Colonel Nichols of the Royal Marines, with numerous other officers of different corps.

During the previous Saturday, the baggage belonging to her Majesty and suite, together with all the provisions necessary for the voyage, had been put on board of the vessels. Amongst these articles were her Majesty's terriers, and two beautiful cows, for supplying milk for the royal table. On Sunday every hotel and lodging place in the town was filled with people. Notwithstanding the strictest orders that Her Majesty's embarkation should be conducted in the most private manner, the stir in town during the previous day had been considerable, and in spite of the early hour, and unfavourable weather, the bustle on Monday was very great.

The naval workmen had previously waited by deputation on Admiral Sir George Cockburn, to beg that, according to usual practice, when a crowned head visits Woolwich dockyard, or embarks from it, a holiday might be given on this occasion; and, after a

consultation with Captain Sir Francis Collier, their request was granted; so that these honest fellows were all upon the alert to see and to do honour to their Sovereign. Before six o'clock, several of the royal carriages were driven up with post horses. In these were Her Majesty's pages, officers of the household, and upper servants, who immediately proceeded to embark on board the Royal George. No entrance to the dockyard was allowed, except to officers of the navy and army, in full uniform, and to the gentlemen cadets of the Royal Woolwich Academy, also in uniform, who occupied an elevated platform, along with a brilliant assemblage of the ladies connected with the officers and heads of departments. All the troops of the garrison were under arms by half-past four o'clock; and the whole were at their respective posts by half-past five. At that hour, a guard of honour of an hundred men, two subalterns, and four non-commissioned officers, was formed from the Royal Marines, under the command of Captain Pratt, and they marched into the dockyard, preceded by the band of the corps, and were stationed on the approach to the steps leading to the point where Her Majesty was to enter the Admiralty barge. Soon afterwards, the whole of the marines in the garrison, including the men of the Chatham division, under Lieutenant-Colonel Stevens, arrived, and formed in two lines, from the place where the guard of honour was stationed to the dockyard gate. A little before this time, Admiral Cockburn, Sir Francis Collier, and Captain Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, had appeared; and whilst the two former occupied themselves in giving directions and making arrangements, the latter proceeded on board of the Royal George yacht.

The Earl of Haddington, first Lord of the Admiralty—the Earl of Liverpool,—the Earl Delawarr, Lord-Chamberlain—the Earl of Jersey, Master of the Horse, and the Earl of Morton, Lord in Waiting

on the Queen, arrived from London soon after six o'clock; and in about half-an-hour afterwards, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, dressed in the uniform of a Field-Marshal, and accompanied by Baron Knesebeck, drove up in a carriage and four.

The Admiralty barge, manned by twelve hands in scarlet uniforms, was stationed at the stairs, and a space of about 300 yards was kept clear between it and the Royal Yacht by men-of-war boats. Whilst all were in momentary expectation of Her Majesty's arrival, a great heavy, black-looking, coal-barge drifted into the vacancy; and the active scene that took place, in effecting the removal of this unintentional intruder, gave rise to a good deal of merriment among the spectators. A party of the Royal Horse Artillery, with six guns, under the command of Colonel Dingley, and a field battery of four guns, under Colonel Cleveland, were stationed in the arsenal, for the purpose of firing the royal salute on Her Majesty's arrival.

At a-quarter before seven o'clock, a buzzing sound that arose from among the groups of people assembled, preluded the approach of the royal carriages, with the escort; and soon afterwards, the arrival of the Queen was announced by the discharge of the cannon from the dockyard battery. As the vehicle containing Her Majesty and the Prince came up, the gallant corps of marines presented arms, and their fine band played "God Save the Queen." Her Majesty graciously acknowledged the compliment, and the postilions drove at a slow pace down the dockyard towards the landing steps of the pier. The moment the carriage stopped, the door was opened, and Prince Albert descended its steps; and Lord Delawarr and Lord Liverpool approached, and assisted the Queen to alight, amidst the cheers of the assembled crowd. Her Majesty's eyes glistened with delight when she perceived her Royal uncle, who advanced and kissed her hand; and amiably yielding to her feelings, she kissed him with

sincere affection on the cheek, and the salute was returned, whilst each reciprocated a kind farewell; and His Royal Highness fervently wished her a safe and happy voyage.

The gallant Sir George Cockburn, first sea Lord of the Admiralty, himself superintended the embarkation of Her Majesty and suite; and the arrangements made by him and Sir Francis Collier, and executed under the direction of Mr. Lang, Master ship-wright, who was in constant attendance, were such as to secure the most perfect order.

Now, indeed, the scene became extremely interesting; and no less so from the moral and intellectual associations it awakened, than from the mere features of the material objects around. These last were the buildings of the dockyard—the assembled crowds—the broad river—the open lane that stretched across its surface to the Yacht, flanked on either side by men-of-war boats. The Royal George herself, with carved and gilded hull, sitting majestically on the water, and her taper spars proudly piercing the sky as if conscious of the high honour which was about to be conferred upon her by having the Sovereign committed to her keeping—together with the steam-vessels forming the royal squadron, under the command of Captain and Commodore Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence—the Shearwater, Captain Washington—the Salamander, Commander Hamond—the Lightning, Lieutenant-Commander Snell—the Black Eagle, Master and Commander Cooke—the Rhadamanthus, Master and Commander Laen—and the Fearless, Captain Bullock, with the other vessels and craft, all decorated with their many-coloured flags. But what were all these, in point of beauty or interest, compared to the young, light, and graceful figure of Her Majesty, who, after bidding adieu to her royal uncle, gave her arm to the protection of Sir George Cockburn, and, advancing over the cloth which covered the platform, proceeded to

descend the stairs, assisted by the veteran seaman! What spectacle could be more imposing than to behold the youthful Monarch of these sea-girt islands, about to commit herself to that element, the impregnable bulwark of her kingdom, and the theatre on which its thunders have been heard to the terror and annihilation of the navies of other nations—under the protection of that old and intrepid naval officer, whose bravery and hardihood had led him to triumph in so many victories, and whose stalwart arm had acquired so much glory and honour for her kingdom, and spread the fear of the name of the Sovereign of Great Britain widely among her enemies! Whilst the Royal eyes beamed sunshine on his weather-beaten countenance, and shed additional lustre on his venerable person, covered with those honourable marks of distinction which his services had gained him, it was like the personification of the genius of Britain going hand in hand with her great protector, Neptune himself; and surrounded as the spectators were, with those immense magazines of naval and military munitions which the dockyard contains, the recollection of the greatness of Britain so rushed upon their minds that the cheers of the multitude were deafening.

Lord Haddington stood ready towards the bottom of the steps to receive Her Majesty from the Admiral, and to hand her into the Admiralty barge, where she sat covered with an awning. In the prow waved the royal standard. Sir Francis Collier had already placed himself in the stern of the barge as coxswain, and sat with the yoke-lines in his hand, ready to steer; and no sooner had the Prince taken his seat by Her Majesty, than at the word of command down went the oars—and "Give way!" being heard, the boat swept across the glassy surface with inconceivable speed. Sir Francis having steered a short way from the dockyard down stream, and a little past the Royal Yacht, rounded to, so as to avail himself of the tide, and

placed the barge alongside the Yacht, in the most perfect manner. During the progress of the barge, Her Majesty was hailed with loud parting cheers from the people on shore, which she acknowledged with great grace and condescension. Captain Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence was in attendance, on the accommodation ladder rigged expressly for the occasion, and covered with flags by Mr. Breaks, secretary to the senior officer in command. His Lordship was in full dress uniform, and wore the light blue ribbon of his order. With his aid Her Majesty ascended the ladder with much ease and agility of action, and was handed on board by the Prince, who had preceded her for that purpose, and who afterwards gave a purse of gold to be distributed among the crew of the barge. No sooner was Her Majesty on board, than the royal standard was furled in the barge, and hoisted at the maintop of the Royal George, and the yards were manned, and three hearty cheers given, which were answered from all the other vessels.

At that moment the first gun was fired from a field battery of four six pounders, stationed in the dockyard, to announce the event of the Queen being fairly afloat in the Yacht, and as the salute proceeded, the acclamations of the people assembled, and the ringing of bells, filled up the interval between each discharge of the guns. Meanwhile, the royal suite, consisting of The Duchess of Norfolk, Miss Paget, Lord Liverpool, Lord Morton, Colonel Bouverie, Mr. G. E. Anson, and Sir James Clark, embarked on board of the other vessels, and precisely as the clock struck seven, the Royal Yacht was under weigh, towed by the Monkey steamer. The firing was continued in royal salute time, until the steam-vessel had towed the Yacht to a certain point opposite to the Arsenal, where the whole of the horse and foot Artillery, under the command of Colonel Turner, were drawn up in line, along with the Corps of Sappers and Miners, all of whom presented arms. As these fine troops extended nearly

along the whole of the river side of the Arsenal, which was now partially concealed by the curling smoke from the guns, and then revealed as it melted away, it presented a very striking appearance to Her Majesty, who viewed it from the deck of the Yacht. No sooner had the firing at the dockyard ceased, than a battery at the upper part of the wharf wall began to fire, and continued until the Yacht had passed the convict ship; when the guns at the eastern extremity of the canal, opened their melodious mouths in loyal salvo, and went on firing until the whole Squadron had passed. During all this time the bands were playing "God Save the Queen," amidst continued cheering and waving of hats and handerchiefs from those who looked on from the shore, as well as from the sailors who manned the yards of the vessels. The unpromising morning, the early hour, and the uncertainty that prevailed as to Her Majesty's motions, had rendered the numbers much fewer than they otherwise would have been, but to the thousands who had the good fortune to be there, the scene was extremely animating. The manning of the yards of all the ships opposite to the dockyard, on the announcement of Her Majesty's approach—the hoisting of the royal standard on the flagstaff, —the lowering of it thence, and the unfurling of another in the Admiralty barge, the moment she stepped on board—and ultimately the hoisting at the main-topmast-head of the Yacht a broad and gorgeous banner as Her Majesty embarked—were all performed with that rapidity which characterizes even the minutest manœuvre of our naval forces.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE.

EING now fully under weigh, the Royal Squadron proceeded down the river, the Lightning steamer leading, to clear the way for the tow vessel and the Yacht, and the other steamers following the royal ship according to the seniority of their respective commanders. In rear of the whole went the Trident, followed by the Waterman's Company steamer, and an above-bridge boat, called the Matrimony. These two last occasionally pressed rather closely on the Royal Yacht, and Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence was himself obliged to give their skippers a hint to keep a little off. The crew of the Waterman, in new scarlet jackets, were actively employed in the perhaps rather too frequent discharge of several small guns, loyally intended to do honour to the Queen. Her Majesty continued on deck until the flotilla had entered Erith Reach, and then she went below with the Prince, and others. Soon afterwards the clouds, which had hitherto continued so heavy and dripping, broke up a little to leeward, and the rain began

occasionally to intermit; so much so, indeed, as to cheer the drooping hopes of the weather-wise seamen, and to encourage them to predict, that "the sun would yet shine upon Her Majesty afore she made Gravesend."

These prognostications proved to be not without foundation; for by the time the Royal Squadron was abreast of Erith Pier, the weather had given additional indications of permanent amendment. The rain had entirely ceased, and the atmosphere had so far cleared, as to show the Erith shore crowded with people, whose hearty cheers reaching the vessels, were re-echoed by those on board. These were followed by a salute fired from the guns on the pier, which was answered by those of one of the steamers. At this moment the Gravesend steamer, called the Ruby, a very handsome vessel, passed up the river, full of people. Her paddle-boxes were manned in the most admirable manner, and her passengers saluted the Royal Yacht with a deafening cheer, which was taken up by all the other river steamers. At Purfleet this parasitical fleet was augmented by the Star, which joined them from London. She was also well filled with passengers, who, in imitation of those on board the Ruby, manned the paddle-boxes, and cheered heartily as she took up her sailing station.

Now it was that the weather really became promising, and a broad stripe of blue sky to windward raised the spirits of all. The dark clouds breaking into separate masses, rolled heavily away, and with them departed the gloom from every countenance. At about half-past eight, Her Majesty and the Prince again came on deck, bringing sunshine in their very eyes, and the moment the Queen was recognised, she was hailed by reiterated bursts of cheering. Her Majesty acknowledged the compliments paid her, and then occupied herself in making enquiries of Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence respecting the various houses, villages, and other objects on shore,

now gloriously illuminated by brilliant sunshine. The scene became altogether more animated. Several London steamers were seen puffing after the flotilla, making every exertion to join it. This they easily accomplished, for the Monkey was much too weak for her work, and hardly carried the Yacht on more than four knots an hour. But she was cast off between Purfleet and Grays, and her place taken by the powerful steamer the Shearwater, which soon increased the speed to seven knots. The Queen took great interest in the working of the vessels, as well as in that of the shipping by which she was surrounded; and Her Majesty and the Prince put many questions to Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence regarding the various objects of interest on board the Yacht, and elsewhere. Her Majesty was especially attracted by the graceful operation of heaving the lead, so often performed with anxious dread by the seaman, when amidst unknown rocks and shoals; and she watched the man who marked it with much interest. The vessels working about on the river, always lay to and lowered their colours or sails, in compliment, as the Royal Squadron passed them majestically by, whilst ever and anon some battery on shore blazed forth its salute, amidst the far drawn sound of the cheering of those who surrounded it. The crash produced by the commingling of the various bands of river steamers just before the Squadron got abreast of Grays, augmented as it was by the repeated discharges of their guns, was quite overwhelming. However gratifying to Her Majesty, as indicative of loyalty, this jarring was anything but pleasing to a delicate musical ear, and consequently upon two of the vessels coming rather closer to the stern of the Yacht than propriety warranted, they were told by signal to sheer farther off, and soon afterwards Her Majesty and Prince Albert retired below.

Abreast of Grays, the Black Eagle was attached as a second towing

vessel in aid of the Shearwater, and thus the speed was increased to eight knots an hour. At twenty minutes past nine o'clock, the Squadron arrived off Tilbury Fort, where the spectacle became extremely fine, and pregnant with interesting historical association. The presence of our reigning Queen, Her Majesty Victoria, in the neighbourhood of this spot, recalled the recollection of her great predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, connected as the place is with that monarch's spirited visit to her troops, encamped here in 1588, previous to the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Mounted on horseback, she rode like a heroine through the lines, addressing the men in speech so animating, as to arouse in their breasts a degree of enthusiasm, which no Sovereign of the other sex could have excited. Her reign was indeed a brilliant and glorious one; and much as the high prosperity of England, during that period, was to be attributed to her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, her vigilance, and her address, which are the prominent qualities assigned to her by historians, it is a truly gratifying reflection, that the youthful Sovereign, now reigning over this great united kingdom, not only possesses in the highest degree, all these brilliant qualifications for good government, but that they are her's, unaccompanied by that pedantry, cruelty, and intolerance, which so much tarnish the otherwise bright character of Elizabeth. Happy, then, is the prospect that has dawned on our country by the auspicous commencement of the reign of a young Queen, who, whilst not inferior to the great Elizabeth in those essentials for ruling, has the good fortune to excel her by possessing all the gentler and more amiable qualities of the woman's breast, as much as she surpasses her in feminine beauty.

Flat and tame as Tilbury appears, it assumed a certain air of importance when the royal salute was fired from its guns, as well as

from the garrison drawn up on its fortifications. The ships and small craft at Gravesend, of every possible form and rig, were cruizing about, gay with their clothing of colours of all nations. The breeze was just enough to swell the sails and to keep the streamers and flags floating well out in it; and the light and beautifully shaped cutters, yachts, and pleasure-boats, were seen moving actively about among the heavier vessels. Here the lively appearance presented by the piers, terraces, green slopes and eminences of that pretty town, thronged as they were with crowds of spectators, was very striking. When the Yacht was about half-a-mile from it, the Queen again came on deck, with Prince Albert, apparently for the purpose of gratifying the loyal curiosity of her subjects, with a view of their Sovereign. She was acknowledged by their cheers, which came mellowed over the surface of the water, mingling with the merry sound of bells, and the occasional boom of the guns from Tilbury, pregnant with recollections of Drake and the Armada. Immediately after the Yacht had passed through this stirring scene, the Queen and her Royal Consort again went down into the great cabin; but it soon appeared that Her Majesty had no intention of remaining long below, for by the time the Yacht had got into the Lower Hope, sofas were placed on deck for her accommodation and that of the Prince.

When within some three or four miles of the mouth of the Medway, the river steamers, which had been continuing to venture nearer and nearer to the Royal Yacht by degrees began to thrust their bowsprits up abreast of the cabin windows, and at a distance of little more than twenty yards from those especially appropriated to the Queen and Prince Albert, who had already found it necessary to shut those opposite to where they were sitting, exposed to the untamed gaze of these worthy but rather too curious people. Lord Adolphus Fitz-

clarence was sent for by Her Majesty; and when he again appeared, he smartly ordered the intruders to take a wider berth, which they very quickly did; and it was not observed that any of them were guilty of such indecorum for the rest of the voyage down the river.

The Queen and the Prince came on deck at twenty minutes to eleven o'clock, and occupied the sofas, in full enjoyment of the ocean view that now opened. The steam having been well got up in both the towing vessels, they pulled the Yacht through the water in gallant style, so that the distance from Gravesend to the Nore was very speedily accomplished. A fresh breeze now rippled the water; and the various sailing craft careened gently and gaily to its influence. The sea, however, was quite smooth; and the Queen had all that enjoyment which the inspiriting onward motion of a vessel, and the free and unfettered view of the sea, always gives to those not apt to be less pleasantly affected by them. She looked extremely well; and the officers of the ship had then, and afterwards, many opportunities, of satisfying themselves of the reality of that smile which has been so generally remarked as especially belonging to Her Majesty, and which is by all allowed to be distinguished for the peculiar beauty of its expression. The mouth of the Medway opened to the right, and Sheerness, with its fortifications and its huge-hulled men-of-war, among which the guard-ship was conspicuous, appeared at a distance. Right a-head was seen the enormous Camperdown line-of-battle ship of 110 guns, contrasting beautifully with the lighter forms of the Pique frigate, and the Daphne sloop-of-war, all rigged with streamers, ensigns, and flags of every colour. As the Royal Squadron approached the Nore, the three ships-of-war manned their yards—a nautical ceremonial than which nothing can be more imposing, from

the manly and athletic forms which are thus so suddenly placed, rank above rank, rising into the very skies, and from their hoarse, hearty, and animating cheers. These three vessels presented a very beautiful appearance, with their gracefully-moulded hulls—their bright-burnished copper sheathing—their guns frowning from their ports—their nettings fitted with white hammock cloths—the tall masts, tapering away, stick above stick, and spar above spar, to the slender pole of the royal, where the long pennant quivers in the wind—the yards crowned with active topmen—the ropes and rigging, which, to a landsman's eye, look to be so infinitely tangled below as to be utterly unintelligible, and scarcely comprehensible above, although there gradually decreasing in complexity. All these, with the gallant hearts that man them, and the wisdom and bravery which commands them, were sufficient to awaken powerful associations in the minds of those who beheld them doing homage to their passing Queen. Nor was it possible to forget that this spot had been the scene of that most alarming mutiny of Britain's bravest children against their common mother country, and how much the very existence of that country among the nations had depended upon its being crushed.

As the Yacht neared the floating light at the Nore, the Queen was in frequent communication with Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, and some signals were made. Her Majesty afterwards took Prince Albert's arm, and moved forward to the bows, evidently looking with much gratification upon the grand spectacle which the Camperdown, the Pique, and the Daphne presented at this moment. After walking for several minutes fore and aft, the whole length of the deck, they resumed their seats. A signal was run up to the mizzen-topgallant-mast of the Yacht, as the Squadron neared the Camperdown, and the other two vessels at anchor, and fire began to flash from their ports, and smoke to curl upwards over their

rigging, as their long lines of floating batteries poured out gun after gun. During the intervals between the thunder of each discharge, the shrill boatswain's whistle was heard. The guns fired towards the Yacht shook the sea, but those on the opposite side returned a sound as if from some distant mountain. The guard-ship at Sheerness joined in the salute, and her guns came like muffled drums over the wide expanse of water. So great was the number of private steamers now added to those belonging to the Royal Squadron, that the *coup d'œil* was magnificent, the Royal George herself, with her taper spars, and rigging taught like harp-strings, being the most beautiful object of the whole. After the salute, Her Majesty was greeted by deafening cheers. Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Brace came off, in his barge, from the Camperdown flag-ship, and paid his duty to Her Majesty. After the last gun, a very ridiculous circumstance took place. A dapper little steam-boat, from some of the City quays, came briskly alongside of the Yacht, and, after the usual courtesies, a pompous order was heard to "fire a royal salute." Great excitement took place, followed by the most vociferous laughter, as an important-looking personage placed himself nearly opposite to Her Majesty, and with great gravity produced a cord, with a small ball attached to it, and as it unrolled itself, it discharged regular and successive shots from a series of percussion caps, which detonated, one after the other, in royal saluting time, and tossed the ball on every side, as they went off! This piece of Cockney loyalty was evidently considered extremely brilliant by their motley company; and, combined with the attitude of the gunner who fired this Lilliputian salvo, and contrasted with the sublime sounds of the guns from the Camperdown, it produced so ludicrous an effect, that it was difficult for those in the immediate presence of Her Majesty to control their risible muscles. The Pique and Daphne had pre-

pared to sail as part of the royal convoy, but the wind being right a-head, they were left behind.

By a quarter past twelve o'clock the Yacht had got six or seven miles from the Nore, and the Queen and the Prince had taken up books to amuse themselves. Now it was that the Fame, and the other London steamers, began to think of returning; but ere they left the Royal Squadron, they severally came alongside of the Yacht, and greeted Her Majesty with loud and repeated cheers, which were acknowledged in the most gracious manner. As the Squadron proceeded, it was met by numerous steamers, from different parts of the coast, and after their respective companies had been indulged with a sight of their Queen, they gave three hearty hurrahs, and then made the best of their way home.

A fresh breeze of wind arose about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the crew of the Yacht were ordered aloft to strike the top-gallant-yards, and to make all snug for the night. The Trident had hitherto kept company with the Royal Squadron. About six o'clock, when off Orfordness, Captain Sharpe enquired by signal whether he could give any aid to Her Majesty, and having been answered in the negative, he put on his steam, and shot away a-head. The Squadron now bore away down the Swin channel, the Yacht still towed by the Shearwater and Black Eagle, the other steamers being arranged two and two on each quarter, whilst the whole were accompanied by the Vestal Trinity Yacht, which excited great and general admiration, by the seaman-like manner in which she took up her position, and kept it throughout the whole of the voyage.

The Maplin Light, which consists of a great iron basket, raised high in the midst of the sea, upon screw posts, appearing as if built of old gridirons, was the next object of curiosity that arose in the Queen's path over the waves. The channel here is extremely in-

tricate and dangerous, being surrounded by shoals on every side. Such a place for human beings to work an insulated light in, is not to be conceived by those who have not seen it, and no one who knows it will deny, that Her Majesty has therein seen the most extraordinary abode in her dominions.

The Squadron received a royal salute from Walton le Soken, on the Naze of Essex, where the rich flat country rises but little above the surface of the ocean, and by five o'clock in the afternoon they came abreast of the entrance to Harwich. Though the approaches to this harbour are everywhere beset with shoals, and the fairway is extremely intricate, it is the safest port on the whole eastern coast, and if the afternoon had not given promise of tolerable weather, here the Yacht, with its precious freight, must have reposed for the night. Upon this subject an humble hope may be permitted to be expressed, that from the voyage of the Sovereign, her frequent examination of charts, and the numerous enquiries which the desire of useful information prompted Her Majesty to make, she must have learned, that from the Thames to Cromarty Bay, no easily taken harbour of refuge exists,—and that this may lead to the removal of so great a disgrace from our country, by the execution of some grand works for the protection of our commerce and marine from the storms which are often so fatal in the present unprovided state of the eastern coast. The common embouchure of the Stour and the Orwell, is capable of holding three hundred sail at anchor, and among these there might be vessels of the largest size. The town of Harwich, which defends it on the southern side, and the promontory of Landguard Fort, which protects it on the other, with the receding green and tufted slopes within the bay, broken by the forest of masts arising from the shipping, though seen at some distance, were objects producing a most pleasing combination when

viewed under an evening sky. The forts saluted, and nearer the eye there was a moving panorama of dredging vessels employed here in fishing up a peculiar sort of stone, used for making Roman cement. Forgetting their occupation for the time, they were cruizing about, earnestly desiring to be blessed with a sight of their Sovereign. Two steamers from Ipswich, called the Orion and the River Queen, the former having the Mayor and authorities of that town on board, came alongside the Yacht, with bands of music, and greeting Her Majesty with loud hurrahs. A little beyond this the Yacht passed through a beautiful line of revenue cruizers, the crews of which smart little vessels manned their rigging, and lowered their gaff-top-sails and pennants as the royal standard passed them, whilst hundreds of white handkerchiefs, waved by the ladies on board, fluttered in the breeze, and the thrilling cheers of as many manly hearts, proved their devoted attachment to their Queen. One of the most touching parts of this spectacle, was a group of beautiful children, who stretched out their little arms towards their beloved Sovereign, as if lisping a blessing on her head.

The Yacht now swept nobly on in tow of the two steamers, that preceded her with the speed of the horses of the car of Neptune, and like them tossing smoke from their nostrils. The Squadron passed the half-ruined seaports of Bawdsey, Orford, and Oldborough, of which the sea has for ages been gradually swallowing up the very foundations. The ancient Norman castle of Oldborough now stands on a small eminence, to seaward of which once lay half the town. From all these places, boats and sailing vessels, and steamers, came out to pay homage to the Queen. The Oldborough yawls, rowed for a long distance off the land, and cheered manfully as the Yacht passed them close alongside.

The setting sun now threw his declining rays over the poor remains

of that which was once the proud capital of East Anglia. Never was effect of sky more appropriately combined with a scene, for the whole of its history is one continued sequence of disasters. Some antiquarians assert, that it once possessed no less than fifty-two churches and monasteries. The respective sites of many are well known, but that of All Saints is the only one of which any portion is now standing. Blessing God that we live under the gentle dominion of our Queen, it is impossible to think of her passing this ancient seat of kings and of bishops, without recalling the extraordinary fact connected with it, that in the first year of the reign of King John, it received a charter by which its inhabitants were graciously empowered "to marry their sons and daughters as they pleased, and also to give, sell, or otherwise dispose of their possessions, as they should think fit." This charter, dated at Gold Cliff, 29th of June, cost them 300 merks, besides ten falcons, and five gerfalcons. This was freedom indeed! Thankful may we be that we live in times when no such charter as this is required. Near this is Dunwich, to which a curious piece of natural history attaches. It is the place where the swallows chiefly land from abroad, and where they are also seen to congregate in thousands before taking their annual departure to hibernate in some other and milder climate.

The night having come on, Her Majesty and Prince Albert retired below. Some notion of the royal accommodation may be obtained from the plan and description of the Yacht in the Appendix. The gallant vessel still pursued her foaming way, and guided by the brilliant light of Lowestoffe, she passed at midnight around the extreme eastern point of England, and so by the back of Yarmouth sands, and through Hasborough Gut, blue lights and rockets being occasionally thrown up, to inform loyal subjects, who might be awake and on the watch on shore, that their Queen was passing.

CHAPTER III.

THE VOYAGE.

T daybreak on the morning of Monday the 30th of August the beams of the rising sun struggled with the hanging veil of haze, until they penetrated it so far as to enable them to gild the lofty cliffs of Cromer, where the lighthouse stands. Cromer is equally remarkable with those places already particularized, for the encroachments made upon it by the sea. After losing sight of its high cliffs, the Queen rode gallantly over the unrestrained billows of her ocean realm; for the voyage from hence to the coast of Yorkshire, presents a boundless extent of sea in all directions; and the floating light on the Dudgeon is the only fixed object to be met with. Proud of its burden, her marine domain was loyally propitious, and Neptune stilled the waves into perfect placidity. The sea was calm as a mirror, and Her Majesty and her royal consort were early on deck, enjoying the refreshing morning air. Soon after breakfast, a telegraphic message from the Royal Yacht, announced to the whole squadron, that " The Queen and Prince Albert were

perfectly well," which was no sooner interpreted by the different vessels, than three hearty cheers proceeded from each of them. A signal was then made by Her Majesty's command, to inquire after the Duchess of Norfolk and Miss Paget, who were on board the Black Eagle, the answer to which was,—"With duty to Her Majesty, quite well." A similar question was then put as to the Gentlemen in Waiting, who were on board of the Rhadamanthus, and much mirth was produced by the reply,—"All well, and the Lord High Steward eating voraciously!"

The Dudgeon light, thirty miles from Cromer, was passed about nine o'clock, A.M. At noon, the Squadron was off the mouth of the Humber. Here, as in other places, many small craft came off with the hope of seeing Her Majesty. Amongst others was a boat containing a simple-looking fisherman, with a venerable bald head, and his family along with him. This man held up a fine fish with both hands, as the only offering he had to make to the Queen; and Prince Albert, with great good feeling, kindly acknowledged the loyal act. The land in the vicinity of the mouth of the Humber is so flat as to be hardly discernible above the waves when at any considerable distance; and great has been its gradual extinction by the strong tides that prevail here. The site of the classic Ravenspur, famous for the descent of Henry IV. in 1399, and of Edward IV. in 1471, is now looked for in vain, the point it stood on having long ago disappeared. By five in the evening, a glorious view was enjoyed of Flamborough Head, which projects itself boldly and irresistibly against the whole force of the waves of the German Ocean, and affords shelter, in certain winds, to such trading vessels as may anchor in Burlington Bay. It has its name from the beacon lights kept burning on its summit in the early ages. It is a magnificent object, being from 300 to 450 feet in perpendicular height. It is full of

caverns, one of which, called Robin Lyth's hole, from an ancient freebooter of that name who used to frequent it, communicates with the sea at one end, and ascending by a broad natural stair, opens on the land by a narrow aperture, whilst the roof towards the centre has a natural arch of 50 feet high. During the season of incubation, the cliffs are tenanted by myriads of sea-fowl. The Yacht communicated with the preventive station on Flamborough Head by means of Watson's signals; and the Queen and Prince Albert thus received intelligence of the health of the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal. Her Majesty frequently consulted a copy of those beautiful charts of the coast recently published by the Admiralty, expressly prepared for her in a convenient form.

The shades of the second evening of this most interesting voyage began to descend upon the Royal Squadron as they were off Scarborough, and the gay white buildings, within its castle-guarded bay, melted into obscurity in the fading light. Its name is of Saxon derivation—Scearburg—meaning the rock with the castle. It is of great antiquity, the first charter having been granted to it by Henry II. Its castle was built in the reign of King Stephen by William Le Gross, Earl of Albemarle and Holderness, grandson of Odo de Campania, who married Adeliza, daughter of William the Conqueror.

Although the wind freshened from the northward during the night, and considerably impeded the progress of the Squadron, still they passed along the whole coasts of Yorkshire and Durham. Night prevented the Queen from enjoying any view of Robin Hood's Bay, remarkable for its ballad association with the bold but generous outlaw; or of "High Whitby's cloistered pile," the ruined church of which abbey, founded by Oswy, King of the Northumbrians in 655, still remains, though much dilapidated, and presents a fine

bold object, rising, as it does, on a cliff more than 200 feet above the sea. But this, and the distant peep of that well-known sea-mark, the Yorkshire hill, Roseberry Topping, were all that Her Majesty lost on this coast. Roseberry Topping, is much famed for the prospect enjoyed from its summit. The writer of an ancient manuscript in the Cotton Library says of it—"There you may see a vewe, the like wherof I never saw, or thinke that any traveller hath seene any comparable to yt; albeit, I have shewed yt to divers that have paste through a greate parte of the worlde, by sea and land." As the being brought into the world within hearing of the sound of Bow bells is the proof of a genuine Londoner, so is the circumstance of being born within sight of Roseberry Topping proverbial evidence of true Yorkshire blood.

The wind being strong during the night, little way was made; and on the morning of the 31st August the heavy swell created much motion, and caused the Yacht to pitch with considerable violence. The towing hawsers on each bow being alternately stretched and relaxed as the steamers pitched and rolled, the unpleasant motion created to the Yacht was greatly augmented. Most of the party were consequently made ill; and although the Queen, had invariably proved herself to be a good sailor on former occasions, Her Majesty was very unwell, and did not appear on deck at her usual early hour. The Squadron, which had kept a good offing during the night, now stood in towards the land; and at about eight o'clock, they made the Tyne, and enjoyed a very fine view of Tynemouth, with its ruined castle and priory rising from the high and bold headland on which they stand. Behind these was the Roman station of Segedunum at Wallsend, so called from the termination of the great wall, drawn by Hadrian from the Solway Firth to the mouth of the Tyne at this place. Edwine, King of Northumberland, is

supposed to have been the founder of Tynemouth Priory, and here it was that his daughter Rosella took the veil.

The Squadron now held its course within five miles of the coast, and produced a considerable commotion among those who were on the look-out along shore, including the population of the fishing villages of Blyth, Newbigging, and Crosswell. The inland height of Simonside appeared, backed by the Cheviot mountains, famed alike in Border history and in ballad story. At two o'clock, P.M. they passed close to Coquet Island, with its lighthouse. Here there was a cell of Benedictine Monks. A distant but satisfactory view was enjoyed of Warkworth Castle, one of the finest ruins of its size and kind in England. It stands on a rock, with the beautiful wooded river Coquet sweeping around it, and it contains five acres within its walls, which are guarded by towers. The keep is square, with the angles canted off, its plan is varied by projecting hexagonal towers, and the detail of the masonry is very fine. Though it was long a famed seat of the Percys, it was originally granted by Henry II. to Roger Fitz Roger, whose ancestor, Serlo de Brugh, was a follower of William the Conqueror. A little way farther up the Coquet, among the woods on its northern bank, is the curious hermitage of Warkworth, with its flights of stairs, chapel, sacristy, and vestibule, all hewn in the olden time out of the solid rock, in the Gothic style, lighted by windows, and containing an elegant recumbent figure of a lady, with that of a man kneeling at her feet. The Earl of Northumberland, in his grant to the last hermit in 1532, calls it—"Min armitage belded in a rock of stane, in my parke, in honour of the holy Trinity." This spot is rendered classical, by Dr. Percy having founded his poem of the Hermit of Warkworth on a legend connected with it. It is a lovely spot; and the interest it excites

is not diminished by the mystery of its unknown origin. As the Squadron steered along the coast, the boom of artillery was heard from the venerable Earl Grey's grounds at Howick. Six guns that formerly graced the poop of the Spanish ship, the Salvador del Mundo, were dragged down to the bathing-house, and planted as a battery along the terrace, and fired in royal salute as the Queen passed. From want of sufficient experience in those who managed them, one went off as they were loading it, and blew a whole pound of powder into the face of a groom; yet, strange to say, without doing him any damage beyond that of singeing the whole hair from his head and face. It is still more wonderful, that though his clothes were in flames, and he had five pounds of gunpowder in his pocket, he escaped being blown up.

The extensive ruins of Dunstanborough Castle were next seen to rise in detached masses from its promontory of whinstone, around the base of which the sea rages angrily, even when elsewhere calm—

> "The whitening breakers sound so near—
> Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
> On Dunstanborough's cavern'd shore."

This castle was built in 1315, by Thomas, son of Prince Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, and it was afterwards long in possession of the Grey family. It contains above nine acres of ground within its walls. The famous Duns Scotus, who opposed Aquinas, was so called from having been a native of the little village of Dunstan, as is proved by a statement of his own in one of his manuscript works, the translation of which is—"born in a certain village called Dunstan, in the parish of Emylton in Northumberland, belonging to Merton Hall in Oxford," to which college it still appertains.

Soon after passing Dunstanborough, the Squadron was swept on-

wards by the tide at the rate of ten knots an hour, through the narrow passage between the Farn Islands and the main, having on the left the extensive fortifications and scattered pile of Bamborough Castle, crowning the long ridge of its isolated basalt rock at the height of 150 feet above the sea. According to Matthew of Westminster, this fortress owed its origin to Ida, first King of Northumberland. It was destroyed by the Danes in 993; but at the time of the Conquest it seems to have been in tolerable repair. Sir John Forster was its governor in the time of Elizabeth; and his grandson John having got a grant of it from James I., it was forfeited by his descendant Thomas in 1715. But his maternal uncle, Nathaniel Lord Howe, Bishop of Durham, having purchased the estates, bequeathed them for the charitable purposes to which they are now applied. It must have been a most gratifying reflection to Her Majesty, desirous as she is for the enlightenment of her subjects, that these ramparts, which so often withstood the assault of wild, unlettered, and ferocious warriors, should now be dedicated to the instruction of youth — and that, where the clash of war, and the groans of the dying were heard in the olden time, the merry, light-hearted laugh of innocence and childhood now echoes cheerily from the battlements. Although little fit for war, the guns from its walls saluted the Queen with loyal good will.

In passing the strait, the Farn Islands were on the right, with their three lighthouses. Two of these are on House Island, where St. Cuthbert spent the two last years of his life, and where there still remain the ruins of a Priory for six Benedictine Monks, subordinate to Durham. The third lighthouse, where the celebrated Grace Darling resided, is on the Outer Rocks, a shelf at the north-eastern angle of the group, laid extensively bare when the tide is low, but nearly covered at high-water. The Longstone rock,

on which the Forfarshire steamer was lost, with thirty-eight persons, is but a few hundred yards to the south-west of this lighthouse. The wind and sea were setting from the north at the time the vessel struck on its northern extremity; Grace and her father rowed down and landed on its lee-side, where the sea was calm, and making their way to the unfortunate people, saved them by taking them over the rock to the boat. Some of these islands are covered with birds, and the Eider-Duck builds here regularly.

Lindisfarne now lay before them—called Holy Island, from its having been the nursery of infant Christianity in this northern kingdom of Northumbria. The very sight of the mouldering walls of its ancient monastery and cathedral, and the religious air of quiet that still seems to hang over its whole surface, could not but awaken emotions of the holiest spirit in the breast of our young and pious Queen. St. Cuthbert was its Prior for twelve years, and afterwards resided here for two years as sixth bishop of Durham, this being then the Episcopal seat of that diocese. Sir Walter Scott has given these ruins classic fame, in the second canto of his Marmion.

"A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.
In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk
To emulate in stone.
On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had pour'd his impious rage in vain."

The Squadron passed close by the picturesque old castle, so continuous in its perpendicular lines with the tall basaltic rock on which it stands, as to seem a portion of it. The run between the Farn Islands and the main was very interesting, from the rapidity with which the tide swept the vessels on, and the immense number of fishing boats rowed by the hearty owners, and filled with their wives and children, who came off to welcome their Queen. These boats are of a peculiar construction, being flat astern, and exceedingly sharp in the keel forward; they are active, lively, and very safe, when handled by the native fishermen.

And now the Queen approached Berwick, situated on classic Tweed, immediately beyond which arose the rather unpromising boundary of her Scottish dominions. Whatever the thoughts of the Sovereign may have been on seeing this town and port, its inhabitants, who poured out seaward to behold her, must have felt self-gratulation in the reflection, that whilst they neither belong to England nor to Scotland, but, as Acts of Parliament say, "to the good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed," they are now combined with both, under the gentle and peaceful rule of Victoria, and that they are not, as of old, exposed to be torn to pieces, like a weak and trembling prey between two infuriated tigers. Few spots, along the whole line of the Border country, were so often harassed, harried, battered, and burned, during the wars between the two kingdoms, and few there are which have more frequently filled the pages of our history. Many were the horrible acts performed here, in those savage times. But, perhaps, the most atrocious of all was, that which doomed the Countess of Buchan to be shut up in a wooden cage, shaped like a crown, for having placed the diadem on the head of Robert Bruce at Scone.

Scotland wears no very prepossessing appearance at its south-eastern angle, where its confines towards the sea look bare, steep,

and uninteresting. This rough selvage of the highly cultivated County of Berwick, affords an unfavourable specimen of Caledonia to the voyager. Even some of the beautiful glens, bringing rivers from the hills, refuse to disclose themselves. That of Ayton is one, which pours out its stream at Eyemouth, without affording the least hint of the charms within its bosom. But the bold, lofty, and picturesquely precipitous St. Abb's Head, and the small but interesting ruin of Fast Castle, hanging like the aerie of an eagle on the brow of the giddy cliff, were objects calculated to arrest the attention of the refined and cultivated minds of the royal pair; and, perhaps, not the less so, that in this ruin is recognised, the lonely tower of Scott's Master of Ravenswood, and the scene of the ingenious and masterly domestic administration of his faithful Caleb Balderston. Sunset gave double effect to the scene, and especially associated with the sad fate of the hero of the tale.

Soon after the Yacht had passed Berwick, a steam-boat appeared in a most singular disguise, apparently borrowed from those pageants produced for the entertainment of royal personages in ancient times. Being covered with green boughs, it looked like a floating island embowered in wood. It came in holiday fashion, to pay homage to the Queen, and then to retire. Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence having previously ordered underjib, flying-jib, forestaysails, and driver, to be set, a light westerly breeze now enabled him to set the headsails, and the Yacht carried on with increased speed. Two large steamers were seen approaching from the northward, round the head. The Queen was at this time reclining on a couch on deck, between the main and the mizzen-mast, protected from the rawness of the evening air by an ample blue cloak, her head resting on a pillow, and covered only with a small pink silk handkerchief, whilst Prince Albert was standing beside her. The first of these vessels proved to be the Monarch,

bringing a large party of people from the Scottish metropolis, too eager to see Her Majesty to brook delay. The Monarch had no sooner met the Royal Squadron, than she put round, and delivering

her twenty-one guns in excellent style, she took up her position at a respectful distance, abreast of the Yacht. Her yards were manned, her cheers were distinctly heard, and Her Majesty rising, most graciously acknowledged the compliment. About this time the other steamer, the Trident, approached with a similar object. The slanting rays of the declining sun shone upon these vessels, and showed their decks crowded with well-dressed people. "God Save the Queen" was chanted in full chorus, and the sound came over the waves with a rich and mellow effect. The cheering being over, and curiosity satisfied, the band on board the Monarch struck up some lively Scottish reels, upon which, many of the ladies and gentlemen, excited by the music and the occasion, began to dance. Their movements were watched with much interest by Prince Albert, who drew

the Queen's attention to the gay scene, which she enjoyed very much. Immediately afterwards, Her Majesty had a conversation with Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, who, by the royal command, piped all hands on board the Yacht to dance. The sailors appeared on deck with great alacrity, and a curly-headed boy coming forward without his coat, and in his usual costume, began to tune his fiddle. The sailors started off with all the agility and grace belonging to nautical dancing, thumping the decks with right good will, till they echoed to the music. Jack puts on a peculiar phasis when dancing commences, and the scene became so merry, that Her Majesty and the Prince were much amused. After the crew had thus exerted themselves to their hearts' content, and to the high gratification of all who witnessed their laborious exercise, one man was particularly selected to perform a *pas seul*, whose inimitable execution was unrivalled among his fellows. The musician played in his own style with great skill and rapidity, the toe and heel of the dancer following each other in the same rapid succession as the notes of the violin were produced. Though all his movements were derived from the inspiration of the music at the moment, his unpremeditated steps were never at fault, but were always closely associated with the changes of the tune, to which he most assiduously adapted them with the quickness of thought. Round and round he spun, arms a-kimbo, belabouring the deck with heels and toes in such a manner, as to bring music out of every plank he trod on. The small musician seemed jealous of the dancer's fame. His elbow and his fingers redoubled their pace—his head was thrust eagerly forward—his eyes glared—and his upper teeth caught hold of his nether lip, and pressed it hard, in his anxiety to outdo himself. But it was all one to Jack. His body and feet only doubled the rapidity of their movements, whilst a good-natured leer of triumph sparkled

in his eye, as if he would have said, had he not been in the presence of royalty, "That's right, my boy! give way in the bow, old fellow!" and thus they went on, musician and dancer vying with each other, much to the entertainment of the Queen, the Prince, and all present, until young Orpheus was compelled to stop from absolute fatigue. The contrast between the polished figures tripping it to a military band on board the Monarch, and these rude mariners footing it away to the scraping of the curly-headed boy, was singularly striking.

After this display, the sailors joined in singing "Hearts of Oak," and other national songs, their rough stentorian voices harmonizing well with the sound of the roaring waves, dashed from the prow of the vessel; and having concluded their concert with "God Save the Queen," they gave three hearty cheers for Her Majesty, and retired. This was one of the most striking scenes of the whole voyage; and, indeed, romance itself could not imagine the Queen of this mighty empire placed in a situation more emblematic of the glory, the security, and the happiness of her ocean dominion. Reclining on her couch, on the deck of a gallant vessel, borne rapidly over those waves, the bulwarks of her island empire, graciously condescending to give her presence in friendly guise to her brave and hardy defenders, whose sinewy forms, and bold and weather-beaten countenances, were pledges for the peacefulness of her shores, whilst their light-hearted jollity, and laughing eyes, bespoke their felicity under the reign of a Sovereign who could thus sympathize with them in their harmless sports, Her Majesty was the very personification of Britannia, riding triumphantly over the ocean, surrounded by the guardian spirits of the waves. Strange as it may appear in a scene where so much mirth prevailed, more than one rough face was turned aside, and the tanned and bulky back of more than one hand, was hastily raised,

to dash from the half-dimmed eyes, the moisture which filled them, and low and abrupt words were heard to pass from one to another, "Who would not fight for such a Queen?" and "Hurrah for the glory of Old England!"

Nothing could surpass the attention to duty of the noble and gallant commodore, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence. He rarely left the deck during the whole voyage, and his meals never occupied more than three or four minutes. The officers of the Yacht were equally zealous. The Queen and the Prince were pleased to talk with them, from time to time, in the most condescending manner. Some had been at the late siege of Acre, and wore the medals distributed to those engaged in that enterprize, and the Queen's attention being thus turned to this subject, she particularly examined an interesting drawing representing the British fleet, and the town, at the time the great explosion took place.

As it became evident that Her Majesty could not reach her destination that night, the Lightning was despatched to carry intelligence of the Squadron to the authorities at Edinburgh. Evening came on, but the Queen and Prince still remained upon deck, though the night was rather damp and chilly. Lights were hoisted at the foremast, topmast, mizzenmast, mizzenpeak, and an extremely brilliant one below the maintop of the vessels, and blue-lights were kindled from time to time, and splendid rockets were discharged, to indicate to the people on shore the progress of the Squadron. The breeze freshened from the north-west as the night advanced, but, the flood-tide having now set, they made good headway, and were soon off the seaport of Dunbar, and fairly in the mouth of the Firth of Forth.

It was now so dark, that Her Majesty could not see those wild and sea-worn rocks with the ruins of the ancient castle, given by

Malcolm Canmore, with the Earldom of March, to Gospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, from which he took the surname of Dunbar. Edward II. fled hither after his defeat at Bannockburn, and hence he escaped in a fisherman's boat to Berwick. Here it was, that, in 1336, the brave heroine, Black Agnes of Dunbar, wife of Patrick Earl of March, and sister of Randolph Earl of Moray, defended herself against Lord Montague, till she forced him to retreat. The effect that presented itself here was most magnificent. The darkness was intense, but the lights on the vessels had made the magistracy and inhabitants of Dunbar fully aware of the presence of the Sovereign on their coast. The town was brilliantly illuminated, and two cannons, since called "the Queen" and "Prince Albert," were mounted at the old castle; and, the sudden flash across the waves, followed by the heavy sound of the guns, were acknowledged by flights of rockets from the Royal Squadron. The lighthouses, though shining with their wonted splendour, were dimmed by the superior grandeur of those beacon-fires of welcome, that crowned each eminence. The whole of the Firth was lighted up by these blazing masses of combustibles, that flamed from so many points on either side of it, and for fifty miles around. Often, during the history of Great Britain, when Scotland was not, as now, the attached and faithful partner of England in all her battles and in all her triumphs, but the bitterest and most implacable of her foes—often were these beacon-fires kindled to arouse the country, to prepare for the reception of an enemy. Even in later times, when Bonaparte held out his empty threat of invasion, the whole population of Fifeshire and the Lothians, from the peasant to the peer, were prepared, practised, and ready to have made these very beacons blaze, in the event of any such attempt having been made. But never had these heights been crowned by fires so numerous

or so grand as those now beheld from the deck of the Royal George Yacht, starting up in the black night, as the offspring of the loyalty of the people, and of their love and welcome to their Sovereign, and illuminating a whole country by wreathing it with necklaces of fire, to light her on her way up the watery avenue that led to her Scottish Capital.

In order to convey some faint idea of the glories of this night, it may be well shortly to enumerate some of the places where these blazing bonfires were kindled; and although some of them were not visible from all parts of the Firth of Forth, yet, as many must be overlooked, it is well to notice in this place all that can be remembered. To begin with the eastern extremity of its northern coast—there were, in Fifeshire, large fires on Kellie Law, Largo Law, and the two Lomonds, one of which rises 1700 feet above the rich and fruitful valley, where stand the town and ancient Royal Palace of Falkland. Then Dunearn and Raith, and the high grounds above the seaport towns of Dysart, Kinghorn, Pettycur, and Burntisland, with those over Dunfermline, Caroline Hill, and Saline Hill, and every other high ground along the Fifeshire coast were blazing in such a manner as to throw broad, glaring, and fluctuating floods of light along the surface of the sea. In Clackmannanshire, there were bonfires on Tulliallan, the old Tower of Clackmannan, and on Tullibody; and in the more inland counties of Kinross and Perth, the Ochil range, the Fossaway, Tulliebole, and Cleish Hills were all lighted; whilst the high Benartie threw up a perfect spout of fire from its summit, and Dumbegloe was crested with flames. In Haddingtonshire, skirting the southern side of the Firth, and Berwickshire, more inland, the high summit of Lammer Law, and the whole Lammermoor range, from Dunglas and Coldingham on the east to Soutra on the west, were on fire. The high Dunpender, now vulgarly called Traprain

Law, rising singly from the valley of the East-Lothian Tyne, laughed in the unwonted restoration of its ancient beacon light, as it recognised the fiery signal on the summit of North Berwick Law, near the seaport town of that name; and the beautiful Garleton Hills, above Haddington, shook their flaming crests in the breeze, and were answered by lower bonfires at Gosford and at Ninewar. Among those more distant and farther to the west, were Culterfell, 1700 feet in elevation, and Tintock in Lanarkshire, 2400 feet high, which, on that night, re-asserted its right to its Celtic name, *the hill of fire*, derived from its ancient occupation as an alarm station. In Peeblesshire, the top of Grange Hill, and the Black Mount of Walston, gave forth their bright welcome; whilst Binnycraig and Dichmount, vied with several others in Linlithgowshire.

In the county of Edinburgh, farthest back from the sea, were the lights on the hills of Soutra and Blackcastle, and the whole range of Moorfoot. The high Pentland Hills were blazing, and amongst these Carnethy, 1800 feet high, Capelaw, about 1600 feet, and the other lofty summit, called Caerkelaw, were especially conspicuous. Within these came the lesser circuit of Dalmahoy, Braid, Blackford, and Carberry—this last historically remarkable as having been the position where the unfortunate Queen Mary of Scotland was posted with her crumbling army, when she was induced to yield herself up to the nobles opposed to her. In this great catalogue of fiery-fronted hills, humbler than many of them in stature, but most prominent from its isolated mass, and its bold, picturesque, and lion-like form, the well-known Arthur Seat, the great marking feature of the Scottish metropolis, comes last to be noticed. Many is the time that beacons have blazed upon its head. The coronation of Her Majesty, was the last occasion on which the lion shook flames from his majestic mane. But grand as he then appeared, his splendour

was as nothing compared to the magnificence which he now assumed. The fire was composed of a mass of forty feet in diameter, piled as high as such a basis would allow. It consisted of 25 tons of coals, 40 cart-loads of wood, 180 barrels of tar, a great number of barrels of rosin and turpentine, with immense quantities of tarred canvass and ropes, and other combustibles, the whole being collected and carried thither by order of Lord Haddington, Keeper of the Royal Park of Holyrood, from which the hill rises. So immense was the effect produced by its ignition, that it was seen for fifty miles round; and to all who beheld it, the idea was suggested of the sudden outburst of that quiescent volcano by which the hill was originally created.

When to this imperfect list of these gigantic bonfires, are added those that burned on the small isles in the Firth of Forth itself, making the waters that lashed their shores flash with varied flames, some distant approximation to the real effect of this most glorious spectacle may be imagined. It seemed as if the deep feelings of affection and loyalty of a whole people being unutterable, they were thus given forth in the silent and sublime language of fire, speaking most plainly, and with ardour and endurance, from every summit throughout the whole of that night, till the sun arose, not to extinguish but only to dim their brilliancy. The number—the magnitude—the height to which many of the fires seemed to be elevated amid the darkness of the night—and the features which all of them disclosed, in so far as each showed the leading lineaments of the country around it, produced an inconceivably fine scenic effect; whilst the lights attached to the ships of the Squadron, formed one great amphitheatre, in the midst of which the Royal Yacht seemed placed expressly to receive their homage. The beacons, generally, were like immense blazing lamps, invisibly and mysteri-

ously suspended in the vast and black surrounding void, but the great bonfire on Arthur Seat gave forth a continued succession of waves of flame from its huge burning mass, curling as the wind wafted them along in endless eddies, and illuminating with ever-varying effect, the heavy column of smoke that arose from it. It seemed to blaze there as if intended to indicate the spot where Edina as yet lay veiled from the eyes of her sovereign mistress. The spectacle was glorious; and as the vessel went ploughing through the sea, dashing the phosphoric billows from either side, the recollection of the precious freight intrusted to her keeping, and the feeling, that, through the merciful providence of God, the voyage had thus far been prosperous, combined to render it a scene of thrilling interest to all.

The Squadron passed under the gigantic bulk of the precipitous insular rock, the Bass, for nearly five centuries a stronghold of the Lauder family, represented by the author of these pages. Falling to a younger branch, it was sold in 1671 to Charles II., and the fortress was used as a state prison, where the Covenanters were confined and tortured. President Dalrymple then got it, and it is still in the possession of his family. Leaving on the larboard quarter, the ruins of Tantallon castle, perched on a high cliff of the mainland, in ancient times the fortress of the Earls of Fife, descendants of MacDuff, and afterwards that of the powerful Douglas, the vessels of the Royal flotilla dropped their anchors about half-past twelve o'clock, close under the lee of the island of Inchkeith, to wait till the morning; and, from that anchorage, the effect of the bonfires was, if possible, finer than ever. That of Arthur Seat was more pre-eminently so, for it lighted up Salisbury Crags, shed a flood of illumination on the romantic features around, and especially athwart Edinburgh, throwing a magical effect over its masses, and leaving the details in mysteri-

ous and sublime uncertainty. Many were the fires which blazed on this auspicious night in all parts of Scotland, as at Forres in Morayshire, and other places. But the most aspiring of all, was that erected and ignited by the inhabitants of Fort William in Inverness-shire, who, with incalculable labour and perseverance, which nothing but enthusiastic loyalty could have endured, carried an immense quantity of fuel, and a great many tar barrels, to the summit of Ben Nevis, 4350 feet high, and second only in stature to Benmachdhuie among the Scottish Alps. While this lofty beacon blazed on the mountain top, a salute was fired from the ruined walls of the royal and ancient castle of Inverlochy on the plains below, now the property of the Hon. R. C. Scarlett. In this castle, treaties are said to have been signed between Charlemagne and the early Kings of Scotland; and the ground immediately under its walls was the scene of the battle betwixt Montrose and Argyll. Whilst the booming of guns awoke the echoes of Locheill, Ardgour, Glen Nevis, and the other wild glens in the neighbourhood, the passing clouds of mist on the mountain occasionally veiled the blazing beacon; and ever and anon, as the breeze cleared them away, it burst forth with Vesuvian splendour, that shed a red glare on every mountain-top around.

CHAPTER IV.

PREPARATIONS IN EDINBURGH.

AVING followed Her Majesty throughout the voyage, until the gallant flotilla that conveyed her was safely anchored on the night of the third day within the shelter of the pretty island of Inchkeith, it may be well to give some account of the bustle that prevailed in the Scottish metropolis, where all were so anxious to behold her sacred person.

Every one acquainted with Edinburgh, is well aware, that, crowded and busy as her streets are during the winter months of the year, when the Courts are sitting — when the University, the Schools, the Societies, the gaieties of the city, the killing ennui of the country, and the severity of the weather, conspire to draw and to drive people into it, like woodcocks into cover, it is frequently quite deserted during the best months of summer and of autumn; and that, especially, towards the end of August and beginning of September, the causeway of some of its most important squares and places—such as Charlotte-square, Moray-place, and others—become

beautifully verdant, save only where the persevering hackney coach crawls like a snail over a path of its own wearing, or a rapid minibus cuts through it with terrific pace, but yet with half-deadened sound, increasing danger to unfortunate pedestrians. This urban crop of grass is reaped by rows of old men, who, moving on their knees across the causeway, with a progress hardly vying with the shadows produced thereon by the sun, eradicate the plants with old forks and crooked bits of iron. But, so great was the influx of people of importance into Edinburgh, from the moment that it was certainly known that the Queen was coming, that this annual crop of hay, already in a state of great forwardness, was not left for the hands usually employed to gather it, but it was altogether annihilated by the numerous heavy travelling carriages, that, whirled along by four horses, came spinning across these verdant lawns, and by cutting them up in every possible direction, soon restored them to the appearance of well frequented streets. But for the mildness of the weather, one might have supposed that winter had suddenly come to town. Never did any anticipated event—not even that of the arrival of George IV. in 1822—produce so great and so simultaneous a movement in the direction of Edinburgh, as to one great centre—facilitated, too, by steam conveyances both by land and water. There can be no exaggeration, therefore, in stating, that never, in the whole history of the country, were so great multitudes brought into the city. Post-chaises came pouring in, drawn by horses, some of which seemed more accustomed to the slower works of agriculture, than to go on the road with four wheels rattling behind them. Gigs, droskies, one-horse phaetons, appeared in endless numbers. The coaches, from all quarters, were loaded outside and in, and when they came to their place of halt, the smoke arising from their teams, the jaded attitudes which the poor animals assumed

after being pulled up, their noses stretched out towards the stones, and the nervous twitching of their exhausted limbs, sufficiently indicated to passers by, how heavy were their loads, even if this had not been demonstrated by the countless piles of luggage deposited in the streets, and the numerous impatient passengers, who loudly bawled and scrambled, each for his own. The Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway amply performed its duty in conveying immense daily streams of the western population, to increase this great flood of human beings in Edinburgh. Between four and five thousand people were brought in on Tuesday the 30th August, by that conveyance, and on Wednesday above nine thousand. The swift Canal-Boats, going at the rate of nine miles an hour, made large and repeated contributions. The Steamers from Stirling, Alloa, Fife, Dundee, Montrose, Aberdeen, and other ports of Scotland, as well as those from Berwick, Newcastle, Hull, and London, were crowded with passengers—each vessel having from 300 to 500 people on board. The effect of all this upon the streets may be easily conceived. Any one unacquainted with the cause of the bustle he encountered, might have supposed that the city was about to be sacked by an enemy, and that every man and woman within it was engaged in carrying off valuables to some place of retreat and safety; for to walk along the streets was one continued struggle through porters, and people of both sexes, running and carrying trunks, portmanteaus, bandboxes, cloaks, and carpet bags, from which many a rude shock was given and received, without time being taken to make apology, or to enquire as to the extent of the injury inflicted. Then the bustle at the hotels and lodging-houses of every degree, from Douglas and Barry downwards, cannot be described—no beds to be had under ruinous sums per night, and no time for the applicant to consider whether it were prudent, under the circumstances, to agree

to demands that appeared to be so extravagant, for the alternative seemed to be,—"secure this, or sleep in the street." But this last would have been extremely difficult, for so incessant was the noise produced by the hammers of the carpenters, and so great was the movement of the people, even at midnight, that any one looking for a sleeping place in the open air, must have pushed his search into some very retired lane indeed.

After so great an influx, both by land and sea, the town overflowed with strangers on the evening of Tuesday; but on Wednesday the 1st of September, the rush was great beyond conception; and by five o'clock in the morning all were in active motion. Those acquainted with the process of tugging a vessel, were convinced that if the Queen should arrive at all that evening, she could not do so until very late, yet in spite of this knowledge, they ran with the crowd as if Her Majesty must land at Granton Pier by an early hour in the day. The weather sympathized with their hilarious spirits and sanguine expectations. It was understood that a repetition of signals would convey information of the appearance of the flotilla off the mouth of the Firth, to Edinburgh Castle, whence a gun would be fired to give warning of the Queen's approach, thus affording sufficient time for all to congregate whilst Her Majesty was yet at a distance of some hours' sail. But every individual having resolved to secure a good place, the morning had scarcely dawned when the stir began, and pedestrians of all ranks were seen hurrying along the different roads and streets in continued streams towards Granton Pier, the great point of attraction. Others, judging it better to prefer some favourable point of view, in the route the Queen was expected to take, quickly selected places in the numerous wooden galleries that lined the way, all of which were rapidly filled.

These crowds were immensely multiplied after the usual hour of

breakfast, when one general movement took place towards those thoroughfares forming Her Majesty's line of progress from the landing place. All the avenues to the town were crowded, the accumulation growing denser as it approached the leading streets. Carriages of every description, with horsemen, and people in waggons and carts, began now to mingle in great numbers with the moving masses. All were dressed in their best attire, but as it was understood that the Queen wished to come with as little parade as possible, none wore uniforms but officers on duty, and the Royal Archers, who were occasionally seen hurrying to their rendezvous in the Riding House in the Lothian Road.

As this fine body, entirely composed of noblemen and gentlemen, will be frequently mentioned in this work, it is proper to give a short notice of their history. The Royal Archers were embodied, by act of the Privy Council, in the year 1677, in a corps to be called "The King's Company of Archers," with right to name their own officers, make their own laws, carry colours and drums, and march in military array; and they then chose the Marquis of Athol as their Captain. In 1703, Lord Tarbat, their Captain-General, obtained a charter from Queen Anne, "revising and ratifying, and perpetually confirming" to "the Royal Company of Archers," all acts made in their favour, their rights and privileges, "to be held in free blench, giving therefor yearly ane pair of barbed arrows, if the same be asked." Under this charter and the constitution thereby confirmed, the Royal Company have continued to serve. Prizes were established for the encouragement of archery; a silver arrow was given by the town of Edinburgh, which has ever since been shot for annually; a similar arrow was given by Musselburgh, and one of very ancient date by the town of Peebles. Occasional parades or weapon-schawings were held, when the whole company marched

through the town, receiving military honours from the guards, and salutes from the ships in the Forth. In 1787, an annual prize of £20 sterling was given by His Majesty, to be called the King's Prize.

When George IV. signified his intention of visiting Scotland in 1822, the Council of the Royal Archers, following the tradition that they were the remains of the old Scottish Archer Guard, and therefore entitled to the privilege of acting as the King's Body Guard during his Majesty's residence in Scotland, applied to have the privilege recognized. Their claim was acceded to, and they accordingly appeared on all state occasions as his Majesty's Guard, within the Palace on days of ceremony, and around the Royal Carriage on occasions of procession. The King soon afterwards gave them a dress uniform, to be worn at his Court, or at that of any foreign Monarch, and he farther conferred upon their Captain-General a gold stick, similar to those of England.

At the accession of William IV., His Majesty sent to the Royal Company a gold stick for the Captain-General, two silver sticks for the two officers next in command, and ebony sticks for the Councillors, and he changed their dress uniform to that now worn. The coat is green, richly embroidered in gold, with an oak-leaf and laurel pattern, with large gold epaulettes and gilt buttons. The trowsers are of the same cloth, with gold lace and embroidery. A gold looped cocked hat, with a hanging green feather; a crimson silk sash with tassels; a small full dress sword with gold knob; a black military stock, and white gloves, complete the costume. The officers are distinguished by bridges on the strap of the epaulette, as in the army. The field or duty dress is the Archer's green cloth tunic, trowsers of the same stuff, a cap with plume set in a gold enamelled Scottish Star, a girdle of black leather, with a gold lion and crown clasp, a short Roman sword, and a black stock, with white gloves.

William IV. ordered that the Duke of Buccleuch, who appeared for the late Earl of Dalhousie, Captain-General, then abroad on service in India, should take place at his coronation with the gold stick of England, and in 1832 he presented to the Company a pair of magnificently embroidered colours, which they now bear. In 1838 the Duke of Buccleuch was chosen Captain-General, and in that capacity His Grace, carrying his gold stick of office, rode immediately next and after the Queen's carriage in the procession at her coronation. When it was announced that Her Majesty intended to visit Scotland, the Council ordered the Royal Company to parade for duty, and by the time the Queen was expected they mustered 160 strong, under Lieut.-General Lord Elcho; the other officers present being Major-Generals, Sir John Hope, Bart., and the Earl of Dalhousie—Ensign-General, Sir George Mackenzie, Bart.—and Brigadier-Generals, Sir John Forbes, Bart., the Duke of Roxburghe, and Mr. Claude Russel—and Adjutant-General, Major Norman Pringle.

Whilst all was bustle in the streets and thoroughfares, the Calton Hill was covered with people. This eminence rises out of the town, and commands magnificent panoramic views,—looking on one side towards Leith and the sea,—on another, over the venerable Palace of Holyrood towards Salisbury Crags and Arthur Seat, and commanding, as the eye is carried westward, the whole of the picturesque Old Town terminated by its dominant Castle, the New Town, and the Firth. The people pressed towards its north-eastern side, that they might thence catch the first glimpse of the Royal Squadron, or of the signal that should announce its approach from the summit of North Berwick Law. Looking down from the other side into the streets of the City, and especially throughout the whole length of Princes-street, they appeared like a newly opened anthill, so dense and agitated were the crowds that thronged every passage; and the numerous flags that

streamed from the tops and windows of houses, added to the general gaiety of the dresses, very much enlivened the whole scene.

The great new pier at Granton, running some hundred yards into the sea at right angles to the shore, is a magnificent work, erected at the expense of the Duke of Buccleuch, on his own property, and as steamers can come alongside at all times of tide, it has already become the point where most of these vessels arrive and depart. His Grace has also built and furnished a splendid hotel opposite to the eastern side of its entrance, and a large square is forming by the erection of some handsome houses opposite. Immediately above this square, there is a steep sloping bank of some sixty or eighty feet in height, which stretches along from east to west, facing the sea. The road from the pier sweeps gradually up the face of this bank for nearly a quarter of a mile, till gaining the summit level, it runs off in a straight line towards Edinburgh. This minute description is necessary to enable those who have not seen the place, to understand that this sloping bank afforded one of the most extensive natural galleries that could be imagined, where, tier above tier, thousands upon thousands of people could be accommodated, and yet all have their eyes fixed on the interesting spectacle of Her Majesty's landing, and departure for the city. It was covered with well-dressed persons, from one end to the other, both above and below the road, as were the edges of the road itself; and the wide fields behind the square of houses and above the bank were packed with carriages, as well as the area of the square, where space only was left for Her Majesty to pass freely from the great gates of the pier. The windows of the houses on the western side of the square, and a large wooden gallery, in a line with them, were also filled with people; and the whole apartments and windows of the hotel were let at enormous prices. The vessels on either side of the

pier were superbly decorated with flags, whilst others were moving about or arriving with bands of music on board, and with these were mingled yachts and boats without number, producing a most lively picture, especially when combined with the broad expanse of the Firth of Forth, the distant coast of Fife, the vessels at anchor in the roads, and the beautiful island of Inchkeith.

It was now sufficiently well known, that in consequence of fever having been recently within the Palace of Holyrood, the medical authorities had given their opinion that it would be imprudent for the Queen to take up her residence there, and that it had been determined that, after passing through the city, she should proceed to Dalkeith. Every favourable spot along the line of Her Majesty's route from Granton Pier, and through the city, by Inverleith-row, Brandon-street, Dundas-street, the two Hanover-streets, Princes-street, Waterloo-place, the Calton Hill road, Norton-place, and Comely-green, was occupied with wooden galleries, filled with people. At the head of Brandon-street, an ancient looking gate was erected, like that of some rude palisadoed fort, executed with too much haste to admit of any attention to good effect, and there Sir James Forrest, Baronet, Lord Provost, the Magistrates, and the Town Council, were prepared to meet the Queen, and to present Her with the keys of the city. The Royal Archers were also assembled, in readiness to proceed to the place of landing, to receive Her Majesty, the moment the signal should be given. The whole line on both sides presented a countless array of carriages; in short, nothing could equal the determined preparation of people of all ranks for participating in the spectacle, but the eagerness with which they waited for it. Yet there was no impatience betrayed, for hour after hour passed away and still they waited, moving about a little now and then, but all in the best humour. The recognition of old friends, who met there from far

distant parts, was amusing enough. Groups of stout, good-looking, fresh-complexioned Newhaven fisherwomen, dressed in short gowns, and lively coloured blue, red, or yellow petticoats, only half hiding their firm and efficient legs, their heads decked in *mutches* of more than ordinary elegance, bedizzened with ribbons rejoicing in all the hues of the rainbow, were seen among the crowds near the pier. As the day wore on, and many a long and ineffectual look had been thrown down the Firth, both with bare eyes and with telescopes, a rumour gained credit, that on the arrival of the Royal Yacht after dark, the Sovereign would immediately land, and proceed in a close carriage to the place of her destination. Considerable dismay was thus spread abroad among her loyal subjects, and the Magistrates very properly attempted to allay it, by circulating the following intimation :—

"The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, are happy to announce to their fellow citizens, that a deputation of their number has at this moment arrived from Dalkeith Palace, after having had an interview with His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Sir Robert Peel, who assured them that they had every reason to believe that Her Majesty would be prepared to adopt any arrangements as to her Progress through the City, that would be most gratifying to her loyal subjects. If Her Majesty should not have it in her power to land before five o'clock, her progress through the city will be delayed till the following day, when she will enter the City by the Barrier-Gate at Brandon Street, as already arranged.

"JAMES FORREST, *Lord Provost.*

"City Chambers, Edinburgh, *Eleven o'Clock, A.M.*"

As it became late in the afternoon, without a gun being heard, people began to reflect, that if the Royal Squadron were even

then telegraphed as off St. Abb's Head, it had still fifty miles of sea to traverse before reaching Granton, and that the Queen's landing during the light of that day was impossible. But the appearance of a large steamer making her way rapidly towards the pier, excited many groundless rumours among the multitude, which were at last allayed by the circulation of the following—

"COUNCIL CHAMBERS, *Wednesday, One o'Clock, P.M.*

"Authentic information has just been received from the Master of the Trident, which passed the Royal Squadron on Monday evening, that in the state of the weather at sea, Her Majesty cannot possibly be expected to reach Granton in time to land this day. But the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Sheriff, have received the gratifying assurance from Her Majesty's Ministers, that Her Majesty will be prepared to accede to the wishes of Her loyal subjects, in regard to Her progress through the City by the line already announced. Due notice will be given of Her Majesty's arrival, and the probable time of Her entrance into the City.

"JAMES FORREST, *Lord Provost.*

"GRAHAM SPEIRS, *Sheriff.*"

Although every thing was done by the authorities to spread this intelligence among all ranks, by placards, handbills, and boards travelling on the tops of poles, yet the assembled multitudes were most unwilling to believe that they should not see Her Majesty that evening. Those who had paid for places on the wooden galleries, were loth to relinquish them; not so much on account of the loss of their money, as the dread that they might not be quite so well placed when Her Majesty should actually arrive. Yet all were in good humour—not a murmur was heard—and after lingering till

about five o'clock, the last remnant of this great flood of people was seen slowly returning to the city. Many came by the carriages of the new railway, now open as far as the bottom of Scotland-street; and it was curious to observe well dressed persons emerging as it were from the bowels of the earth, at the upper end of the tunnel. It is worthy of notice, that no disorder or accident of any kind took place during the whole of this day—which is wonderful, considering that above 100,000 people, added to the ordinary population of the city, were agog, moving among prancing horses, and rapidly driven carriages of all descriptions.

As the Queen was expected to enter the Firth of Forth during the night, the authorities ordered the bonfire on Arthur's Seat to be lighted, which produced the ignition of all the others. The effect from every part of the city and neighbourhood was so grand, that groups of people were walking about to gaze at it for the greater part of the night. Thousands of shadowy figures were seen continually moving, like imps, across the broad glaring mass of fire on the crest of old Arthur, their comparatively diminutive size filling the mind with a due estimation of its magnitude. The Calton Hill was covered with gazers, and crowds of persons promenaded till an early hour in the morning, in the secluded valley called the Hunter's Bog, lying between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags.

The Duke of Buccleuch had given early instructions to have every thing arranged at Granton Pier, for Her Majesty's disembarkation, and all had been for some time in readiness. Every accommodation was made for Her Majesty's convenience in landing, and for that of the Royal carriages, horses, and baggage; gangways had been constructed, additional lamps set up, and moorings laid down, for the Royal Yacht, and the steamers of the Squadron. The Duke had couriers stationed at Granton, to announce to him the approach of

Her Majesty, but prompted by his anxiety he went to Granton at twelve o'clock that night, and Captain Bain his Pier-master, who had gone down the Firth to get information, having returned about two o'clock in the morning, brought him the intelligence that the Royal Squadron had anchored under Inchkeith.

CHAPTER V.

ROYAL RECEPTIONS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

It may not be uninteresting in this place to notice the various receptions given by the City of Edinburgh, in the olden times, to their Monarchs. By looking into the ancient Records of the Town Council, the Registers of the Privy Council of Scotland, and other authorities, some very curious entries will be found. Holinshed says, that Mary Queen of Scots in her way to embark for Scotland,—"was attended on from Paris unto Calis with manie noble men; namelie, hir six uncles, the Dukes of Guise and Daumall, the cardinall of Lorraine and Guise, the grand prior, and the marquesse Dalbeuf, also the Duke de Nemeurs, and other of hir friends and kinsmen." * * * * And farther, that "she arrived at Leith the twentith day of August, in the yeare of our Lord 1561." * * * And, "being thus come out of France, she brought into Scotland manie rich and costlie jewels of golde worke, pretious stones, orient pearls, and such like, as excellent and faire as were to be found within Europe, with rich furniture of houshold, as hangings,

carpets, counterpoints, and all other necessaries for the furnishing of hir princelie houses."

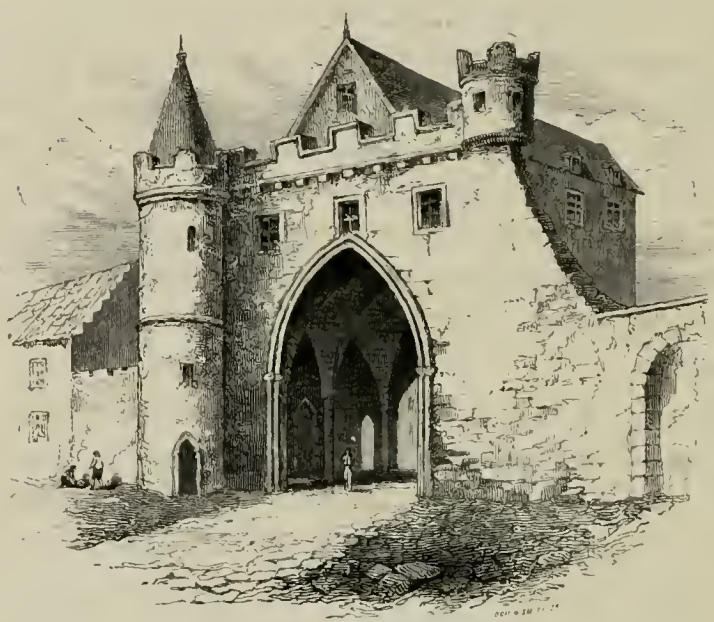
De Brantome gives the following notice of the landing of Mary. " Nous allasmes entrer et prendre terre au Petit Luc, [Leith,] ou sondants les principaux delà, et de l'Islebourg, [Edimbourg,] qui n'est qu'a une petite lieue delà, la Reyne y alla à cheval, et ses Dames et Seigneurs sur les hacquenées guilledines du pays, telles quelles, est harnachées de mesme. Donc, sur tel apparcil, la Reyne se mit à pleurer, et dire que ce n'estoient pas là les pompes, les magnificences, ni les superbes montures de la France, dont elle avoit jouy si long-temps; mais qu'il falloit prendre patience ; et qui pis est, le soir, ainsi qu'elle se vouloit coucher, estant logée en-bas en l'Abbaye de l'Islebourg, qui est certes un beau bastiment, et ne tient rien du Pays, vindrent sous la fenestre cinq ou six cent marauds de la ville, lui donner aubade de méchants violons et petits rebecs, dont il n'y en a fauté en ce Pays là ; et se mirent à chanter Pseaulmes, tant mal chantez et si mal accordez, que rien plus. He! quelle musique! et quel repos pour sa nuit!"

To provide for the banquet and triumph which they proposed to give on this occasion, the Magistrates " willed ane generall taxt to be rasit of the haill town," against which the Deacons of the Trades, like true Tribunes of the people, protested, proposing that instead of it, a lease of the common mills belonging to the town, should be sold, to defray the expense, and the deacon of the bakers offered to bear the whole charge, provided such a lease was granted to them for certain years. The tax, however, was carried, and the Treasurer received orders to go on with his preparations. Accordingly, coats of French black, and other articles, were ordered for " every ane of the twelf serjands, the javillour and gild serjants,"—" tymmer, canves, and all uther necessaris convenient for the triumphis and farceis"

were provided, and ten individuals were ordered to have each of them "ane goun of fine blak velvot, syde to thair feet, lynit with pann velvot, ane coit of blak velvot, ane doublat of crammosyne satyne, with velvot bonet and hois effeirand thairto; and thir tuelf to beir the pale abone the Quenis Grace head, and nane utheris. And all the uther nychtbouris that sal be sene upon the gait, to have syde gownis of fyne Franche blak sychtit, with pan velvot coittis of velvot and doublettes of sating; and every man to gang in his dew and gude ordour. And the serjandis to ordour the calsay, and to mak rowme for the nobilitie and nychtbouris forsaid. And siclike, that the young men of the toun devise for thameselfis sum braw abulyement of taffatie or other silk, and mak the convoy befoir the cairt triumphant."

The pageant itself, is thus described in the Pollock Manuscript:— "Vpoun the xix day of August lxj, Marie, quene of Scottis, oure souerane ladie, arryvit in the raid of Leith, at sex houris in the mornyng, accumpanyit onlie with tua gallionis; and thair come with hir in cumpany, monsieur Domell, the grand pryour, monsieur marques, [d'Elbeuf,] the said quenes grace moder broder, togidder with monsieur Danguill, [d'Amville,] second sone to the constable of France, with certane vther nobill gentilmen; and at ten houris the samen day, hir hienes landit vpoun the schoir of Leith, and remanit in Andro Lambis hous be the space of ane hour, and thairefter wes convoyit vp to hir palice of Halyrudhous. Vpoun the xxiiij day of August, quhilk wes Sonday, the Quenes grace causit say mes in hir hienes chappell within hir palace of Halyrudhous, quhairat the lordis of the congregatioun wes grittumlie annoyit. Vpoun the last day of August lxj, the toun of Edinburgh maid the banket to monsieur Domell, the grand pryour, marques, and monsieur Danguill, in ane honourable maner, within the lugeing sumtyme pertenying

to the cardinall. " Vpoun the first day of September lxj, the Quenes grace maid hir entres in the burgh of Edinburgh, on this maner. Hir hieness depairtit of Halyrudhous, and raid be the



Ancient Porch of Holyrood.

lang gait on the north syid of the said burgh, vnto the tyme scho come to the castell, quheir wes ane ȝet maid to hir, at the quhilks sho, accompanijt with the maist pairt of the nobilitie of Scotland, except my lord duke and his sone, come in and raid vp the castell bank to the castell, and dynit thairin; and when sho had dynit at tuelf houris, hir hienes come furth of the said castell towart the said burgh, at quhilk depairting, the artailȝerie schot vehementlie. And thairefter, quhen sho was rydand down the castellhill, thair met hir hienes ane convoy of the ȝoung mene of the said burgh, to the nomber of fyftie, or thairby, thair bodeis and theis coverit with ȝeallow taffateis, thair armes and leggs fra the kne doun bair, cullorit with blak, in

maner of Moris, vpon thair heiddes blak hattis, and on thair faces blak visouris, in thair mowthis rings, garnesit with intellable precious staneis, about thair neckkis, leggis, and armes infynit of chenis of gold; togidder with saxtene of the maist honest men of the town, cled in veluot gownis, and veluot bonettis, berand and gangand about the paill wnder the quhilk hir hienes raid; quhilk pail wes of fyne purpour veluet lynit with reid taffateis, freingiet with gold and silk; and efter thame wes ane cart with certane bairnes, togidder with ane coffer, quhairin wes the copburd and propyne quhilk suld be propynit to hir hienes, and quhen hir grace come fordwart to the butter trone of the said burgh, the nobilitie and convoy foirsaid precedand, at the quhilk butter trone thair was ane port made of tymber in maist honourable maner, cullorit with fyne cullouris, hungin with syndrie armes; vpon the quhilk port wes singand certane barneis in the maist hevinlie wyis; vnder the quhilk port thair wes ane cloud opynnand with four levis, in the quhilk was put ane bony barne. And quhen the quenes hienes was cumand throw the said port, the said cloude opynnit, and the barne discendit doun as it had bene ane angell, and deliuerit to hir hienes the keyis of the toun, togidder with ane bybill and ane psalme buik, coverit with fyne purpourit veluot; and efter the said barne had spoken some small speitches, he deliuerit alsua to hir hienes thre writtingis, the tenor thairof is vncertane. That being done, the barne ascendit in the cloud, and the said clud stekit; and thairefter the quenes grace come doun to the tolbuith, at the quhilk was
vpon twa skaffattis, ane abone and ane vnder that; vpone the vnder was situat ane fair wirgin, callit Fortoune, vnder the quhilk was thrie fair virgynnis, all cled in maist precious attyrement, callit
Justice, and Policie. And efter ane litell speitche maid thair, the quenis grace come to the croce, quhair thair was standand four fair virgynnis, cled in the maist hevenlie clething, and fra the quhilk croce

the wyne ran out at the spouttis in greit abundance; thair wes the noyiss of pepill casting the glassis with wyne. This being done, our souerane ladie come to the salt trone, quhair thair wes sum spekaris; and efter ane litell speitche, thaj brunt vpon the shaffet maid at the said trone, the maner of ane sacrifice; and swa that being done, sho depairtit to the nether bow, quhair thair wes ane vther skaffet maid, havand ane dragoun in the samyn, with some speiches; and efter that the dragoun was brynt, and the quenis grace hard ane psalme song, hir hienes past to hir abbay of Halyrudhous with the said convoy and nobilities; and thair the bairneis, quhilk was in the cairt with the propyne, maid some speitche concernyng the putting away of the mess, and thairefter sang ane psalme; and this being done, the cart come to Edinburgh, and the said honest men remaynit in hir vtter chalmer, and desyred hir grace to ressaue the said copeburd, quhilk wes double ourgilt, the price thairof wes ij^{M} merkis; quha ressauit the samyne, and thankit thame thairof. And sua the honest men and convoy came to Edinburgh."

Such was the pageant. But, perhaps, the following sample of the poetry to which her Majesty was treated, will be found no less interesting than the prose in which her progress is told, particularly as it shows that the age had its Scott, as well as that which has so recently gone by.

"ANE NEW ZEIR GIFT TO THE QUEENE MARY,
QUHEN SCHO COME FIRST HAME, 1562.

"Welcum, illustrat Ladye, and oure Quene;
Welcum oure lyone, with the Flour-de-lyce;
Welcum oure thrissill, w^{t} the Lorane grene;
Welcum oure rubent roiss, vpoun the ryce;
Welcum oure jem and joyfull genetryee;
Welcum oure beill of Albion to beir;

Welcum oure plesand Princès, maist of pryce ;
God gif thé grace againis this guid new-zeir.
* * * * * * *

" Latt all thy realme be now in reddines,
With coistlie clething to deeoir thy corss ;
Zung gentilmen for dansing thame address,
With courtlie ladyes cuplit in consorss ;
Frak feree gallandis for feild gēmis enforss ;
Enarmit knychtis at listis w^t^ scheild and speir,
To fecht in harrowis bay^t^ on fute and horss,
Agane thy Grace gett ane guid-man this zeir."

This last allusion to the prospect of Queen Mary being speedily married, is continued in the stanzas that follow,—but the concluding stanza is matchless.

" Freseh, fulgent flurist, fragrant flour, formois,
Lantern to lufe, of ladeis lamp and lot,
Cherie maist chaist, chief charbucle and chois ;
Smaill sweit smaragde, smelling but smit of smot ;
Noblest nato^r^, nurice to nurtour not
This dull indyte, dulce, dowble dasy deir,
Send be thy sempill servand Sanderis Scott,
Greting grit God to grant thy Grace gude zeir."

[Alex^r^. Scott.]

The first reception of James VI. in Edinburgh, was in 1579, when he was a boy of thirteen years of age. On the 30th of August the magistrates ordain that " ane copburde of syluer ourgilt, of wecht vnderwrittin, be maid and prepaired with diligence, to the Kingis Majesties cuming to Edinburgh, viz.

" Ane basene and ane lawer weyand sax scoir vnces,—Twa flaketis of viij pundis wecht,—

" Sax coupis with coveris, everilk ane of four therof, to wey twenty-aucht vnces, and vther twa of twenty-four vnces the pece,—Four chandleris of sax scoir vnces,—

"Ane saltfalt of twenty-four vnces,—Ane trunchour of twenty vnces,—

" Ane dozon of trunchouris at x vnces the pece,—Summa vj sax scoir vnces."—And amongst the names of other goldsmiths to whom the work was given to be executed, we find that of " George Hereot."

Particular dresses were ordered to be worn by the merchants and inhabitants, according to their respective degrees, and that under a fine of " twenty pundis," and " the payne of wairding." Those " extented to ten lib. or above, have everilk ane of thame ane goune of fyne blak chamlott of silk of cierge, barrit with velvous efferand to his substance. And all sic as ar extented aboue saxtene lib. to have thair gounis of the lyke stuff, the breistis thairof lynit with velvous and begaireit thairwith with coitis of velvous dames or satene." A fine black gown is ordered for the macer, " begareit with twa barris of velvous, and the breists thereof lynit with satene, ane doublet of blak satene, ane pair of blak hois begareit with velvot, and ane taffatie hatt or velvot bonett." And it was ordained, that " everilk ane of the xiij officeris have, agane the Kingis Majesties entrie, ane lyvery, viz. thrie elnis of blak Inglis stemmyng, to be thame hois, vj quarteris of Rowane canves, to be their doubletis, ilk ane of them, and threttyne shillings four pennies to furneis pasmentis, together with ane blak hat, and ane quhyte string."—Also—" Ordanis ane Paill of blew velvot of sevintene elnis of purpour, and lynit within with reid tafatie, and the baillies to tak ordour anent the making therof, agane the Kingis entrie."—Also—" Ordanis Androw Stevinson, thesaurer, to cause wesche the over and nether, to wyt, his and the laiche counsall hous, with calk." Also the appointment of a committee of taste—" Ordanis Robert Henrison, chirurgeon, and

Robert Kar, baillie, to speik the Frenche man, using William Stewart for his opinion in devyse of the triumphe agane the Kingis heir cuming." Clothing is also ordained for the ordinary town officers. Those who were to bear "the Kingis Majesties paill," were charged "to mak and prepair ane goune of fyne blak, barrit with welvous, lynit in the breistis with welvous, or gounis of fyne chamlott of silk, growgrane of silk or cierge, barrit with velvous, velvot coiles, or doubletis of saiten velvot, or dames tafetie hatis, and in sic uther decent apparrell as effeirs."—And orders were given to "Androw Stevinson, thesaurer, to by sa mekill calk as will spargan all the tolbuythis."—And farther,—"It is statute be the bailies and counsall foirsaid, that all manner of persons hawand ony cruves for swyne at thair stairis and syde wallis, fornent the hie streit or common vennelis, remove the samyn therof incontinent betwix and Setterday nixt at seven, ilk persoun under the payne of fyve pundis, but favouris." Thirty shillings is ordered to be given "to the violeris and sangsteris at the Kingis entrie above the Over Bow."

A Manuscript "Historie and Life of King James the Sext," gives this account of the reception:—"At the West Port of Edinburgh, he was ressavit be the Magistrats of the toun, under a pompous payle of purple velvot. That port presentit unto him the wisdome of Solomon, as it is written in the third chapter of the first buik of the Kings: That is to say, King Solomon was representit with the twa women that contendit for the young chylde, and the servant that presentit the sworde to the king, with the chylde; and as he maid forder progres in the toun in the streat that ascendis to the castell, thair is ane ancient port, at the whilk hang a curious globe, that opnit artificiallie as the King came by, wharin was a young boy that discendit craftelie, presenting the keyis of the toun to his Majestie, that war all maid of fyne massie

sylver, and thais war presentlie ressavit be ane of his honourable counsall. During this space, Dame Music and hir scollars exercesit hir art with great melodie. Then, in his discence, as he came fornent the hous of Justice, thair shew thaymeselfis unto him, four gallant verteous ladeyis, to wit, Peace, Justice, Plentie, and Policie, and aither of thayme had an oraison to his Majestie. Tharefter, as he came towart the cheif collegiall kirk, thare Dame Religion shew hirself desyring his presence, whilk he then obeyit be entring the kirk, whare the cheif preacher for that tyme maid a notable exhortation unto him, for the embraceing of religion, and all her cardinall vertewis, and of all uther morall vertewis. Thareafter he came furth, and maid progres to the mercat croce, whare he beheld Bacchus with his magnifik liberalitie and plentie, distributing of his liquor to all passingers and behalders, in sic apperance as was pleasant to see. A litill beneth is a marcat place of salt; wharupon was erectit the genealogie of the Kings of Scotland, and a nomber of trumpets sounding melodiouslie, and crying with loud voyce, Wealfayre to the King. At the East Port was erectit the conjunction of the planets, as thay war in thair degreis and places, the tyme of His Majesteis happie nativitie, and the same vivelie representit be assistance of King Ptolomæ. And, withall, the haill streits war spred with flowres, and the forehowsis of the streits be the whilks the King passit, war all hung with magnifik tapestrie, with payntit historeis, and with the effegeis of noble men and women, and thus he past out of the toun of Edinburgh to his palice of Halyruidhous."

The next formal reception is that of King James and his Queen, after their marriage, in 1589. On this occasion, the Magistrates ordered a bonfire to be lighted upon the height of Craigingalt, towards Leith, at the Queen's arrival; and a curious arrangement seems to have been made between them and the King, touching the propyne

or present which was to be made to Her Majesty, thus recorded by them :—"Knawand that the toun hes ane Jowell, of the Kings Majesties, quhich is ane taiblett of gold, in ane caise, with ane dyomond, and ane emmerawld, lyand in the hands of Alexander Clerk of Balbyrnie, to the touns behuif, in plege of foure thowsand pund; as alswa vnderstands, that his Majestie, for to plesure the toun, is content that thai propyne hir Grace with the said Jowell: Thairfore thai haif thocht expedient to reteir the said Jowell furth of the hands of the said Alexander Clark, and he delyuerand the samin to gif ane sufficient discharge thairof. And therafter to propyne the samin to his Majestie; and to repose thameselffs upon his Gracis guid will for the payment of the said sowme, for the quhilk the samin is layet is plege."

On the 15th of April, furious denunciations are issued against beggars, and bonfires being seen in the streets. On the 21st May it is agreed at the request of the King, to make "ane honorabill banket" for the Danish Ambassadors, and other strangers, together with the King and Queen, to be held "in Thomas Aitchinsoun master of the cunyie hous lugeing at Todriks wynd fute, upon Sonday at evin next to cum." For this, four puncheons of wine, four "bwnnis of beir," four "gang" of ale, and bread, are ordered to be brought in, and "to caus hing the hous with tapestrie, set the buirds, furmis, chandleris, and get flowres"—"To provyde cupbuirds and men to keip thame; and my Lord Provest was content to provyde naiprie, and twa dozen of greit veschell, and to avance ane hunder pund or mair, as thai sall haif ado."

The King and Queen arrived at Leith on the 1st of May 1590, and were met by the Duke of Lennox, Lord Hamilton, Earl Bothwell, and many of the nobility and burgesses. Their train consisted of 224 persons, many of them, as saith the old manuscript, "in golden

chenyies of gud faschioun." They were daily banqueted. "Upon the nyntein day of May, the Quenis Grace made entrie in Edinburgh, at the West Poirt, and was ressavit, efter a certane speiche in Latine, and delyverie of the keyis, as use is, and wes convoyed throw the haill toun, under a paill, to Halyruidhous. There wes 42 young men, all cled in quhite taffetie, and vissours of black cullour on their faces. lyke Mores, all full of gold chenyies, that dancit befoir hir Grace all the way."

In a letter from King James to the Scottish Privy Council, written from Newcastle, and dated 15th December 1616, he announces his intention of visiting Scotland, during the ensuing summer. His first reason for so doing shall appear in his own words:—"Wee ar not achamed to confesse that wee have had these many yeiris a great and naturall longing to see our native soyle and place of our birth and breeding, and this salmonlyke instinct of ouris hes restleslie, both when wee wer awake, and manie tymes in our sleip, so stirred up our thoghtis and bended our desyris to make a jornay thither, that wee can never rest satisfied till it sall pleas God that wee may accomplish it: And this we do upoun our honour declair to be the maine and principall motive of our intended jorney." The reception of this letter produced a warrant from the Privy Council for the repair of His Majesty's houses, with instructions as to the details, a "proclamatioun againis the slaying of His Majesties Buckis in Falkland," and "a proclamatioun aganis the slaughter of Murefoule." There appears a certain degree of prudential anxiety on the part of the Privy Council, that, as His Majesty is to be "accompanyit with diuers of his nobilitie and counsall, and with some of the reuerend clergie, besides a grite nomber of all rankis and qualities, from the kingdome of England," it is extremely necessary that Scotland should make the best possible appearance before the critical eyes

of the strangers, who may be on the watch narrowly to remark upon the carriage and conversation of the inhabitants, their entertainment and lodging, and to discover whether their houses, bedding, and napery be clean and neat, and to report of them accordingly; the Magistrates are at great length instructed how they are to insure that their opinion may be favourable, and amongst others, "it is heirby recommendit unto the saidis Magistrats to see that the saidis ludgeingis be furnist with honnest and clene bedding, and weele weshin and weele smellit naprie, and otheris linningis." And further that every one of the Magistrates "within thair awne boundis, haif a cair, and gif directioun for keeping of thair strettis cleene, and that no beggaris be seene within thair boundis." A most tremendous act against beggars immediately follows.

On the 9th of April, the Provost and Magistrates give directions, that a number of the gravest and most ancient burgesses, and of best rank, shall be ready to attend his Majesty,—"all apperellit in blak velvot, the ane half in gownis faiced with blak velvot, and the uther half in partisanis,"—under the penalty of "ane hundreth pundis." On the 23d April, dresses are also ordered for the town officers, and for the macer, "ane goun of claith, with an stand of claith of figurit satine." And as his Majesty had "declairit, that it is his will and plesour that ane harrang and speache be maid to him at his entrie within this burgh; thairfor the counsall nominatis and electis Mr. Johne Hay, thair clerk deput, to make the said harrang, and ordainis him to provyde himselfe to that effect." On the 7th of May, a banqueting-house is ordered to be built "in the counsall house yaird, for intertening his Majestie and his nobles." And on the 12th of the same month, they resolve "to propyne his Majestie at his entrie with ten thousand merkis, in dowble angells of gold, and to by ane

gilt baissin of the grittest quantitie can be had, to put the same in." After all these preparations, his Majesty's reception, as taken from a volume of the Records of the High Court of Justiciary, was as follows. "The saxtene day of May 1617, the Kingis Majestie enterit at the Wast Poirt of Edinburgh, quhair the Provest, the foure bailyeis, the haill counsell of the toun, with ane hundreth honest men and mae, war all assemblit, in blak gownes all lynit with plane velvet, and thair haill apparrell war plane black velvet; At quhilk tyme first the Proveist, William Nisbet, maid ane harrand, welcuming his Majestie to his awin Citie, Thareafter ane harand was maid be Mr. John Hay, in name of the haill citizens, Ane purse contening fyve hundreth double angellis laid in a silver basing double overgilt, was propynit to his Majestie, Quha with ane myld and gracious countenance resavit thayme with thair propyne, come tharefter throw the Citie to the kirk, quhair ane sermone was maid be the Archebishope of St. Androis, Spottiswood; Tharefter come directlie doun the streit, towardis his awin palice in Halyrudhous, being convoyit be the honest men of the toun, to the corse callit St. Johne's Croce, quhair be the drawing of ane sword his Majestie knychtit the Proveist."

The next Royal visitor was Charles I., who, in a letter of July 14, 1628, announced his coming, to be crowned, and hold a parliament, but who did not arrive till June 1633. In anticipation of this visit, a sum of money is ordered to be raised from the citizens by extent. Mr. John Hay is ordained to write the "speech or harrang" to his Majesty. Orders are given for "ane pale to be maid to be carried above his Majesties heid, and to be caryed be the four baillies, deyne of gild and thesaurer." A proclamation is made against the slaughter of wild fowl, and the sheriff of Edinburgh is ordered to have the highways throughout the county repaired, all of them being particularized in detail. As the time of

his Majesty's coming approaches, all the burghs are called upon to furnish, for the support of his table, a certain number of fed nolt, each according to its importance, as had been done on the occasion of the coming of his Majesty's father, King James, on which occasion Dundee and Glasgow undertook for 300 each. The city of Brechin, 100—St. Andrews, 60—Dalkeith for 20—Linlithgow, 24—Musselburgh, 12, &c. Lodgings for the King's train are ordered in all the places where he is likely to be, care being taken "That thair lodgings be cleane, handsome, and neate; That the bedding and naperie be cleane and weill smelled; and that no filth or beggers be seene upon thair streets." All persons living in any of the King's palaces are ordered to quit, and a particular proclamation is issued regarding the reservation of lodgings and stabling in the Canongate, for the attendants on the court. On the 14th of March, the Lords of Privy Council, "in regarde of the solemniteis and showes quhilks ar to be made by the Magistrats at the Westport," ordain that the heads of some malefactors set up there should be taken down. The Town-Council, on the 5th April 1633, "finding the hie streettes and publict vennellis of this burgh to abound with all kynd of filth, to the reprotche of the toun, when strangeris does repair to the same," strong denunciations and large penalties are made against all offenders.

On the 12th June, the Privy Council ordain that the Scottish nobles shall ride before the King, and the English immediately after him—that his Majesty shall take his great horse "at the west end of the long gait, neere to St. Cuthbert's church." They also give directions about the carrying of the sword, and the canopy; and on the 13th June, they ordain "that no coache enter within his Majesties court with more then foure horsis." The Provost and Magistrates are commanded "to take doun the gallowes and malefac-

tor hanged thereon at the east end of the linkes." Sand is provided for covering the streets—and the trumpeters are ordered to meet his Majesty, "and sound upon the linkes of Leith." It also appears that a propyne and banquet were, as usual, given upon this occasion. The following is the order for the manner of His Majesty's entrance :—

"*Apud Dalkeith*, 14*th June* 1633.—The whilk day the Kings Majestie, with the advice of the Lords of his Secreit Counsell, has thought meit and expedient, concluded and ordained, that, for his Majesties more statelie and orderlie entrie within the burgh of Edinburgh, the Lords Spirituall and Temporall, and others, who by thair charge and place owes attendance at that action, sall convein and meit his Majestie upon the long gait, at one of the cloke in the afternoone, where they sall be marishalled and ranked according to thair dignitie and place, and sall ryde and accompanie his Majestie at his entrie within the said burgh, and conduct him to his palace of Halyrudhous, in the manner and order following, to witt, the Marques of Hamilton, as maister of the horses, sall ryde a little behind his Majestie, leading ane horse of state; the Erle of Errol, by his Majesties appointment sall receave from the Lord Chamberlane, ane shethed sword, which the said Erle sall carie immediatlie before his Majestie, and sall ryde upon the Chamberlane his right hand; nixt unto thame Lyoun king at armes, and such of his brethren as he sall make choise of; then the Iscber before him, the Almoner, and Master of Requeists; nixt to thame, the Lords Chancillor and Thesaurer; then the twa Archbishops; nixt to thame, the Erles and Viscounts, then the Bishops, and last, the Lords. And that the toun of Edinburgh sall have a standing guaird upon either side of the streit, which sall not budge nor remove fra the tyme of his Majesties entering within the West Port, till he pas furth of the liberties of the said toun, and that the volly to be given be the Castell of

Edinburgh sall begin, and be fullie delyvered betwix the tyme of his Majesties entering upon the long gait, and his coming to the place appointed for taking of his great horse, whereupon he is to make his entrie within the said toun."

The notices in the Records of the Town Council, touching Charles II.'s visit to Edinburgh in 1650, are extremely meagre. From them, however, it appears that it was ordained, that in order to give his Majesty a proper reception, "a certaine soume of money be borrowed," not to "exceid fyftie thousand merkis;" and for perfecting the fortifications of Leith, "in respect of the approch of the Sectarian armie to this kingdome, doe consent to the borrowing of fiften hundreth pund sterling." And being informed on the 31st July, that his Majesty had come unexpectedly to Leith, they recommend that he should come for safety to Edinburgh,—they ordain the sum of twenty thousand merks to be given by the Provost to his Majesty at the port, and they make offer of their lives and fortunes for his service. And on the 7th August, the treasurer is ordained "to pay to William Shaw, merchand, four hunder threttie thrie pund sexten shilling aught penyes, for the expensis of the desert bestowed upon his Majestie."

CHAPTER VI.

THE LANDING.

JEALOUS as were the inhabitants of Edinburgh to do honour to their monarchs in the olden time, and stirringly as those various Royal Visits occupied them during the periods when they took place, their memory has been long buried in those dark and dusty recesses to which such old records are usually doomed, and are only now dragged forth by the searching hand of the antiquary. Alas! that of Queen Victoria, so very recently present to us, filling our hearts with joy, and our voices with shouts of loyalty, is already as much matter of history, and as much a thing past as they are. But it has a record of good feeling laid up along with it, that will keep it for ever embalmed in the best affections of Scottish hearts to the very latest generation.

By three o'clock on the morning of Thursday the 1st September, the Duke of Buccleuch was joined at Granton by Sir Robert Peel, when dispatches were sent off to the public authorities in Edinburgh. Bailie Richardson spoke with the Duke at five A.M., and Sir Niel

MAP
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE
ROYAL PROGRESS
IN
Scotland
1842.
British Miles
PERTHSHIRE
FIFESHIRE
KINROSSSHIRE
STIRLINGSHIRE
EDINBURGHSHIRE
LINLITHGOWSHIRE
CLACKMANNANSHIRE
DRUMMOND CASTLE
DUPPLIN CASTLE
SCONE PALACE
PERTH
STIRLING
DUNBLANE
DUNFERMLINE
KINROSS
DALKEITH PALACE
EDINBURGH
LEITH
DUNKELD
BLAIRGOWRIE
ABERFELDY
CRIEFF
AUCHTERARDER
DOLLAR
KIRKCALDY
DYSART
QUEENSFERRY
BATHGATE
LINLITHGOW
FALKIRK
CALLANDER
DONNE
KILSYTH
CAMPSIE
Loch Earn
Loch Leven
Ben Lawers
Ben Voirlich
Ben Chonzie
Ben Ledi
Ben Cleuch
Ben Vorlich
Pentland Hills
Moorfoot Hills
Lammermuir Hills
Forest of Glenartney
Forest of Glenfarg
Forest of Clackmannan
Forth
Tay
Earn
Devon
Allan
Teith
Ruthven
Kelvin
Almond
Leven
Ore
Eden
Tyne
Esk
Gala
Leith
Water
Edinburgh & Glasgow Railway
Edinburgh & Dalkeith Railway
Forth & Clyde Canal
Union Canal
Queensferry Passage
Roslin
Penicuik
Musselburgh
Dalkeith
Portobello
Leith
Newhaven
Granton
Cramond
Corstorphine
Ratho
Kirkliston
Queensferry
Inverkeithing
Dunfermline
Aberdour
Burntisland
Kinghorn
Kinnesswood
Milnathort
Portmoak
Scotlandwell
Auchtermuchty
Strathmiglo
Falkland
Newburgh
Glenfarg
Bridge of Earn
Methven
Scone
Perth
Kinnoull
Errol
Carpow
Abernethy
Newburgh
Cupar
Auchtermuchty
Falkland
Leslie
Markinch
Thornton
Kirkcaldy
Dysart
Wemyss
Buckhaven
Methil
Leven
Largo
Elie
Anstruther
Crail
Pittenweem
St Monans
Kilrenny
Cellardyke
Fife Ness
Isle of May
Inchkeith
Inchcolm
Aberdour
Burntisland
Kinghorn
Pettycur
Kinghorn Ness
Firth of Forth
Firth of Tay
Firth of Forth
Firth of Clyde

Douglas, commander of the forces, had an interview with his Grace. Some time afterward Lord Liverpool, and others of Her Majesty's suite, came on shore, and communicated to his Grace and to Sir Robert Peel, that Her Majesty would land about nine o'clock.

The morning was of dull aspect—but that circumstance did not prevent the Queen and Prince Albert, from quitting their pillows at half-past six o'clock. As Her Majesty's example must have great influence on the manners of her people, it is to be hoped that among the many good lessons she has condescended to give to Scotland, that of early rising may not be lost upon its inhabitants. The Squadron got under weigh about seven o'clock, and the Royal breakfast was served upon deck between seven and eight. A veil of mist was drawn over the romantic environs of the city, but as it gradually dissipated, the greatest interest was manifested by the Queen and Prince, as the various features of the scenery individually developed themselves. Numerous inquiries were made by both as the hills and other objects were successively unfolded to their view. Although the scene which expanded itself before the Royal eyes, is in itself much too extensive for any representation, except that of the panorama, and that feeble language must be still more inefficient in giving any idea of it, yet it is necessary to attempt some outline of it, for the benefit of those who may never have looked upon it.

Beginning with the immediate coast, which is nowhere abrupt or high, and running the eye along from east to west, so as to take in the objects presenting themselves nearest to the sea, the Queen had immediately to larboard, the town of Leith, with its glasshouses and churches, and its old buildings, rising but little above the level of the water, with its long piers, its martello tower, its harbour, docks, and shipping. Moving the eye westward, there was the battery, and

many houses, mingled with gardens. Then came the long fishing town of Newhaven, with its harbour and numerous craft, and a little farther the filmy cobweb of the chain-pier, and a perfect town of villas, terminated by those of Wardie, each rising out of its pretty tasteful fragment of pleasure ground. Then came the Granton Pier, with its wharfs, stretching its immense mass of masonry far out into the sea, as if to subdue ocean itself, and having its steamers and other craft congregated about it. Beyond this were the woods of the old places of Caroline Park and of Granton, succeeded by that of Muirhouse; and farther off still, on the hither side of the mouth of the river Almond, were the beautiful grounds of Cramond, with its green islet of the same name, lying as if asleep on the surface of the sea, whilst on the western side of the same river, the flat part of the finely timbered park of Dalmeny, the seat of the Earl of Rosebery, appeared backed by all its undulating and tufted eminences. Taking up in the next place that which may be called the second distance, and carrying the eye from the point of Leith first mentioned, all the way to Dalmeny, the wide middle ground gently arose immediately behind the line of objects just described, appearing everywhere along its whole extent, rich with cultivation, and groups of trees, and rendered interesting by the occurrence here and there of scattered buildings. Behind it, and towards the east, the eye skimmed over the gently sloping hollow formed by the course of the Water of Leith, the fall of the ground there being detected by the air tint giving distance to the features beyond it. As it was thence carried westwards along this middle ground, some rural mansions rose into notice, among which that of Lauriston Castle, the ancient seat of the Laws of Lauriston, the family of the celebrated French Maréchal Lauriston, was especially prominent. These were backed by the lovely Corstorphine Hills, wooded in the most luxuriant manner. Beginning

again from the east with the next gradation of distance, the bold and beautiful Calton Hill heaved itself suddenly up with its green covering of grassy turf—its Observatory, like a Grecian temple, on its highest point, and near it the half-finished façade of the great National Monument, designed as an accurate fac-simile in style, dimensions, and execution of the celebrated Parthenon of Athens, but in its present embryo state so perfectly presenting the picturesque appearance of a ruined temple, as in defiance of the inferiority of climate, and all other attendant circumstances, to fill the mind with associations of Greece. Above all these objects on the hill, the tall, thin, ungainly, and vulgar monument to the immortal Nelson, was seen starting up to an extravagant height; but though ill suited, both to its elevated site and to the objects with which it was brought into immediate comparison, yet, at the distance at which it was now viewed, it added another marking feature to the town, that was not without its effect. Clustering all around the base of the hill, and apparently united to the buildings of Leith, like one vast city, those of Edinburgh now appeared not quite two miles from the shore, stretching away about the same distance towards the west, and rising backwards, street above street, and range above range, as they ascended to the summit of the first ridge, on which the new part of the town is built. From this nearer portion, the column erected to the late Lord Melville, arose, together with the tall slender spire of St. Andrew's Church, and several other towers and steeples, the chief and most distinguishing feature being the great dome of St. George's Church, towards the west, beyond which appeared two large hospitals. Over this, and softened into farther distance by the air tint produced by a second intervening valley, the highest ridge of the more ancient part of the town appeared stretching from behind the Calton Hill on the east, and rising gradually in a western direc-

tion, characteristically marked by the old tower of St. Giles's Cathedral, topped by its fine imperial crown of open masonry. To the eastward of this arose the spire of the Tron Church, and farther up the rising ridge to the west, the tall and elegant Gothic spire of the new Victoria Hall, recently erected for the accommodation of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and at that time not quite finished. The whole of this, that may be called the main spine of the city, was terminated boldly and abruptly by the noble crag of the Castle, as old as Scotland, and filled with her historical recollections, which was seen domineering grandly over all. Returning again to the eastern side of the picture, Salisbury Crags, rising with a rapid green slope from the east, and terminated in a rugged perpendicular front of rock facing the west, from the base of which a steep talus swept down into the valley in one bold line. Behind these, and forming part of the same general elevation, the high and romantic Arthur Seat towered up, its mass formed of a beautiful combination of grand lines, dipping valleys, and bold projections, with the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel on one fine prominent point, and over the whole arose the rugged lionlike head of the mountain, still smoking like a slumbering volcano, from the embers of the bonfire. Behind all these objects, and more in the middle of the picture, were seen the interesting hills of Blackford and Braid, and the distance was completed by the soft yet striking forms of the lofty range of the Pentlands, rising blue, and misty, and varied, and melting away in long perspective towards the southwest.

Such was the view which the Queen for the first time enjoyed of her as yet distant Scottish capital, and such were the general features of its environs, of which it is much more easy to give a catalogue than to afford any just conception. But to complete the inspection of the panorama of the Firth, by which Her Majesty was then sur-

rounded, it was necessary to look back towards the east, where the great bay of Musselburgh opened its bosom in a wide circle, with its numerous maritime villages, surrounded by a richly cultivated country, rising from the sea with gentle slope; with Gosford, the residence of the Earl of Wemyss, appearing like a white speck on its margin, and, beyond it, the comparatively low point of Gullane. Behind all this arose the distant Lammermoor range, with Dunpender, the Garleton Hills, North Berwick Law, and the huge bulk of the Bass Rock. This place of strength was seized during the Revolution by a desperate band of freebooters, who had a large boat, which they hoisted up the rock, and let down at pleasure. With this they committed outrageous robberies on the mainland, and took many vessels at sea. They held it as the last place for James II., but having lost their boat, and their usual supply of provisions from France having been cut off, they were at last starved into surrender. Then looking past the island of Inchkeith, towards the eastern extremity of Fifeshire, the eye as it returned picked up the misty eminences of Kelly Law and Largo Law, and the two Lomonds, with all the small towns which gem that coast. It dived into the bay of Kirkaldy, and coming on still to the westward, alighted on Kinghorn, remarkable as being the place where those Norsemen under the brother of Canutus, King of Norway, landed in the middle of the eleventh century, and were defeated with great slaughter by Macbeth, Thane of Fife, of whose history so much has been made by the immortal Shakspeare. Near it is the spot where Alexander III. was killed by being thrown from his horse among the rocks. Thence by Pettycur and Burntisland, the eye skirted the loftier and more abrupt, and varied and wooded coast towards Aberdour, the ancient seat of the Earls of Morton. Near this there was a nunnery of the order of St. Francis. Resting for a moment on the quiet and monastic island of Inch

Colme, rendered sacred by the venerable remains of its monastery, founded about the beginning of the 12th century by a vow of Alexander I., it then swept over the extensive park of Donibristle, with its large old mansion, the seat of the Earl of Moray. Donibristle was burned by the Earl of Huntly, on the 7th of February 1591–2. Its proprietor, James Stewart, well known as "the bonny Earl of Moray," from his great personal attractions, was especially noticed by Anne of Denmark, queen of James VI., and having been praised by her in the King's hearing as a proper and gallant man, his hereditary enemy, Huntly, took advantage of this circumstance, and having invested the house of Donibristle, he set fire to it under pretence that Moray had been leagued with Bothwell and his associates, against whom he was armed with the royal commission. The bonny Earl escaped from the conflagration, and hid himself among the rocks on the shore; but the silken string of his knapscull tippet had taken fire, and as it slowly burned unknown to him, its light betrayed him to his enemies, who pierced him with a multitude of death wounds. A banner recently existed, with his pale corse extended on it, gaping with horrible gashes, and above it the motto, "God revenge my cause!" This was sent through all the Earl's lands, both here and in the province of Moray, to raise up the clansmen to revenge; but a Royal proclamation forbid the young Earl to prosecute Huntly for the murder. Beyond Donibristle, the eye was arrested by the narrow strait of Queensferry, but the grand range of the far distant western mountains appeared over it in faint outline, closing in the general panoramic view in that direction. While the Queen was contemplating the various objects thus enumerated, or such of them at least as the hazy nature of the atmosphere allowed her to descry, Her Majesty was greeted by a royal salute from the fort at Leith.

The authorities had announced, that the moment the Royal Squadron should appear off the mouth of the Firth, a flag should be hoisted at the top of Nelson's Monument on the Calton Hill, and that two guns should then be fired from the Castle. By some mistake or misunderstanding, there was no such signal. An inquiry into the cause and history of this, and other pieces of mismanagement, would be now as irksome as it would be unprofitable. The Duke of Buccleuch, however, dispatched a messenger on horseback from Granton Pier to the Castle, and the two guns were fired from its walls at about half-past seven o'clock, most people believing that they conveyed the information that the Queen was off Dunbar, when, in reality, the Royal flotilla was then rounding the north-western point of the island of Inchkeith. The echoes of these cannon had hardly rebounded from Salisbury Crags, when every head in Edinburgh, and Leith, and the environs, had left its pillow, save those of the sick and the dying. Already had the streets been for some time pretty well filled, indeed, they had never been devoid of people during the whole previous twenty-four hours. Anxious for news of the Queen, many had walked about till a late hour before retiring to rest, and as they had gone to bed full of the ministerial assurance that Her Majesty was to make her Royal Progress through the city that day, it is not to be wondered if they should have quietly contrived to dream of it, until roused by the two guns. Many thousands had to go miles into the country to sleep, and many to Glasgow, and as these could have no hope of returning to their posts of the previous day before eleven o'clock at soonest, and considering that the progresses of James VI., the Charles's, and George IV., were made at mid-day,—it was not unnatural that the people should interpret the hand-bills of the day before, as implying an assurance of something of this nature.

This much may be said for a population, who had displayed sufficient energy and activity on the previous day to prove that there was no want of these qualities among them, as regarded their loyalty and love towards their Sovereign.

The long rolling sound of the two signal guns had hardly ceased, ere shutters were opened in all parts of the town and its vicinity, windows thrown up, and thousands of heads thrust out in all manner of strange head-gear, whilst eyes were rubbed, and their glances directed through the gloomy and unpromising morning atmosphere, to all quarters of the compass in succession, and quick questions of inquiry were put to utter strangers in the street. Garments were hastily seized and hurriedly put on, not altogether with that precision which individuals would have wished to have used on so important an occasion—breakfasts were swallowed with a rapidity that might have been natural, if the signal had told of the landing of an enemy, whom the courage of the gentlemen hastened them to oppose, whilst the fears of the ladies impelled them to fly to some place of safety. With a celerity hardly to be conceived, every house in the city began to give forth its contents. People poured out from the handsome residences of the upper classes in the principal squares and streets of the newer part of the city, as well as from the upper habitations of the lower classes in the wynds and closes of the old town, and from the ten-pair-of-stairs tenements, whence the inhabitants of the different flats issued like bees, as if an earthquake had shaken their dwellings. The roar of the two signal cannon, like that of the thunder-peal, sent down ten thousand torrents from above, into the streets below, and reproduced to a great extent that flood of population that had deluged them on the previous day.

Taking it for granted, from all they had been taught to expect, that the Royal Squadron was only now in sight far down the Firth,

every one felt assured that hours must elapse before the landing could take place. Though all were anxious to secure favourable places, yet many, believing that they would have ample time to do so, hastened in the meanwhile to the terrace walks of the Calton Hill, for the purpose of seeing the Royal Flotilla working its way up the Firth from the far distance, and were thunderstruck to behold it already approaching Granton Pier. Now it was that people on foot, on horseback, and in vehicles of every possible kind and denomination, rushed in that direction; and although the stream ran somewhat thinner than on the preceding day, it flowed with much greater violence, and as it approached the road to Granton Pier, it became so dense as nearly to choke up the way. The Magistrates were sitting robed in their council-hall, and the Royal Archers had been for some time all ready in the Riding-house, in the Lothian-road, when the word "off" was delivered from the hoarse throats of the signal cannon, and consequently they and all were too late for the duties they had respectively to perform.

The Royal Yacht bearing the sacred person of the Sovereign, approached the Granton Pier, towed majestically by the Black Eagle and Shearwater steamers. The Queen, altogether unconscious of the burning anxiety of the people, as well as of the misconception which had been created by those engagements rather rashly made for her, without her knowledge, stood upon the quarter-deck conversing with her Royal Consort, and earnestly contemplating this first sample of that country which she was about to enter. Both looked extremely well, though the tint of Her Majesty's cheek was more than usually delicate, from the fatigue of the voyage, and the rough weather to which she had been so much exposed. At about half-past eight o'clock the Yacht reached the eastern side of the pier. Captain Bain had made his preparations so well, that

when the gallant vessel was brought alongside, not the slightest noise or confusion took place. The moment the gangway, covered with scarlet cloth, was placed so as to produce a bridge of connection between the pier and the ship, Sir Robert Peel hastened on board, and advanced to that part of the quarter-deck where the Queen and the Prince were standing. He was graciously received by Her Majesty, and conversed with her for ten minutes, whilst he stood before the Royal presence uncovered, and with his right knee slightly bent. When he had retired, the Duke of Buccleuch approached, as Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Edinburgh, and was acknowledged with smiles and with the most marked cordiality both by the Queen and Prince. Meanwhile the Royal carriages were quickly landed, and every thing being in readiness, Her Majesty was conducted to

the gangway by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, and at about five minutes before nine o'clock, whilst the Royal standard flew up to the top of the flag-staff at the end of the pier, Queen Victoria was handed on shore by Prince Albert. The cannon of a field-battery, planted

on the height overhanging Granton, and the guns of the vessels around, as well as those at anchor farther off in Leith Roads, opened their mouths of thunder, and all the yards were manned. The right of the landing-place was the position where the Royal Archers should have been, but from the mistake already noticed they had not arrived. The guard of honour, consisting of two hundred of the 53d regiment, under Major Hill, were drawn up on the left, and presented arms, the band playing "God Save the Queen," and every human being of the thousands on the pier, who had the good fortune to witness this most animating and interesting spectacle, responded to the sentiment of the air, in loud, loyal, and frequently repeated cheers, which were re-echoed by the crowds assembled on shore.

Her Majesty was received by the Duke of Buccleuch on a platform, covered with crimson cloth, and he conducted her to her carriage under a canopy of the same material and colour. Two lines were formed on each side of the platform, by the Earls of Liverpool and Morton, General Wemyss, Colonel Bouverie, Mr. G. E. Anson, Lord John Scott, Sir Robert Peel, Sir George Murray, Sir Neil Douglas, Major Douglas his aid-de-camp, Lieut.-Col. Lord Robert Kerr, Lieut.-Col. Emmett, Captain Codrington, Lieut.-Col. Cornwall, Lieut.-Col. White, Mr. Speirs, sheriff of the county of Edinburgh, and Captain Bain; the Duchess of Norfolk, the Hon. Miss Paget, Lady Harriet Suttie, Lady Jane Charteris, Lady Caroline Charteris, Lady Robert Kerr, the Hon. the Misses Kerr, Mrs. Cornwall, Miss Murray, Lady Douglas, Misses Douglas, Mrs. White, and many others. The want of the promised signal-flag on the Calton Hill, which was productive of so many disappointments, occasioned the unwilling absence of the Duchess of Buccleuch. Provost Reoch, and some of the magistrates of Leith, having

ascertained that the Royal Squadron had anchored under Inchkeith, repaired to Granton at eight o'clock in the morning, and had the satisfaction of being present to witness Her Majesty's landing.

Whilst passing to her carriage, and after she had taken her seat, the Queen graciously acknowledged the courtesies of the distinguished persons in attendance, as well as the cheers of the multitudes assembled, and Prince Albert also bowed repeatedly. The morning being rather damp, His Royal Highness asked Her Majesty if she would wish the hood of the carriage to be raised, to which the Queen replied with a smile, "Oh! not at all, unless it rains more heavily." The carriage, drawn by four beautiful horses, drove off along the eastern side of the pier, amid the shouts of the people and the thunder of the cannon. A squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons formed Her Majesty's escort, one half of them preceding, and the other following the Royal carriage. The Duke of Buccleuch, Lord John Scott, and Sir Neil Douglas, rode by Her Majesty, and Mr. Sheriff Speirs in front. A party of police assisted in clearing the way. Two other open carriages followed, containing the Duchess of Norfolk, Miss Paget, Lord Morton, General Weymss, Lord Liverpool, and some other members of the household.

The square already described as opening from the pier, was crowded with carriages and people, on both sides of the lane kept for Her Majesty the Queen, and every window of the hotel, and houses opposite, as well as the newly-erected galleries, were filled with people, chiefly ladies, who received Her Majesty with enthusiastic cheering, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which she repeatedly acknowledged. When the Royal carriages had swept past at a rapid pace, they were followed by a miscellaneous crowd, where the handsome private equipages of distinguished individuals, mingled with vehicles of a meaner description, were all whipping

and spurring after the Queen in glorious confusion. That remarkable and most intelligent Indian, Baboo Dwarkanauth Tagore, occupied an open carriage, accompanied by his nephew. The Royal carriage proceeded up the road that sweeps along the bank above Granton, its pace somewhat checked by the hill, and grand as was the sea view that stretched away to the left, it is probable that Her Majesty was more attracted by the happy countenances that smiled on her with joy and welcome from the sloping bank.

The landing of the Queen at this early hour was so little expected, that even the inhabitants of Inverleith-row, within a mile of the spot, were quite taken by surprise. The first intimation of the event came from certain individuals, so breathless from running to warn their friends, that they could hardly gasp out the intelligence, that the Queen was at hand; but, although these hot-footed messengers had to buffet their way from Granton, through an endless and increasing stream of people setting in the opposite direction, and although they cried, "the Queen! the Queen!" as well as lack of breath allowed them, nobody believed them, and they might as well have tried to stop the course of a river. The stream continued to run on unchecked. But when the red jackets of the dragoons were seen dancing at a distance over the heads of the people, and the shouts of the multitudes who lined the way, were heard, the incredulity of the masses at once gave way, and carriages and horsemen, carts and pedestrians, wheeling about, as if the dragoons had been the advanced guard of an enemy, they prepared to make a desperate rush for the barrier gate, erected at the head of Brandon-street, where they hoped to behold the imposing ceremony of the delivery of the keys of the city to the Queen, by Sir James Forrest of Comiston, Bart., the Lord Provost, and so to obtain a satisfactory view of their Sovereign, and especially to hear her speak. Such was the crash

of carriages, and the crush of human beings, all the way across the Canonmills bridge over the Water of Leith, and up the sweeping way to Brandon-street, that it was quite miraculous that no serious accident took place. As nothing of this unpleasant nature happened, the many absurd circumstances that occurred in the mêlée would have been ludicrous, had not each individual been too much occupied in protecting himself, or those with whose safety he was charged, to attend to the miseries of others.

In consequence of the omission of the signal-flag, the Royal Archers did not meet Her Majesty till she had got within about one hundred yards of the Canonmills bridge. There they attempted to fall in to right and left of the carriage, in the place close to the royal person, which belongs to them. The dragoons, who beheld themselves suddenly broken in upon by a body of men "in Kendal-green," and knowing nothing about them or their rights, naturally enough endeavoured to keep them off, and so a certain degree of jostle took place; stern commands being given on one side that the apparent intruders should retire, and determined countenances being shown on the other, that they must first be cut down before they would surrender their ancient privilege. Little did these gallant troopers know that they were dealing with some of the *élite* of Scotia's aristocracy, and that many of those with whom they were contending, and who then gloried in escorting their Queen on foot, were earls and dukes. Lord Elcho was very nearly thrown forward under the wheels of the Royal carriage. But the faithful Archers stuck to their purpose, and kept their place and their pace with the carriage and the cavalry, though that pace was a killing one; and some explanations having been at last made, their proper post was at length quietly resigned to them. Lord Elcho, as senior General Officer commanding the Archers, was at the right hand door of the

Queen's carriage, and Major Norman Pringle, who has long held the rank of Adjutant-General, maintained his proper post by the off fore wheel, by keeping his left hand on one of the irons, and pressing outwards against the crush; and Lord Dalhousie, and Sir John Hope, occupied positions on opposite sides. Whilst the Archers endeavoured to keep the crowd outside of the line formed by their body, they afforded every facility to the indulgence of individual curiosity, and notwithstanding the hurry and the press, all were in the best possible humour. Her Majesty appeared perfectly to understand the feelings of the people. She was quite at her ease, and whilst always ready to acknowledge the loud and marked demonstrations of loyalty, with which she was so continuously greeted, she frequently laughed at the absurd endeavours made by those more forward than the rest to get near the carriage, whilst the resolute, though good natured opposition of the Archers in keeping the passage clear, was rewarded with an approving smile from their Royal Mistress—both Her Majesty and Prince Albert repeatedly thanking them, and expressing regret for the arduous duty they had to perform.

On went the Royal carriage, and on went the rush of people, full of expectation, to the wooden barrier—but, alas! to those who had looked to behold the Civic Authorities in full robes and golden chains, ranged grandly in solemn show to greet their Sovereign, with the Lord Provost, at their head, prepared to present her with the keys of the city, and in delivering them, to deliver himself also of a speech, which was to produce the silver toned reply of Her most gracious Majesty—how great the disappointment! The fatal failure of the flag, their participation in the belief that the Royal landing would not take place until two hours after the signal guns had been fired, and the want of sufficient warning, had been so untoward for them too, that, instead of being there, they were still seated in their Council

Chamber, silently waiting for tidings expected by the return of a deputation of their number, which they had despatched to Granton to ascertain the facts regarding Her Majesty's motions. The gate was open and deserted, and on swept the Queen—dragoons —archers — crowds — and all, Her Majesty having no idea of what the thing meant. On turning into Brandon-street, there is a striking view up the wide vista running for the greater part of a mile through Pitt-street, Dundas-street, and Hanover-street, with the intervening width of the gardens, and backed at its upper extremity by the towering distance of the Old Town, with the tall Gothic spire of the New Assembly Hall, rising from the centre of the mass, as if purposely placed there. Although at that time unfinished, it presented a picturesque appearance, from the filmy nature of the geometrical scaffolding that surrounded it. The Royal banner floated from its top. The street was lined on both sides for a considerable way, by the soldiers of the 53d regiment, and in every other part it presented a moving mass of human beings and carriages, whilst all the windows, and most of the temporary wooden galleries were occupied, though these last were by no means so crowded as they had been during the whole of the previous day. As the Royal carriage proceeded up this steep succession of streets at an abated pace, the shouts and acclamations of the people were taken up from time to time, and prolonged into the distance. After Her Majesty had gone through the barrier, thousands of the crowd made off helter skelter, taking the back way by Canonmills, Bellevue-crescent, and Broughton-street, in order, if possible, to get to Waterloo-place or the Calton-hill before the Queen, with the hope of seeing her again, and no sooner had the Royal carriage crossed the line of Queen-street, than another flying army was seen to rush away to the eastward, with similar intentions and hopes.

By half-past nine o'clock Her Majesty reached the summit of the ridge of the new part of the city, where the line of her route was intersected at right angles by the spacious width of George-street, running to right and left for nearly a mile, terminated to the east by St. Andrew-square, whence rises the grand Melville Column, and to the west by Charlotte-square, and the huge mass and dome of St. George's Church. The spire of St. Andrew's Church, rising from this street, and the numerous handsome buildings, with splendid façades, and which are daily taking the place of the more ordinary houses, appeared to excite Her Majesty's admiration. The Queen questioned Major Pringle about Chantrey's statue of her royal uncle, George IV., which stands in the intersection of the street. At this moment the royal salute began to be fired from the Castle, shaking the whole city; and the Union-Jack having been hauled down from the flag-staff, the Royal Standard was hoisted in its place.

The descent of South Hanover-street from George-street to Princes-street, is fine in itself, as it has that great and imposing Grecian building, the Royal Institution, directly in front, with the ten-story houses of the distant Old Town behind it; and no sooner has the descent been effected, than the magnificent Castle is seen to the right, towering up to the skies on the summit of its bold and most picturesque crag, overhanging the beautiful western gardens, which occupy the great valley between it and Princes-street. Never was the Castle seen to more advantage than when gun after gun then blazed from its ramparts, and the curling smoke threw the temporary effect of mist partially over them. Princes-street opened to right and left, and looking westward, the view was terminated by the spire of St. Cuthbert's, and the elegant Gothic tower of St. John's Chapel. Major Pringle was here again appealed to by Her Majesty, for information touching the Royal Institution, and he satisfied her as

to its name, and the objects to which it is devoted, and Her Majesty never failed to communicate the information she gained immediately to Prince Albert. This building was erected by the Honourable the Board of Commissioners, Trustees for the encouragement of Scottish Manufactures. It was much to be regretted that the fine statue of Her Majesty, of colossal magnitude, now executing by Mr. Steele, to be erected over the northern pediment, had not been placed in its position before this happy day.

The masses of people were here much augmented by the rushing of human beings down the Mound, and by those who had taken up stations in Princes-street. Their enthusiasm seemed to receive additional fire, and louder and louder grew the cheering, now mingled with the ringing of the bells from all the steeples. The Queen continued to acknowledge on all sides these expressions of the loyalty of the people, and Prince Albert arose and bowed repeatedly. The carriage having turned eastward, amidst the shouts of the increasing multitudes, the Queen enjoyed a *coup d'œil* extremely singular in itself. On her left was the long row of Princes-street, with its handsome irregular buildings and elegant shops, and at the far end of its perspective appeared the steep and craggy side of the Calton Hill, with the tall but ill-conceived monument erected to Lord Nelson, on its southern point, and the Observatory, and the fine monuments erected to those celebrated philosophers, Dugald Stewart and John Playfair, whilst the grand but unfinished peristyle of the great National Monument, rose sublimely on the summit. On Her Majesty's right hand were the gardens of Princes-street, to the eastward of the Mound, and over these appeared the strangely piled up mass of the ancient city, with the crown-capped tower of St. Giles' Cathedral, and the spire of the Tron Church, whilst the noble Roman arches of the North Bridge were

seen striding across and uniting the two sides of the broad valley, and the magnificent forms of Salisbury Crags and Arthur Seat, towered up beyond, in softened distance. Another fine feature is now in rapid progress here, and already begins to give earnest of its great grandeur when completed, the erection in the form of an exquisite old English Cross, but of magnitude nearly 200 feet high, as a monument to the genius of Scotland—Sir Walter Scott, whose statue, executed in marble, by Mr. Steele, is to be placed under the deep Gothic arch. He, alas! whose honoured remains now repose in the cloistered shades of Dryburgh, was the most active and enthusiastic of all during the last Royal visit to Edinburgh, and how would his heart have swelled—and how would his muse have been fired with inspiration, had he been spared to welcome the arrival of our young and lovely Sovereign! But though dead, he is yet as the life of Scotland, and were it possible that the monument now erecting could be of tenfold greater magnitude than its plan proposes, it would be small compared to the load of gratitude which his country owes him. The Queen made particular inquiries of Lord Elcho and the Duke of Roxburghe about the monument, and manifested peculiar interest in it. The Celtic Society, under the command of the Marquis of Lorn, and Campbell of Islay, had drawn up in front of the Royal Hotel, in compliment to his Grace the Duke of Argyll, their president, who lodged there. The members of this body were splendidly dressed in the tartans of their respective clans, and glittered with gorgeous ornaments. The crowd thickened as the carriage reached the General Register House, at the eastern end of Princes-street, having been much augmented by fresh streams poured in by the North Bridge. The front of this handsome building is to be ornamented by the erection of a grand colossal bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, by

Mr. Steele. The Theatre-Royal, on the opposite side of the way, was decorated with a great number of flags, and over the wide entrance to Waterloo-place, at the shop of Messrs. Dicksons, nurserymen, hung two beautiful garlands, crossing each other, and having a large crown formed of the finest flowers, suspended at their intersection. The crowd was so dense here, that it was with some difficulty the carriages could get along, and the shouts became tenfold more deafening.

Passing along Waterloo-bridge, and onwards by the great range of the jails on the right, with the rocky base of the higher part of the Calton Hill on the left hand, the Queen drove by that elegant combination of Grecian buildings, which the genius of Mr. Hamilton has so happily linked together as one fine whole, to form the High School of Edinburgh; and, immediately beyond this, a yet more remarkable scene burst upon the Royal eyes, than any they had lighted on since Her Majesty's landing. The carriage now proceeded along a broad terrace, cut out from the side of the Calton Hill, hanging over the deep valley to the right, with the long picturesque ridge of the old part of the city, from the ancient and venerable palace of Holyrood, and the fine ruins of its Gothic chapel, in the plain at its eastern extremity, all the way up the Canongate and High-street, till it terminated in the proud aërial castle to the west, while hundreds of curious closes and wynds were seen branching off from it to right and left. Looking backward, the Gothic and castellated towers of the Jail Buildings, rising from the precipitous cliffs of the Calton, and beyond these the valley, crossed first by the arches of the North Bridge, and farther off still by the huge bulk of the Mound. To the south, the town appeared to extend to a great distance, and beyond it were the Blackford and Braid Hills, and farther off the range of the Pentlands; whilst over Holyrood to the east,

arose the bold Salisbury Crags, and the towering Arthur Seat in one of its finest points. Close to the right hand of the road was the monument erected to Burns, and higher up to the left, the long line of handsome houses of the Regent-terrace ran off in perspective, having a hanging garden between them and the road. And then how glorious the more distant scene that stretched away to the horizon between these on the one hand, and Arthur Seat on the other! Groves, rich fields, gardens, villas, and houses of all kinds, filled the flatter country all the way down to the margin of the sea at Portobello; beyond which was the wide expanse of Musselburgh bay, with its highly cultivated surrounding country, and all its little towns—the point of Gullane, the Bass, North Berwick Law, and the whole range of hills beyond. It was not wonderful if such a scene as this, and especially the first view of her own ancient Palace of Holyrood, should have led Her Majesty to put frequent questions to some of the Archers in her escort. As she passed the most favourable point for seeing it, Her Majesty rose up in her carriage.

The Civic Authorities, who were left sitting robed and chained in their council-room at the Royal Exchange, sat solemn and silent as the Roman senators on the occasion of the irruption of the barbarians. Struck at once with surprise and dismay at the sound of the Castle guns firing the salute, they started up to a man, and learning that the Queen had already passed the barrier, they rushed to their carriages, *sauve qui peut*, filled with that natural eagerness to be blessed with a sight of Her Majesty, which they partook with their fellow-citizens. Seeing that their magisterial occupation was gone for that day, they drove off down the High-street, and while some of them took the North Bridge, others pursued their break-neck way down the steep and narrow Canongate, with the anxious hope

that as they had missed their chance of appearing officially before the Royal eyes at Her Majesty's entrance into the city, they might at least behold her as humble individuals, as she was departing from it. The crowd that had assembled in the High-street, with the wise intention of taking its time, and the direction of its motions from those of the magistrates, no sooner beheld them bolt out and escape in this manner, than they followed pell-mell with all speed. But they could by no means catch the Provost and Bailies, and meeting with streams of people equally bewildered, who were rushing across at right angles to the High-street, by the South and North Bridges, the confusion became quite like that of a routed army. Some of the civic authorities, tried to gain their object by endeavouring to cut in before the Queen at different points, but, with one exception, they arrived everywhere just in time to be too late. The Magistrates of Canongate, however, were in waiting at the boundary of their jurisdiction, and were graciously acknowledged by Her Majesty in passing. Immense crowds filled the lower Abbey-hill, and the space all around the Palace, from the notion that the Queen could not pass by this ancient residence of her ancestors, without visiting it. The question among them was, whether to remain there or to run for their lives along the Duke's-walk, with the chance of getting a sight of the Queen when passing Parson's-green, and great were the confusion and the concussion of individuals against each other, and numerous were the unexpected prostrations that took place in consequence.

In the middle of the great road, and nearly opposite to the buildings at Comely-green, there sat on his charger a single trooper of the Inniskilling Dragoons. Horse and man were so perfectly motionless, that they might have been mistaken for some figure set up for the occasion. The man's eyes were turned westward, and no sooner

did they catch the first glimpse of the red coats of the escort, than this immovable equestrian statue instantaneously received life. Horse and man whirled round, and were out of sight in a moment. This was a vidette, to call out the fresh escort from Piershill barracks, and as the Royal carriage swept past, the troopers fell out, and the new party took their places before and behind the Queen. On the left of the road, not far from Piershill, is St. Margaret's Well,

enshrined underneath a beautiful Gothic cover of masonry of great antiquity.

The Royal carriage turned off before entering Portobello, and went up the new road running parallel with the railway. When about to cross the Duddingston road, the Queen was surprised to meet thus far in the country a detachment of the berobed and beruffled civic authorities, who having driven furiously in a carriage

and four by the old road from Piershill, gallantly succeeded in reaching this point just as the Royal carriage was driving up, and were thus rewarded by a sight of their Sovereign. Her Majesty made a gracious return to their salutations, which so inflamed their loyalty, that they followed the train of carriages all the way to Dalkeith. The road taken by the Queen was that by Niddry-Marischall, and so on directly south, leaving the fine old Scottish house of Woolmit to the right, and having smiling fields on all sides. The Royal cortege was followed by some twenty or thirty carriages, and a number of horsemen; but as nobody thereabouts had looked for Her Majesty at that hour, the only people by the wayside were a few rustics, who gazed at the vehicles without perhaps being aware that she was passing. As the Royal carriage approached the village of Newton, the Queen stood up in it, and cast her eyes all around the rich country stretching away on every side, and she continued to survey it till she reached the Sheriff-hall gate of entrance to the grounds of Dalkeith Palace.

The town of Dalkeith presents a picturesque appearance, with its old and new churches, both in the Gothic style. It is prettily situated on the ridge of a rising ground between those two beautiful streams, the North and South Esks, which afterwards unite in the ducal grounds of Dalkeith Palace, opening from the eastern end of the town. As the Queen's most direct route did not lie through the town, and as the whole of its inhabitants were in a fever of excitement to behold her, the Duke, with great kindness and liberality, ordered tickets of admission to the grounds to be issued to all the inhabitants who applied for them. About 5000 were thus issued, and as children were admitted with their parents, there were probably above 10,000 souls within the grounds. To prevent confusion, the gate by which the Queen was to enter the park was kept

shut, and the people were admitted by that opening from the small village of Lugton, to the part of the approach allotted to them, extending for nearly a mile from the gate to the bridge. A wide shaven sward slopes in most places from the backing wood on either side towards the broad gravelled road. About half a mile of the space nearest to the gate, was set apart for the inhabitants of Dalkeith, and beyond that, and nearer to the bridge, stations were appropriated to his Grace's tenantry, farm-servants, and all classes of workmen in his employment, including the colliers, their wives, families, and friends. Special constables were planted all along the line, to keep the carriage way clear, and to preserve order among the crowd. Handbills were circulated, announcing that so soon as it should be ascertained that Her Majesty had landed, the church bells should ring, as a signal that the Lugton gate had been thrown open, when all might take their places; and that the moment the Queen's approach should be observed by a man on the steeple, the bells should be rung a second time, and a large Union-Jack hoisted there.

When the first signal was heard, the whole town of Dalkeith, and the population of the surrounding country, men, women, and children, in their best attire, carefully put on, "for fear the Queen might notice any thing amiss about them," were seen hurrying with smiling faces towards the Lugton gate. As they reached the approach, they were arranged by the special constables, and they stood there for an hour with expectation wrought up to the highest pitch. Then again the bells began to peal, the flag was seen to rise majestically into the air, and in a few seconds the cheering at the gate announced the Queen. The spectacle which greeted Her Majesty on entering the Park was extremely fine, and notwithstanding the very natural desire that her journey should now terminate as speedily as possible,

she no sooner saw the people, than she most considerately ordered that her carriage should proceed at a slow pace, thus securing for every individual of the thousands along the line the fullest opportunity of gratifying their longing desires. If the Queen could only estimate the amount of gratification that these few moments created to that assemblage of her honest subjects, she would feel amply repaid for the condescension which she thus showed to them. Their cheers all along the line were enthusiastic, but such was their sense of propriety, that not one of them attempted to follow the carriage into the more private part of the grounds, beyond the bridge over the Esk. There a fine view of the deep and romantic glen of the stream, as well as of the park and the palace, at once opened itself up to her Majesty.

The Queen having alighted and entered the palace, soon afterwards re-appeared, and seated herself at a window, commanding a view of the lawn, and being immediately recognised by the crowds there assembled, their concentrated good wishes were expressed in three hearty cheers. After this, the whole people dispersed in the most orderly manner, full of gratitude to the Duke for his kind and considerate arrangements. The Royal Standard was hoisted on the Palace, and detachments of the Inniskilling Dragoons and Fifty-Third Regiment were billeted in Dalkeith, to supply the duties required by Her Majesty's presence.

The fatigue that the Queen had undergone, both by sea and land, during this and the three previous days, did not prevent her from taking a short walk along the terraces in the afternoon. The heart rejoices to think of the refreshment which this quiet ramble must have afforded to her Majesty. At a little before eight o'clock, the Royal party, consisting of the following distinguished persons, sat down to dinner :—

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,	The Earl of Morton,
The Duchess of Norfolk,	The Earl of Liverpool,
The Duke and Duchess of Argyll,	Lady Willoughby De Eresby,
The Duke of Hamilton,	Lord and Lady John Scott,
The Marquess and Marchioness of Abercorn,	Sir Robert Peel,
The Earl and Countess of Kinnoull,	Mr. and Lady G. Balfour,
The Earl and Countess of Cawdor,	The Honourable Miss Paget,
The Earl and Countess of Hopetoun,	Mr. George Edward Anson,
The Earl of Aberdeen,	Sir Neil Douglas,
The Earl and Countess of Rosebery,	Colonel Bouverie.

Fire-works were exhibited in the evening from the steeple of Dalkeith church, for nearly two hours, and a powerful supply of gas having been carried up thither, its angles were furnished with concentric tubes, rising spirally from a base of about five feet, to a point of the same height, having many thousand apertures, so closely disposed, that the jets fired each other, and poured a flood of radiance upon the town and the objects around. These were lighted every night during the Queen's stay at Dalkeith Palace, and they proudly pointed out to the whole surrounding country the spot then honoured by the Royal presence.

The ancient Castle of Dalkeith, for such was the original structure, belonged to William Douglas, Lord of Liddesdale, who acquired it by marriage with the heiress of the Grahams. It was to this castle, according to Froissart, that the gallant Earl Douglas, killed at Otterburne, proposed to carry the celebrated pennon, won from Harry Percy in single combat, before the walls of Newcastle. "I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle of Dalkeith, that it may be seen from far." Charles I. was received in a very magnificent manner

here by William, seventh Earl of Morton, on the 14th June 1633; and it was here that arrangements were made for his entrance next day into Edinburgh. He likewise spent his first day here on his way to England. The attachment of this nobleman to his Royal master, led him to advance so large sums of money for the support of his cause, that he was induced to dispose of the property of Dalkeith, in 1642, to Francis second Earl of Buccleuch.

The suite of apartments occupied by the Queen and Prince Albert, were on the second floor, and were entered by a passage behind the north side of the great stair. Their windows were towards the glen of the stream. Her Majesty's bed-room was immediately behind the great gallery, where the company were presented to her on the day of the reception, and the bed was that used by her Royal uncle George IV. Immediately within the bed-room was Prince Albert's dressing-room, with a room for his valet beyond. This dressing-room was the same occupied by General Monk, where the plan for the restoration of Charles II. was conceived and matured. The room on the other side of the Queen's, was that in which George IV. slept, when he honoured Dalkeith Palace with his presence. On this occasion it was used as her Majesty's dressing-room, and beyond it there was a room for the dresser. The sitting apartments of the royal pair were in the wing that comes forward to the south of the great stair. They consisted of a breakfast-room, and a boudoir for her Majesty, looking upon the square top of the entrance, which was covered with exotics, and beyond that was Prince Albert's private room. These apartments were furnished in such a way, that they would have astonished the Lady Anne Keith, eldest daughter of George fifth Earl Marischal, and Countess of the seventh Earl of Morton already noticed, could she have risen to walk through them, if we may judge from the following very curious document, copied

from the original manuscript, kindly furnished by Mr. Macdonald of the General Register House :—

" Inventar of the plenisching Left in the Castell of dalkey^{t} In James Douglass his custodie, the fourt daye of July J^{M} vj^{c} twenty and tway ȝeiris.

" Of fether beddes xxxiiij / Bowsteres xxvij / Coddes vij / Bed plaides xxvj paires / Thik bred blankettes xij paires / fustien blankettis iij paires / Caddess blankettes ij paires / sewit coveringis iiij wolven coverīgis vj Tapisserie xv pieces / wand beddes vij /

" In ane coffre in the warderob,

Ane stand of skarlet courtines, browdered and Lyned throw w^{t} red and ȝellow spaires taffetye / Ane red and ȝellow taffetye matte / ane stand of blew and red taffetye courtines, w^{t} blew & red figured pandes / w^{t} ane blew & red taffetye matte / Ane stand of broun damas courtines, with broun velvet, w^{t} Silver Lace vpoun the said courtines and pandes, with ane broun taffetye matte and sevin fetheres /

" In ane vthir coffre thair,

Ane Incarnat soye bombacy cannabye w^{t} ane quhyt matte to Laye above ane bed /

" In ane vthir coffre thair,

Three couscheons of clay^{t} of purple Silk & Silver / of Lether chaires iiij / Sewit chaires ix / Stoolles of orange velvet xij / Stoolles carpetted xxiiij / Stoolles figured blew and red ij / Stooles of red skarlet ij / Laich sewit stooles vj / Litill carpettes for chamber boordes ij / Rugges iij / ane warmīg panne / Torches xij /

" In the Quenes chalmer,

Ane stand of pourple & graye damas courtines w^{t} clay^{t} of silver pandes / and ane matte of blew sarge de soye / w^{t} thrie couscheons of clay^{t} of silver / w^{t} tway stoolles and ane chair of clay^{t} of silver, tway stoolles and ane chair of cramossyn velvet / ane chair of grene

trype velvet / ane black Lether chair / ane grene taffetye boord clay^{t} / ane Litill carpett clay^{t}.

" In the Laich Inner hall,

Ane gryt carpett clay^{t} / ane grene clay^{t} / tway Sewit chaires / tway foormes covered with grene clay^{t}.

" In the grit trene coffre,

Ane painted bed, black and ȝellow w^{t} courtines, pandes & matte / Ane ȝellow boord clay^{t} / Ane red boord clay^{t} / Ane Skarlet boord clay^{t} / Ane red boord clay^{t} sewit w^{t} ȝellow, ane grene boord clay^{t}.

" Annes Keith."

(On the Back.)

" I dame ānes Key^{t} Coūtes of Mortoū grant me to have ressauit fra James douglas w^{t}in w^{r}ttin the haill plenisching w^{t}in specifeit Be y^{r} p̃nts sub^{t} w^{t} my hand at Dalkeytht the Twenty five Day of No^{r} J^{M} vj^{c} Twenty twa ȝeir. " Annes Keith."

After the Royal salute from the Castle had so suddenly dispersed the civic authorities of Edinburgh, about half-past nine o'clock that morning, they again re-assembled about eleven, for deliberation, and issued the following

" Public Notice.—Owing to the early hour at which the Queen landed this morning, the arrangements made yesterday for informing the public of Her Majesty's entry into the city could not be carried through ; and the Council having subsequently met, resolved to proceed forthwith to Dalkeith Palace, with the view of representing to Her Majesty their regret that the keys had not been delivered at the Barrier, and that the public had not had the anticipated opportunity of testifying their loyalty and devoted attachment to Her Majesty.

" JAMES FORREST, *Lord Provost.*

" Council Chambers, *September* 1, 1842.
One o'Clock."

On the return of the Magistrates, a crowd of anxious persons surrounded their carriages. The Lord Provost addressed them, and told them that they had been politely received by Her Majesty's Ministers, who had assured them, that the Queen very much regretted the disappointment, which, altogether unknown to her, had been experienced by her good subjects of Edinburgh. That, to gratify them, Her Majesty would defer her departure for the Highlands until Tuesday; and, instead of holding her Drawing-Room of Reception, as at first proposed, on Saturday, that day should be devoted to a Royal Progress through the city. This announcement was received with acclamations of joy; and the Magistrates having proceeded directly to the Council Chamber, the following notice was immediately published :—

"The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council have the gratification of intimating, that, on waiting upon Her Majesty's Ministers this day at Dalkeith Palace, they had the satisfaction of learning, that Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to anticipate the wishes of the Town Council and the people of Edinburgh; and, previous to their arrival, had signified Her Majesty's intention to pass through Edinburgh from Dalkeith, and pay a visit to the Castle, on Saturday next, entering the city by Holyrood, and passing up the Canongate. Further information on the subject will be communicated as early as possible to-morrow.

"JAMES FORREST, *Lord Provost.*"

Of disappointment there certainly had been a great deal; but if anything like discontent did previously exist, it was very speedily extinguished by this most satisfactory intelligence. The utmost excitement prevailed, with renewed hopes, and glowing anticipation,—

and ardent prayers for fine weather, were repeatedly uttered wherever two or more individuals met each other. None were rendered happier by this news than the poor dress-makers, tailors, and others, who had been compelled to undertake, and to promise to finish, dresses for the Drawing-Room, which they well knew it was impossible to have achieved by Saturday, though most of them had made up their minds to work without sleep, and to swallow their meals whilst they worked. This day of respite gave them relief, only from the hope it held out of their being now enabled to get their work sent home in time, provided they occupied every minute in working as hard as their fingers could move. How must their panting hearts have looked forward to Sunday, that day of rest!

CHAPTER VII.

DALKEITH.

FRIDAY, the 2d of September, was, comparatively speaking, a day of repose to the Queen. Her Majesty had a delightful walk in the grounds around the Palace, and about the same time Prince Albert, accompanied by the Duke of Buccleuch, left Dalkeith Palace, and entering the Edinburgh road by a private gate, they rode by Duddingston mill and Jock's Lodge to Parson's-green, for the purpose of ascending Arthur Seat. Striking into a path conducting to the top of the hill, His Royal Highness rode up to within 200 yards of the summit, and there dismounting, he climbed the rest of the ascent on foot. The Prince was much charmed by the view, and frequently exclaimed, "How beautiful!" And where, indeed, is there a prospect to be found that may much exceed this? Looking towards the west, and immediately under him, he beheld the grand mass of Salisbury Crags, with its green back sloping towards him, and the precipices so foreshortened, as to enable the eye to drop from the very verge

of the cliffs down upon the whole extent of the city, stretching far westward, till its confines are lost in that rich strath of level country sweeping away by the northern base of the Pentlands, into Linlithgow and Stirlingshires,—the great spine of the town rising with its churches, towers, and spires, till it terminates in the fortifications of the Castle, frowning formidably from their rock. More to the north were seen, the New Town, and the Calton Hill, with its splendid terraces, its High School, and numerous monuments. To the north-west, and farther off, appeared the wooded Corstorphine hills, beyond which were the grounds of Barnton, Cramond, and Dalmeny Park, and the distant mountains of the Western Highlands. Then to the north and east, the flat country stretched away below, with Leith and its shipping, Portobello, and all the beautiful features of Musselburgh bay, with the county of Haddington, closed in behind by the Lammermoor range, and with the Garleton hills, Dunpender, and North Berwick Law rising out of it,—the wide expanse of the Firth, Inchkeith, the Bass, the distant isle of May, and the whole stretch of the coast of Fife, with all its maritime towns and inland hills. Then the immediate foreground, in this direction, was enriched by the Marquis of Abercorn's beautiful park of Duddingston House, with its fine pieces of water, the village, with its old church, and the modest manse of its clergyman. To the south, the wide and rich country rising from Musselburgh by Dalkeith towards the Pentlands, diversified by the woods of Prestonfield, the Inch, Niddry-Marischall, Edmonston, and other places, having, as one of its most important and striking features, Craigmillar Castle, once the residence of the beautiful but unhappy Queen Mary, on its rocky crowned and tufted eminence, and, as its Gaelic name denotes, in the midst of the richest agriculture. The Moorfoot and Peeblesshire hills, extended into the far distance, and immediately

to the south of the city the Meadows, with their walks and double rows of trees, Bruntsfield Links, the old Scottish houses of St. Giles' Grange, and Bruntsfield, with their fields and trees, great part of which now occupy the ancient Borough Muir, where the Scottish army encamped before the fatal field of Flodden, and at the farther end of which, near Morningside, may yet be seen the great stone where the Royal standard was set up, to gather that fatal muster of the flower of Scottish chivalry. Then to the south-west, between the spectator and the Pentland range, were the hills of Braid and Blackford, from the brow of which last Sir Walter Scott makes his hero, Marmion, survey the royal array of Scotland, its white tents covering the wide ground below. The view from thence is still very grand, though different indeed from that which displayed itself, when

" Marmion, from the crown
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
Upon the bent so brown:
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-moor below,
Upland, and dale, and down:—
A thousand did I say?—I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequer'd all the heath between
The streamlet and the town;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular;
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green:
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array.
* * * *

Nor mark'd they less, where in the air
A thousand streamers flaunted fair;
  Various in shape, device, and hue,
  Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and square,
Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there
  O'er the pavilions flew.
Highest, and midmost, was descried
The royal banner floating wide;
  The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,
Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
  Yet bent beneath the standard's weight
    Whene'er the western wind unroll'd,
  With toil the huge and cumbrous fold,
And gave to view the dazzling field,
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
  The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold."

His Royal Highness particularly noticed Edinburgh Castle and the Calton Hill. He much admired the beauty of the demesne of Duddingston, and enquired to whom it belonged. After remaining on that summit which had so recently blazed like a volcano with a welcome to the Queen and himself, and apparently fully enjoying the magnificent prospect which everywhere surrounded him, he began to descend the hill in so active a manner as to satisfy the numerous persons who had the good fortune to be present, that he was not altogether unaccustomed to such feats. He was loudly cheered by those grouped upon the summit, and the people starting pell mell, and with great force down the hill, in their eager haste to follow him, many of them overshot their mark, so that they went rolling head over heels down the steep grassy slope, much to the amusement of the Prince. By the time he had reached the foot of

the hill, he was met by a number of people who had gradually collected there, by whom he was loudly cheered, and after he had mounted to ride away, he graciously acknowledged their kind greetings.

Prince Albert returned by Parson's-green, through the grounds of Duddingston House, and thence to Craigmillar Castle. There the key was not to be had, and as the Prince's engagements did not admit of his waiting till it could be procured from the Inch House, he contented himself with a hasty examination of the exterior of this fine ruin, and a glance at the beautiful prospects which its site commands. Craigmillar was a famous fortress of old. Like all such buildings, it belonged to the Crown during war, no subject being allowed to build castles or strongholds on any other condition. There was a castle here in 1212, that is, in the reign of Alexander II. It became the property of John de Capella, from whom it was purchased by Sir Symon Preston in 1374. The Prestons, who continued to possess the castle for nearly 300 years, must have made considerable additions to it, as their arms appear on the building, together with a punning hieroglyphic on the name, consisting of a fruit press, and a ton. The Earl of Mar, younger brother of James III., was confined here in 1477. It was likewise the residence of James V. for some months during his minority, when he was compelled to leave Edinburgh Castle from dread of the plague, and here the Queen-Dowager had frequent interviews with the young monarch, by the favour of Lord Erskine, who was his Majesty's constant attendant and guardian, whilst the Duke of Albany, the governor, was in France. Queen Mary frequently made this castle her place of residence, after her return to Scotland in 1561. The apartment which she particularly occupied is extremely small, being only seven feet by five. The small cluster of houses by the side of the little stream

that runs through the valley to the south of the hill on which the castle stands, is called Petit France, from its having been the place where the Queen's French retinue were lodged. The keep of the castle is very strong, and contains a fine old hall, with an arched roof; and there are a number of apartments within the walls. A barnikin or thick rampart wall of thirty feet high, surrounds the square space where the keep stands, having parapets and circular towers at the angles; and there seems also to have been an exterior defence of a similar description. The arms of the Cockburns of Ormiston, the Congaltons of Congalton, the Moubrays of Barnbougle, and the Redfords of Otterburne, all very old families, and connections of the Prestons, are to be found in different parts of the building. It is much to be regretted that Prince Albert did not get entrance into this most interesting ruin, and still more so that Her Majesty had no opportunity of visiting it. To have beheld the confined apartment which lodged a Queen in ancient days, might have awakened strange and interesting thoughts, and she might have plucked a sprig from the thorn which tradition says was planted by Mary, and which is still fresh and green. After leaving Craigmillar, the Prince and his party returned to Dalkeith.

A deputation of the Town Council of Edinburgh having waited on Her Majesty's Ministers, in the course of the forenoon of Friday, to learn the arrangements necessary for the royal progress through the city next day, the following notice was published by the Lord Provost and Magistrates, immediately after their return from Dalkeith :—

"Council Chambers, *Friday, Half-past Two o'clock.*

"Her Majesty will leave Dalkeith Palace on Saturday at ten o'clock, and enter the Queen's Park near to Parson's-green, passing the south side of Holyrood House, and thence to the Castle, up

the Canongate. Her Majesty will leave the Castle by Bank-street, and proceed by the Mound along Princes-street, Queensferry-street, and the Dean Bridge, to Dalmeny Park. Her Majesty will return from Dalmeny by the Leith Queensferry road, proceeding along it, Jamaica-street, North Leith, Junction-street, Hermitage-place, Leith Links, to Seafield Baths, and thence to Dalkeith by the Portobello road.

" JAMES FORREST, *Lord Provost.*
" JOHN RICHARDSON, *B.*
" D. J. THOMSON, *B.*
" W. JOHNSTON, *B.*
" ANDREW WILKIE, *B.*"

The following programme of the mode in which the different public functionaries were to arrange themselves, was also published :—

" 1. The High Constables of the City will attend as the official guard of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, and assemble in the square of the Royal Exchange at nine o'clock. 2. The Deputy-Lieutenants and Justices of the Peace of the City will attend in the same place, and at the same hour, and will take up a position to the west of the entrance to the Royal Exchange. 3. The General and Resident Commissioners of Police will take up a position in front of the Police Office. 4. To the west of the Police Commissioners, the Merchant Company and the Guildry will take up a position. 5. The Incorporated Trades of the City will take up a position, as they arrive, to the west of the Merchant Company and Guildry. 6. All other bodies will assemble in such places of the City as they themselves shall determine; and having arranged in order, will proceed to the Lawnmarket by the west, or by George the Fourth's Bridge, or the Earthen Mound, and take up such positions as may be assigned

to them by the Chief Marshalman, taking care to be at the head of Bank-street by nine o'clock, after which no cart or carriage will be allowed to enter or remain on the High-street. 7. Each body will elect one of their own number as their marshalman, who, on the arrival on the ground of the body represented by him, will communicate immediately with Mr. Ramsay of the Police Establishment, who has been appointed by the Lord Provost and Magistrates to act as Chief Marshalman on this occasion, and whose directions, it is expected, will be implicitly attended to by the different bodies who may be present. 8. No body of a merely political character will be allowed to take up a position, neither will any banner or other insignia of a political description be permitted to be exhibited. 9. The different bodies who had lined the streets, will please steadily to retain their places till the cortege has passed and returned, after which they are requested to move off in order to those places where they had assembled in the morning, and there disperse.

"City Chambers, Edinburgh, *September* 2, 1842."

The Magistrates of the ancient burgh of Canongate also issued the following notice:—"The Magistrates of Canongate having just received authentic information that Her Majesty intends leaving Dalkeith Palace to-morrow, about ten o'clock forenoon, to visit the ancient burgh of Canongate, take the earliest opportunity of communicating this gratifying intelligence to the citizens, and request that the Incorporated Trades, the High Constables, and other public bodies will assemble, with their flags and insignia, in front of the Council Chambers, Canongate, at nine o'clock morning precisely, and proceed with the Magistrates to take up their respective stations, so as to receive the Queen at the entrance of the burgh, and line the streets throughout her progress. Her Majesty will enter the

burgh by the Duke's-walk, passing in front of the Palace of Holyrood, and thence up the High-street towards the Castle.

"GEORGE GULLAND, *Bailie.*
"ALEXANDER BRYCE, *Bailie.*

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

"CANONGATE COUNCIL CHAMBERS, *Friday, 2d September* 1842."

The people having been thus warned by these various public announcements to prepare for receiving the Queen, new galleries were constructed, and many of those already existing in places where they were now useless, were taken down and put up somewhere in the line of the Royal progress; and the workmen toiled all night, lighted by the brilliant fires of the illumination. Among these changes, not the least remarkable of all, was that of the barrier gate, which was removed from Brandon-street, and carried, with great expedition, to the site in the High-street, where anciently stood the City Cross.

"Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
Rose on a turret octagon;
But now is razed that monument,
Whence royal edict rang,
And voice of Scotland's law was sent
In glorious trumpet-clang.
O! be his tomb as lead to lead,
Upon its dull destroyer's head!—
A minstrel's malison is said."

And there the gates and their adjoining gallery were erected during the night. The spot selected was certainly good for the production of spectacle and picturesque effect—considerations which were enough to outweigh the apparent, though very unimportant absurdity of placing the gate of a city in the very middle of it, in

order to deliver the keys of its supposed fortifications to the Queen, when already in its very centre.

A circumstance occurred this day, which excited some amusement at the Palace. Two of Her Majesty's maids, accompanied by pages, were sent into Edinburgh in a Royal carriage, which was recognised, anxiously watched, and followed by a large body of people, who firmly believed that it contained the Queen herself incognita, until it drew up before the shop where their business lay. The two ladies were much alarmed by the crowd, and by the delirious excitement which agitated every individual in it. For the honour and good taste of Scotland, the universal opinion fixed on the youngest and best looking of the two as Her Majesty. In the exuberance of their loyalty, the good people looked not for lords in waiting to present them, for each eagerly struggled to present himself. Resolved to benefit by this glorious opportunity for obtaining a sight of their beloved Sovereign, the exertions of the various contending powers were such, that she who played the Queen was thrown into dreadful alarm lest she should be pulled to pieces in the loyal scuffle. It was with great difficulty that these gentlemen, who were so determined that the Queen should hold a drawing-room in the street, could be persuaded that they beheld any other than Her Majesty. The people's hearts were so full of the Queen, that a similar mistake took place with regard to a lady who had on a pink bonnet, somewhat like that which Her Majesty wore when she landed, and who was proceeding slowly up the High-street, attended by a gentleman. The rumour quickly spread that this was the Queen, wishing to pay a private visit to the Castle. For some time the pressure and crush about the carriage was so fearful, that the crowd moved like an agitated ocean around it, and the screams and shrieks that burst from individuals who were kicked,

trampled on, and seriously bruised, very much alarmed the innocent cause of all this confusion. At length the real state of the case was explained, and the carriage was allowed to proceed on its way without further annoyance.

Lord Liverpool, too, whilst riding through the town, was mistaken for Sir Robert Peel, and greeted with cheers and hooting, by the two parties who respectively idolize and dislike the policy of the Prime Minister. In vain did his Lordship protest that he had no right either to applause or disapprobation as Sir Robert Peel; and to satisfy those around him that he was not that Right Honourable Baronet, he took out his card-case, and offered them his cards right and left. But whatever effect these may have had upon individuals who received them—and all Scotsmen can read, or are said so to do—certain it is, that they did little towards the illumination of the mass; for although those who were hostile to Sir Robert and his measures, did not go beyond that exercise of their lungs in groaning, which is probably fully as painful to the operator as it is to the recipient, those who were kindly disposed nearly overwhelmed Lord Liverpool by their well intended marks of affection. Finding it impossible to convince them of their mistake, and the crowd thickening, and his Lordship having no means of judging whether the reinforcements were favourable or unfavourable to Sir Robert, he thought it wiser to retreat in time, and calling to them to stand clear, he put spurs to his horse, and so effected an honourable retreat.

The inhabitants of Dalkeith, and the multitudes who that day reinforced them from Edinburgh, Musselburgh, and other places, were in a perfect ferment, buzzing like bees about to swarm. Fortunately for them, and perhaps not altogether without the considerate design of gratifying the desire of these good people, the

Queen expressed her royal pleasure to take a drive. Accordingly, Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and the Duchess of Norfolk, left Dalkeith Palace about three o'clock, P.M., in an open carriage and four, preceded by two outriders in scarlet liveries, and accompanied by the Duke of Buccleuch, and four or five other noblemen and gentlemen on horseback. The carriage, unattended by any military escort, and proceeding at a very moderate pace, left the Park by the great gate, opening directly on the broad High-street of Dalkeith, which was lined with expectant crowds. Both the Queen and the Prince appeared in high health, no symptom of fatigue being perceptible in the countenance of Her Majesty, who returned the enthusiastic greetings of her people with the most gracious affability. The Prince took off his hat, and bowed repeatedly.

Having driven through the town in a direct line, as far as the toll-bar, Her Majesty's carriage there took the road leading to Bonnyrigg, and passing through that neat little village, it turned towards Polton, an ancient seat of the Ramsays, cadets of the noble family of Dalhousie, which hangs embowered among old trees on the southern side of the beautiful glen of the North Esk, a little way above the village of Lasswade. The scenery here is extremely fine; but it happened most unluckily, that it became necessary to close the carriage against rain, just as Her Majesty came to this part of her drive. The Royal equipage turned to the right, towards the village of Lasswade, situated in a most romantic manner on the steep banks, and along the river's margin, with the spire of its "decent church" topping a wooded projection of the opposite hill,—and having the richly timbered grounds of Melville Castle stretching down the valley below, and the beautiful tufted promontories of the glen running up the course of the stream in perspective, backed by the blue Pentlands.

On entering the village of Lasswade, and just before taking the turn round an acute and extremely awkward angle, to go down a very steep hill, the Royal carriage was stopped, to have the drag applied, and there, as well as on the bridge at the bottom, where the drag was removed, the inhabitants had a full opportunity of satisfying their longing eyes by gazing at their beloved Queen, and of giving full vent to their feelings. Climbing the steep road leading northwards, the carriage turned in by the west gate of Melville

Castle, the seat of Lord Viscount Melville, and drove through the beautiful grounds, which embrace within them the whole banks of that charming glen, for more than two miles, wooded with park timber, of the finest and oldest growth. The line taken by the Queen was that called the Higher Drive, and passing thence by the eastern gate, across the Gilmerton road, Her Majesty returned to the ducal palace by the Sheriff-hall gate. It is worthy of remark, that the

country people, who were not prepared to expect the Queen on this day, received her throughout with a greeting, that told warmly on the heart, from the exuberant joy which beamed in every countenance that met her eye.

The Royal Party, at the Palace, this day consisted of—

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT,

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,
The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe,
The Duchess of Norfolk,
The Earl and Countess of Morton,
The Earl and Countess of Eglinton,
The Earl and Countess of Cawdor,
The Earl of Mansfield,
The Earl of Liverpool,
The Earl of Aberdeen,
The Countess of Haddington,
Lord Viscount Melville,
Lord Elcho,
Lord and Lady John Scott,
Sir Robert Peel,
The Honourable Miss Paget,
The Honourable Miss Dundas,
Mr. and Lady Georgina Balfour,
Lady Mary Campbell,
Mr. and Mrs. G. Hope,
Sir James Forrest, Lord Provost of Edinburgh,
General Wemyss,
Colonel Bouverie,
Mr. George Edward Anson,
Sir James Clarke,
The very Rev. Principal Lee,
The Rev. Dr. Cook,
The Rev. Dr. Welsh.

The inhabitants of Edinburgh were meanwhile busily engaged in preparing for an illumination, which, from the picturesque nature of the city, is always one of the most brilliant spectacles anywhere to be seen. On this occasion the effect was much injured by the high wind and the drizzling rain; otherwise it would have been the most magnificent that Edinburgh ever exhibited. Notwithstanding the unpropitious nature of the weather, it was extremely grand, from the great number of extensive devices that covered the more important edifices.*

* For the particulars of these, see Appendix.

The rain continued all night, but it had no effect in diminishing the crowd, for the streets were filled with people of all ranks until a late hour. At the point where the North Bridge debouches into Princes-street, the multitude was so great, that all onward movement was arrested for a time, and the shrieking of women was quite appalling. The squibs, crackers, and other pyrotechnical tormenters, thrown about by boys, added to the noise and confusion; and whilst the steeples were jowling from all quarters, and the smaller and more musical bells of Saint Giles's cathedral were performing all manner of loyal tunes, whole flights of rockets were continually rushing into the upper air. The more general views in the town, such as those from the Mound, the North Bridge, and the Castle and Calton hills, were very superb. The tall monument to Nelson, looked like a magnificent column of fire, and various coloured lights were burned near it, from time to time, with fine effect. The Officers of the 53d Regiment exhibited fireworks from the ramparts of the castle.

CHAPTER VIII.

PROGRESS THROUGH EDINBURGH.

Now came Saturday the 3d of September, when the loyal inhabitants of the city were to be gladdened by a sight of their Queen. Every human being who could move at all, either on foot or on horseback, or in a vehicle of any kind, was astir by an early hour in the morning. The lesson which the Queen had unwittingly taught them, was not thrown away; and the whole population, from my Lord Provost down to the humblest individual, were up and doing, almost by cock-crow. The whole country for miles round poured in its population; and the railway trains and steamers groaned with asthmatic oppression, from the crowds which they had to convey. Nearly all the places in the temporary galleries, so plentifully erected along the line of those streets through which Her Majesty was to pass, were occupied by nine o'clock in the morning, and there the people stood or sat, according to circumstances, in a state of the most intense expectation. Though a strict regard to truth forbid any one to exclaim—

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day—
The great, th' important day"——

yet the morning was by no means bright. There was no rain, however,—and the citizens of Edinburgh, always sufficiently proud of its grandeur, and desirous that it should make its proper impression on the minds of strangers, comforted themselves with the reflection, that if "Auld Reekie" was not gay under smiling sunshine that day, she would at least look all the more sublime on that account.

For the benefit of those who have never been in Edinburgh, it is necessary to explain, that its most ancient part, through which Her Majesty was to make her royal progress to the Castle, covers a long ridge, rising gradually from the Palace of Holyrood, in the plain at its eastern extremity, for about a mile, till it terminates in the bold and lofty crag, covered by the extensive and antique fortifications of the Castle, frowning over the lower and more level country that stretches away to the west. Up the central part of this ridge runs a very steep line of street, extremely narrow in some places, and very wide in others. Beginning from the east, the first part of the thoroughfare, called the Canongate, when taken along with its tributary closes, and some other streets, forms that burgh from which was issued the notice already given in the account of the transactions of yesterday. This street, now properly called the Canongate, has its name from having been the gate or street where stood the houses of the Canons of the Abbey of Holyrood. The Abbey was erected by David I. in the year 1128, on the site of the more ancient town of Herbergare, in fulfilment of a vow made in consequence of his having been miraculously saved from an infuriated deer, by the intervention of a cross from Heaven, whilst hunting in the royal

forest. Exactly four centuries after this, in the year 1528, James V. erected a house, near the south-western corner of the Abbey Church, and in 1672 Charles II. added to this the whole of the remainder of the magnificent structure of Holyrood Palace. The Canongate was filled with what were considered very splendid houses in those old times, belonging to the highest nobility and aristocracy in Scotland, who all desired to have a house here, in order to be near the Court. Many of these houses were declared to belong to those counties in which their owners' estates were situated, so that most of the counties of Scotland have representative fragments here. "This place," says Maitland, "has suffered more by the union of the kingdoms, than all the other parts of Scotland; for having, before that period, been the residence of the chief of the Scottish nobility, it was then in a flourishing condition; but being deserted by them, many of their houses are fallen down, and others in a ruinous condition; it is a piteous case!" The street has still an air of antiquity about it, and many parts are extremely picturesque, as may be seen by Mr. Duncan's fine picture of the march of Prince Charles to Holyrood. But its inhabitants now principally belong to the working class of society, and the humblest trades are followed in apartments, the size of which, with their faded decorations, particularly their ceilings and chimney-pieces, still afford proofs of the wealth and taste of the original occupants. Amongst others, the celebrated Regent Moray's house, about two-thirds of the way up the street, and on the south side, is remarkable for its imposing appearance, and its beautiful balcony supported on trusses.

The Canongate was divided off from the city by a gate, with a very picturesque tower over it, called the Netherbow Port, which having been considered as an impediment to the street, was taken down in August 1764. Above this point the High-street of the city suddenly

opens to a great width, and it is singularly well adapted for such a show as that which was about to be exhibited there, having venerable tenements on either side. In Scotland these are called *lands*, and they rise, story above story, to a great height, each of the flats being occupied by different families, though approached by one stair common to all. Some sixty or eighty years ago, these common stairs gave access to the town residences of the proudest nobles of the country. Like those of the Canongate, most of them are now occupied by artisans. At the point where the street is intersected by the North and South Bridges, stands the Tron Church, and at its upper end, a little way above the place where stood the ancient cross, and where the barrier was erected, rises the old Cathedral Church of St. Giles, with its massive square tower, surmounted by an open imperial crown. A little below the old church, and on the opposite side of the way, is the Royal Exchange. Above the church the street is continued under the name of the Lawnmarket. The modern County Rooms are on the south side of the Lawnmarket, where the street opens into a square formed by them, the Library of the Writers to the Signet, and the west side of the cathedral; and above the County Rooms, the main line of street is again intersected at right angles by the thoroughfare of Bank-street and Melbourne-place, leading to George the Fourth's Bridge. At the upper end of the Lawnmarket, and just at the commencement of that part of the same continued line of street, which is called the Castle-hill, stands a grand new Gothic building, intended as a place of meeting for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, with a magnificent tower and spire then in progress. As its foundation stone had not yet been laid with masonic ceremony, scaffolds and galleries were erected there for the Grand Lodge of Free Masons of Scotland, where they, with attendant lodges, had

this day taken their places, prepared, in the first place, to welcome the Queen as she went up to the Castle, and afterwards to perform the ceremonial previous to her return thence. To complete the general description of this great line of thoroughfare, it is only necessary to add, that the street called the Castle-hill is extremely narrow, and flanked by very old and very antique houses of the most curious and pictorial description. At its upper end, it opens on the wide esplanade of the Castle, whence a magnificent view is enjoyed on all sides, and at the upper end rises the ancient fortress, with the half-moon battery threatening, as it were, to pour destruction on all who venture to approach it.

If it be far from an easy matter for those possessed of no previous knowledge to form an accurate notion of this long and most striking line of street from verbal description, how much more difficult must it be to gather anything like a correct idea of its appearance upon this occasion—its roadways, both for carriage and foot passengers, being densely paved with human beings, save where room was preserved for the Queen's carriage—the whole walls of the tenements, on either side, tesselated as it were with anxious human faces, from the street up to the ninth and tenth story—not those of their inmates alone, but of people of better condition, who gave large sums for the use of the windows for that day; whilst the usual occupants, being resolved to pocket the money, and to have the spectacle into the bargain, were either planted on the streets, the outer stairs, or on the roofs and chimneys of the houses, at an aërial height so fearful, as to make one tremble to look at them. The churches were all clustered over with people, and every point of vantage on the towers and spires, on which a human being of good head and nerves could plant his foot, had its hardy tenant for the time; and when to all this were added the numerous flags and

streamers that floated from windows, or were hoisted on prominent pinnacles—such as that of the new Gothic spire—the effect produced had something in it extremely sublime.

Meanwhile the various authorities and public bodies were all in action, and, according to the programme, the Lord Provost, dressed in his scarlet and ermine robes of office, the Magistrates in their scarlet robes and gold chains, and the Council in their gowns, the City Chamberlain bearing the silver keys of the city, on a crimson velvet cushion, all in court dresses, together with the City Clerk and City Assessors, took up their position on a slightly inclined platform, leading from the front of the Royal Exchange nearly into the middle of the carriage way. The large body of the High Constables, composed of men of the greatest respectability among the citizens, sworn in to this honourable office, attended on the Lord Provost and Magistracy as their official guard of honour, under the command of Professor Dick, their Moderator. This gentleman had sufficient duty to perform in keeping the street clear, and preserving order amidst so great a crowd and pressure, although assisted above the barrier by a party of the 53d regiment, and below it by a party of the Inniskilling Dragoons, and a strong body of the Police force, under Captain Stuart and his lieutenants. Mr. Ramsay, of the Police Establishment, marshalled the public bodies to their respective places. Higher up the street, and consequently to the westward of the Magistrates, were the City Deputy-Lieutenants and Justices of the Peace. In a gallery on the south side of the street, near the cross, were the General and Resident Commissioners of Police, and another a little above them was occupied by the boys of George Heriot's and George Watson's Hospitals, and the girls of the Merchants' and Trades' Maidens Hospitals, and farther up, on the same side, were the Merchant Company and the Guildry. At about ten o'clock a

loud cheering arose among the dense multitudes assembled in the High-street, which was caught up gradually as the people became successively aware of its cause, and increased till it reached the barrier, whence all eyes were strained to the westward, with anxious curiosity. This turned out to be the approach of the Celtic Society, in full Highland costume, under the command of their leader, the young Marquess of Lorn, assisted by his cousin Campbell of Islay, together with the Duke of Leeds Viscount Dunblane in Scotland, and the Chief of Clanranald. This fine body took up their position on the north side of the street, immediately to the east of the barrier. Every one being thus posted to wait for the coming of Her Majesty, the many false alarms which their impatience and anxiety engendered, may be easily imagined.

The Queen left Dalkeith Palace at about half-past ten o'clock, in a low-seated open carriage, drawn by four beautiful bay horses. Her Majesty was attired in a rich silk dress of the Royal Stuart tartan, and a blue shawl of Paisley manufacture. On her left sat Prince Albert, who wore over his shoulder the green ribbon and jewel of the Thistle, the only Order worn by the Sovereign or the Prince during their visit. Behind the Royal carriage followed those containing the Duchess of Buccleuch and family, the Duchess of Norfolk and Miss Paget, Lords Aberdeen and Liverpool, Sir Robert Peel and others. The Duke of Buccleuch, and his brother Lord John Scott, rode with the Royal carriage.

A little after eleven o'clock, the Royal carriage, escort, and cortege, entered the eastern end of the Duke's Walk, by the gate close to Parson's-green. Her Majesty there found the Royal Archers drawn up at their station in a double line. They saluted the Queen, who being now perfectly conversant with their ancient rights, signified to the officer commanding the Dragoons, that the place for

him and his troopers was beyond the line of the Royal Archers. Mr. Sheriff Speirs attended on horseback, and immediately joined the Duke of Buccleuch. Policemen were stationed at intervals to keep a clear passage to the Palace-yard.

As the Queen drove towards Holyrood, she enjoyed some of the finest views of Arthur's Seat; at one part of the drive especially, the mountain rises abruptly to the left, with a picturesque projection, crowned by the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, to which an

ancient hermitage once belonged, and of which nothing now remains but the imperishable "crystal well," from which the recluse of these rocks quenched his thirst. From this a ridge of cliffs gradually rises towards the higher part of the hill, having a long and steeply inclined valley behind them, the aërial effect of which gives great distance and grandeur to the elevated summit. Below this

ridge, and between it and the green sloping back of Salisbury Crags, the lovely retired valley, called the Hunter's Bog, unfolds itself. With such features as these before her, the Queen, whilst so near the busy city, might, on any other day, have supposed herself in the midst of the Highlands, but on this occasion, she was already among crowds who had been long on the watch for her, and the echoes of the rocks were roused by the loudest acclamations.

The multitude increased in numbers as the Queen approached Holyrood, and she had no sooner swept along the southern side of its quadrangle, than she beheld the great square or yard in front of the Palace filled with people, who, having been long kept on the tiptoe of expectation, hailed her with a loud burst of cheering, that was prolonged by the echoes from the crags, as if the viewless spirits of the mountain had convocated to behold and to welcome the Sovereign of Great Britain. Again and again the people cheered, and the Queen and Prince Albert acknowledged their kind and loyal greetings in the most condescending manner, Her Majesty smiling with gratification at the warmth of this reception, bowing to all around, whilst the Prince, with head uncovered, gave the most courteous indications of his earnest desire to reciprocate the feelings thus so kindly expressed. The carriage stopped for a few moments here, to permit Her Majesty to survey the ancient residence of her ancestors. The front must have struck her as peculiarly venerable and imposing, with its long central façade, its entrance surmounted by the Imperial crown, and the fine round towers which rise from the ground, at both the angles of each of the projecting wings. The bold cornice and balustrade along the building was covered with people. Peacefully and harmoniously as England and Scotland now work together under Queen Victoria, the strange reflection may have struck her Majesty, well read as she is known to be in the his-

tory of the countries she governs, that this palace was burned by the English during the minority of Mary. It was then rebuilt on a much larger scale than it is at present, having, when finished, no less than five courts. The greater part of this magnificent edifice was consumed by Cromwell's soldiers, and, after the return of Charles II., it was restored in its present more limited style. It bears some resemblance in plan to the Palace of Hampton Court,—the square inclosing a large quadrangular open court, surrounded on the four sides with open piazzas. The old stairs are extremely spacious and handsome; the royal apartments are grand, and the stucco ceilings of some of them are heavy and rich. The Gallery contains a curious, but very apocryphal, series of portraits of the Scottish monarchs. The oldest and most interesting apartments are those which were occupied by Queen Mary, in the north-western angle.

Her bed, and part of the furniture she used, still remain. It was here that the murder of David Rizzio was brutally perpetrated in the presence of the Queen, so well and faithfully represented in

the fine historical picture by Sir William Allan. Those who childishly doubt that the dark stains on the wooden floor are the blood of the poor Italian, only show their ignorance of the fact, that whether blood be that of a murdered man or a slaughtered animal, it becomes quite impossible to eradicate its stain from a deal board, if it has once been allowed to sink into it.

The Queen had no sooner arrived in front of Holyrood Palace, than by preconcerted signal, the Castle began to pour forth its thunder in a royal salute, as if touched by a galvanic wire. The guns appeared to be more fully charged than usual, for their voices were most potent,—every window in the town was shaken, and every rock in its environs returned the cannonade. Then it was that loyal hearts began to beat quick with nervously excited expectation; and as Her Majesty recommenced her progress slowly through the immense mass of congregated people, their cheers became louder, and their signs of welcome more animated.

Immediately on leaving the precincts of Holyrood Palace, the Queen was met at the boundary of the Burgh of Canongate, by the Magistrates, dressed in their robes, accompanied by their assessor and clerk, and attended by their officers. They were supported by the Conveners of the Canongate and Leith, and the Incorporations of the Burgh. The streets were lined by the High Constables of Canongate and Calton, with their Moderators on horseback, and a number of the most respectable inhabitants as special constables. The Queen bowed graciously to these authorities, who accompanied her in her progress through the burgh.

Having entered the rather narrow and very steep High-street of the Canongate, the Queen had a full view of the curious grotesque fronts and gables of its houses, rising over the carriage on either side of the way. If the scene, from the palace to the castle, was

picturesque in the extreme, with the old walls of the buildings faced up, as it were, by thousands of human beings, in a state of silent expectancy, what was the effect when, as if deprived of their reason by the appearance of their beloved Queen, they were all at once thrown into the most violent agitation, and opened the floodgates of their voices in the wildest acclamations of joy. Stretched out beyond the casements of the highest stories of the houses, they seemed one and all to care little whether they were launched into the streets or not, provided they could only get a better view of that countenance, which all were so eager to behold. The shouts were deafening, and the waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and shawls, reminded one of some vast and curious piece of machinery, and still as the carriage proceeded, the volume of sound swelled before it, and slowly died away behind like the agitated waves in the wake of a steamboat. Her Majesty was strongly impressed with those finer feelings, which the affectionate demonstrations of these loyal subjects were calculated to inspire, and responded to them, not merely by repeated acknowledgments, but evidently with the most sincere reciprocity of heart. How very different was this progress of Queen Victoria from that of the unfortunate Mary, after her capitulation at Carberry Hill, when she was led up the Canongate and High-street like a criminal, and, in all but name, prisoner to her own subjects, receiving the most offensive insults from the very dregs of the people.

As the Royal carriage moved up the Canongate, one hundred destitute children, who had found a refuge in the Night Asylum for the Houseless, were seated in front of the building. This was a most gratifying spectacle; but another of a gayer description awaited the Queen in front of Milton House. There a platform was erected on the whole extent of the wall; in the centre of which twenty-five

orphan children were ranged, each bearing a basket filled with the choicest flowers. On a large crimson screen, there was a shield, with the words, " God bless Queen Victoria," surmounted by a crown of gold, on the scroll of which were the words, " The Orphan's Prayer." On either side of this group were ranged the Roman Catholic Benefit Society. On Her Majesty's approach the band struck up " God Save the Queen," and the children put their little hands into the baskets, and scattered flowers over the Royal carriage. The Queen bowed to them in a most condescending manner. A short distance higher up the street, and on the same side, the balcony of the ancient building of Moray House was tastefully

decorated with evergreens, and crowded with well dressed persons, who added greatly to the pleasing effect.

When the carriage had passed up through the narrow part at the head of the Canongate, where once stood the Netherbow Port, the

wide space of the High-street suddenly expanded before the Royal eyes, with the long rising perspective of its buildings towering up on both sides to a height scarcely now to be matched in any modern or ancient city—the street, walls, and roofs, covered with human beings; and when the sudden shouts arose, expanding into a full volume of sound, the expression of the Royal countenance indicated considerable surprise. There are thousands of streets in the civilized world to which the High-street of Edinburgh can bear no comparison, either as to elegance of architecture or magnificence of design; but the antiquated, unpretending, and smoke-discoloured fronts of its houses, of some ten stories, occasionally topped by curious gables and huge square chimneys, so high in the heavens, that notwithstanding its great breadth from side to side, it is painful to look directly up to them from below, gives to it a peculiar species of venerable grandeur, which is to be found nowhere else. Under any circumstances, it is remarkably striking; but thus to behold it, as the Queen did, on bursting from the narrow gullet of the Canongate, animated with thousands of eager and delighted countenances, could not fail to make a deep impression upon Her Majesty. The shouts of welcome increased as the Royal carriage proceeded slowly up the street, and became like the continuous sound of some mighty river. What were the feelings of the multitudes assembled between the head of the Canongate and the cathedral of St. Giles, when the shouts came up towards them like the resounding of the ocean, as it rushes wildly on the beach! They had been long expectant,—now their Queen was indeed coming,—and their enthusiasm was at its height!

The Queen, who seemed to lose nothing of the scene, was particularly struck with a group of Newhaven fisherwomen, whom she observed in one part of the High-street, with their Barcelona hand-

kerchiefs, or curious foreign-looking white caps or *mutches* on their heads, their coloured short gowns, or men's jackets of cloth, their voluminous red, blue, or yellow petticoats, and their sturdy limbs, all indicating that Dutch or Flemish origin, to which most of their families can be traced. Her Majesty asked Lord Elcho who and what they were, and expressed herself much pleased with their picturesque appearance. When the carriage came opposite to where the Celtic Society were drawn up, their whole body saluted Her Majesty with their claymores, in Highland fashion.

About half-past eleven o'clock, the Queen reached the barrier, formed by a line of pallisadoes crossing the way, with a wide opening in the centre. Her Majesty's carriage stopped immediately opposite to the place where the Provost, Magistrates, and Council were stationed in their robes, ready to receive her. The Lord Provost advanced, and addressed the Queen as follows :—

"May it please Your Majesty,

"On the part of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the City of Edinburgh, I beg to congratulate your Majesty on your auspicious entrance into this ancient metropolis, now graced for the first time for ages with the presence of a Queen. These keys, committed to us by our predecessors, have been fondly retained by us among the vestiges of those warlike times, when walls and gates defended against hostile inroads. Under the protection, however, of salutary laws, firmly administered by a succession of illustrious monarchs, from whom your Majesty is sprung, we no longer require such shelter. We have the happiness to confide the security of this northern capital to a brave and orderly population, united in their allegiance to their beloved Queen, and dignified by the possession of that pure and peaceable wisdom which is at once the ornament and bulwark of

our times. And now, with all humility, I deliver into your Majesty's hands the keys of our city."

The Queen having most graciously received the keys, returned them with these words, which she uttered in a clear and distinct voice—

"I return the keys of the city, with perfect confidence, into the safe keeping of the Lord Provost and Magistrates of my faithful city of Edinburgh."

The press around the Royal carriage during this short halt was very great, from the anxious desire that prevailed among the people to hear the Queen speak, and the High Constables found it quite impossible to preserve perfect order, though a momentary silence prevailed every where else. But no sooner had the Royal carriage begun to proceed, than the shouts that rent the air far exceeded anything that had been previously heard, and from the pavement of the High-street to the mass of human beings that clustered like swallows on the crown-capped tower of St. Giles, all were in agitated motion like the leaves of the aspen. Her Majesty appeared to be much delighted with this truly glorious spectacle. One remark may not be out of place here, and that is, that the Queen appears to be gifted with the same Royal art of acknowledging compliments from a crowd of people, that has distinguished many of her predecessors, which, to use a strange phrase, has in it a certain generalized individuality, making every person present believe that he or she is favoured with peculiar and marked notice. This will be best understood from the following illustrative anecdote:—"Well, John," said a gentleman, who lives near Edinburgh, to his hind on the evening of this glorious day; "did you see the Queen?"—"Troth did I that, sir."—"Well, what did

you think of her, John?"—"Troth, sir, I was terrible feared afore she cam forrit—my heart was amaist in my mouth—but whan she did come forrit, od, I wasna feared at a'—I just lookit at her, and she lookit at me—and she bowed her head to me, and I bowed my head to her. Od, she's a real fine leddy, wi' fient a bit o' pride aboot her at a'."

The Celtic Society formed in rear of the Royal carriage, and escorted Her Majesty towards the Castle, and during the rest of her progress through the city. As the way gradually narrows above the crossing to Bank-street, the crowds were so densely packed there as to make the passage somewhat difficult. When the carriage reached that fine new Gothic building, intended as a place of meeting for the General Assembly, the Queen's attention was attracted to the gallery, where stood the Grand Master Mason of Scotland Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, the Earl of Buchan, acting Depute, Patrick Maxwell Stewart, M.P., acting Substitute, J. Whyte Melville, and Sir David Kinloch, Bart., acting Senior and Junior Wardens, W. A. Lawrie, Grand Secretary, John Maitland, Grand Clerk, Thomas Graham Dundas, Senior Grand Deacon, William Baillie, Junior Grand Deacon, the Rev. Alexander Stewart, minister of Douglas, Grand Chaplain, William Cunningham, Grand Jeweller, James Gillespie Graham, architect of the building, acting Grand Architect, and a very full meeting of the brethren, to the amount of not less than three hundred, all properly clothed, and with their insignia and jewels. The Queen especially noticed the Grand Master as she passed, by repeatedly bowing to him and waving her hand, and the Grand Master and the whole of the brethren saluted Her Majesty in the most loyal and appropriate manner, as did also the ladies in another balcony, among whom were the Countess of Glasgow and Lady Augusta Fitzclarence.

No sooner had the Queen passed, than the Grand Master, the Grand Lodge, and the whole Brethren entered the great tower of the Hall, where, after most appropriate and impressive addresses from the Grand Master and the Grand Chaplain, in the course of which allusion was made to the auspicious event of Her Majesty Queen Victoria being now within the city, and in the close vicinity of the place where they then stood—the foundation-stone of the Victoria Hall, as the building is henceforward to be called, was laid with short though solemn ceremonial. The following is the inscription engraved on the plate deposited in the stone :—

"TO THE GLORY OF GOD, IN HONOUR OF

THE QUEEN,

ON THE 3D DAY OF SEPTEMBER IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

MDCCCXLII.

THE DAY OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

QUEEN VICTORIA

VISITING THE CITY OF EDINBURGH,

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JAMES FORREST OF COMISTON, BARONET,

LORD PROVOST,

THE REVEREND DAVID WELSH, D.D.,

MODERATOR OF THE ASSEMBLY,

THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THIS SUPERSTRUCTURE, TO BE CALLED

VICTORIA HALL,

FOR THE USE OF

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

WAS LAID BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD FREDERICK FITZCLARENCE, G.C.H., &c.

GRAND MASTER MASON OF SCOTLAND,

IN PRESENCE OF THE GRAND LODGE, AND OTHER MASONIC LODGES.

JAMES GILLESPIE GRAHAM, ESQ. OF ORCHILL, ARCHITECT.

JOHN LIND, MASTER-BUILDER OF THE HALL.

LENGTH, FROM EAST TO WEST, 141 FEET,

HEIGHT OF SPIRE OVER THE ENTRANCE, 241 FEET."

An Edinburgh almanack, the newspapers of the day, a plan of the city, and a beautiful engraving of the building, with coins of the present reign, all enclosed in a glass jar, were also deposited in the cavity of the stone.

The Royal carriage reached the wide esplanade in front of the Castle by a few minutes before twelve o'clock. There the way had been cleared and kept by the Inniskilling Dragoons; but the pressure and cheering of the multitude was immense. The carriage stopped before the gates, and the Queen and the Prince alighted amidst unceasing acclamations, excited by the unexpected circumstance of Her Majesty quitting her carriage, an idea having prevailed that she would use it to climb the steep within the Castle, and tanners' bark having been laid to afford the horses better footing. Many pressed eagerly forward to see their Queen on foot; but Her Majesty having crossed the drawbridge, appeared to care little for the wet and disagreeable condition of the tanners' bark under foot, and leaning on Prince Albert's arm, she entered the Castle gates, which were instantly shut. A very small and select number of persons only were allowed entrance with Her Majesty. It is necessary to mention, for the information of those who never saw it, that the Castle of Edinburgh stands upon a bold perpendicular rock, about 300 feet high, accessible only from the east by the esplanade. The entrance is through an outer barrier, and by a drawbridge over the dry ditch, and a gate defended by two flanking bastions. The space within the walls is about six acres. The passage up to the great square, chiefly cut out of the rock, is very steep, narrow, and winding, and it passes through two gateways with portcullises. The Queen proceeded immediately with an active step up the way to the Argyll battery, attended by Sir Neil Douglas, Commander of the Forces in Scotland, and Fort-Major Cansh, who walked uncovered, one on

each side of the royal pair, and accompanied by the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duchess of Norfolk, and other ladies; Lord Aberdeen, Lord Liverpool, Sir Robert Peel, and others. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll, and Sir George Murray, who had been previously admitted to the Castle, there joined the Royal party. A chair was brought for the Queen, but she declined sitting down, and remained for some little time enjoying the prospect, and making remarks to those around her, upon the grandeur of the view of the new part of the city, and the other objects thence to be seen. After this, the Queen and Prince Albert proceeded up towards the Mortar battery, and instead of following the easier ascent, Her Majesty withdrew her arm from the Prince, and they tripped nimbly up thither by a short though steeper way, followed more slowly by their less active attendants. The battery, and part of its parapet walls, were covered with scarlet cloth. It affords a remarkably fine point of view, and it is rendered peculiarly interesting from the great old cannon, called Mons Meg, being placed here, as if to threaten destruction to the new part of the city. A few of the enormous stone bullets, which it was calculated to discharge, are lying beside it.

As the earliest notices of Mons Meg occur in the reign of James IV., it is probable that she was fabricated by order of that monarch. She accompanied him to the siege of Norham, being then called Mons, or Monsse, the "Meg" having been, for some cause, added afterward. There is a curious entry in the accounts of the High Treasurer during that reign, relative to her having been transported on some occasion of national festivity, from the Castle to the Abbey of Holyrood. "Item, to the pyonouris to gang to the Castell to help with Mons down, x^{s}. Item, to the menstralles that playit befoir Mons down the gait, xiv^{s}. Item, giffen for xiii stane of irne to mak graith to Mons' new cradill, and gavillakkis to go with her, for ilk

stane xxviii^{s}. iv^{d}. Item, for vii wrichtes for ii dayis and ane half, that maid Mons' cradill, to each man on the day, xvi^{d}. Item, for walking (watching at night) of Mons the xxv, xxvi, xxvii, xxviii, xxix days of Julii, and the gunneir of the Abbey ilk nycht, iii^{s}. Item, the last day of August, giffyn to Robyn Ker to fee 100 workmen to pas with Mons, siclike as the laif was feit, to ilk man vi^{s}. xxx^{li}. Item, for xxvii lib. of talloun for Mons. Item, for viii elle of claith, to be Mons' claith to cover her, ix^{s}. iiii^{d}. Item, for mair talloun to Mons, xx^{s}. Item, for 200 spiken nails to turse with Mons, iii^{s}." During the festivities celebrated at Edinburgh by the Queen Dowager, Mary of Guise, on the occasion of her daughter's marriage to the Dauphin of France in 1588, Mons Meg was not allowed to be silent or inactive. The Treasurer's accounts contain the following article:—" By the Queen's precept and speciale command, item, the third day of Julii, to certain pyonaris for thair lauboris in the mounting of Mons furth of her lair to be schote, and for the finding and carrying of hir bullet after scho wes schote, fra Weirdie Mure to the Castell of Edinburgh." How strange the view here conjured up of the environs of the city at that period! Wardie is about two miles, in a direct line, from the castle, but how could any such experiment be now tried in so rich and populous a country?

This curious cannon is described by Maitland, as " a piece of ordnance resembling an old-fashioned mortar, (such as I have seen in Germany, though not so large, nor hooped, but cast,) denominated Mounts-Megg, small at the breech, and large at the mouth, composed of a number of thick iron bars, which, by their inward appearance, look as if welded, and being strongly bound by strong iron hoops, seems to have been of considerable strength, but there being a breach in its side, that is probably owing to a burst the last time it was discharged. It is in length thirteen feet, two feet

three inches and a half in diameter at the mouth, and the bore twenty inches wide, tapering inwards." The breach here alluded to is accounted for by Sir John Lauder, Lord Fountainhall, ancestor of the author of the present work, who records in his "Historical Observes," in October 1680, that when James Duke of York, afterwards James II. of Great Britain, came to Scotland, "A litle after his arriveall, having visited the Castle of Edinburgh, and for a testimony of joy the gun called Muns Meg, being charged by the advice of ane English canoneer, in the shooting was riven; which some foolishly called a bad omen. The Scots resented it extreemely, thinking the Englishman might of malice have done it purposely, they having no canon in all England so big as shee." How strong the Scottish feeling of jealousy and hostility towards England about a century and a half ago, as thus indicated by this strange and ridiculous suspicion! Excepting for its great antiquity, the loss to Scotland by this accident would have been small, and her warlike resources would have been but little impaired by this useless engine being disabled. Yet such feelings existed to a much later period, for this great gun being removed from Edinburgh Castle to London, in 1754, it was ever after a sore subject for a Scotsman to talk of. Having lain seventy years in the Tower, this redoubted heroine was sent back to Scotland by George IV., in March 1829, and although Edinburgh had by this time too much to rejoice in to be greatly uplifted by the return home of this ancient but useless piece of cannon, yet there were few people in the city who did not feel a certain degree of satisfaction in beholding her take up her old place in the castle.

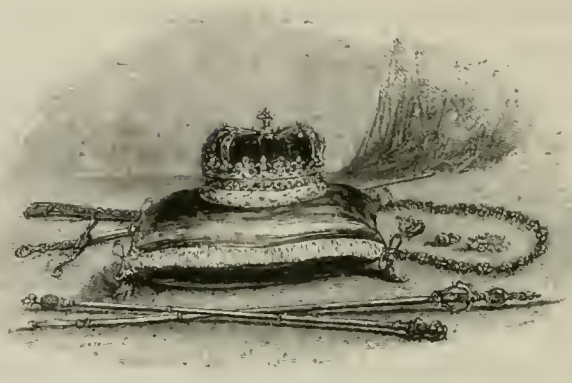
The Queen and Prince Albert examined Mons Meg with great attention, but with that fine taste for scenery cherished by both, it cannot be imagined that either could long be occupied with a

rusty old gun, when one of the grandest prospects any where to be seen was before them. Looking eastward, past the lofty buildings of the castle, they saw the ancient part of the city through which they had so recently passed, backed by Arthur Seat, and the sight dropping fearfully down some hundred feet perpendicularly from the parapet directly into the gardens below, soared thence through the valley, over the Royal Institution, toward the North Bridge, and thence to the sea. Returning along the Calton Hill, with the massive buildings and towers of its jails begirding the precipitous rock, and the numerous monuments that crown its summit, the eye roamed westward over a vast extent of view. Looking down, and across the valley, as if from the heavens, the vast expectant crowds who were tarrying in Princes-street for the coming of their Queen, together with the numerous carriages and horses there assembled, appeared like pismires and toys. Thence the vision travelled over the country beyond it, thickly set with human dwellings, and luxuriated over the wide expanse of the Firth, with its sailing vessels and steamers, and especially those of the Royal Flotilla, the whole bounded by the Fifeshire coast, stretching towards the west on the one hand, and melting away into the eastern horizon on the other. Immediately to the west of the town, arose the soft and flowing outlines of the beautiful Corstorphine Hills, their summits and slopes enriched with wood, and between these and the Firth the extensive demesne of Dalmeny Park, the extreme distance being closed in by the misty forms of the chain of western Scottish Alps. The Queen showed her admiration of this delightful prospect, by sitting down on the wall, that she might enjoy it more perfectly, and by making many enquiries of the Duchess of Buccleuch, and others, as to the various points. Her Majesty indeed appeared loth to leave the rampart, and she returned to it more than once, that she might have

yet another glance of this remarkable scene. Sharp-eyed loyalty discovered the Queen from Princes-street, and mingled shouts of acclamation came faintly upward on the Royal ears. Her Majesty waved her handkerchief, and all those in and about the castle, hitherto withheld by etiquette from giving way to their feelings, now yielded to them in hearty hurrahs. At this moment the captain of the Pique frigate, watching with his telescope, became aware of the Queen's position, and began to discharge his guns in a royal salute, and the flash, with the curling smoke, and the mellow and tardy report, added greatly to the whole effect.

The Queen next proceeded to the half-moon battery, which, looking directly to the east commands a grand view over the singularly antique mass of the Old Town, and Arthur Seat, together with a repetition of a great part of the New Town, and the prominent features already described. Immediately adjacent to the half-moon battery is the great central square of the castle, on the southern side of which was the ancient Parliament-house, now used as barracks; the northern side was anciently a large church, and the apartments on the eastern side were for ages occupied as a royal residence, when the rude times became so troublesome as to render it important for the sovereign to be secure against sudden attack or treachery. Here is the room where the Scottish Regalia are kept, but they had been removed for the Queen's inspection into an apartment, called the officers' old mess-room, as being a fitter place for her to see them in. Her Majesty was here received by the Officers of State, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Viscount Melville, and the Lord Justice-Clerk, to whom she addressed many inquiries regarding the antique emblems of royalty before her, which had been borne for ages by her Scottish ancestors. They are extremely curious and beautiful as objects of antiquity, but the sight of them to such a

mind as that of our Queen, must have been productive of many interesting reflections.



The ancient diadem of Scotland consists of two circles of the purest gold, chased, and adorned with precious stones and pearls of great size, the upper circle being surmounted by crosses fleurée, interchanged with fleurs-de-lis, and with small points terminated by large pearls. The under and broader circle is adorned with twenty-two precious stones, topazes, amethysts, emeralds, rubies, and jacinths, with oriental pearls intervening. These stones are neither cut into facets nor polished, but set plain in the ancient style of jeweller's work. The smaller circle, surmounting the under one, is adorned with diamonds and sapphires alternately, and its upper verge terminates in the range of the crosses, *fleurs-de-lis*, and knobs, topped with pearls. The date of this part of it, which was the original crown, is altogether unknown, but it is extremely probable that it may be as old as the time of Robert Bruce. Two imperial arches of gold were added by James V. These cross and intersect each other above the circles, which are surmounted by a globe, over which rises a large cross patee, richly ornamented with pearls, and bearing the characters, J. R. V. The cap is of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, and adorned with pearls. This was sub-

stituted by James VII., for the former cap of purple velvet, which had become much decayed during the concealment of these valuables in the time of the civil war. The bonnet is adorned with four superb pearls, set in gold, and fastened in the velvet. The crown measures about nine inches in diameter, twenty-seven inches in circumference, and about six and an half inches in height to the top of the cross. The whole presents a beautiful specimen of the skill and taste of the periods to which its manufacture belongs. Lord Fountainhall tells us in his Memoranda, that "the crown of Scotland is not the ancient one, but was casten of new by King James V.;" but this remark applies to the addition of the arches by that monarch.

The Sceptre is an elegant rod of silver, about thirty-nine inches in length, of a hexagonal form. It is divided by three ornamented rings, and surmounted by an antique capital of embossed leaves, supporting small figures of the Virgin Mary, St. Andrew and St. James, in ornamented niches. These are surmounted by a crystal globe of two inches and a quarter in diameter, above which is a small oval, topped with an oriental pearl. Under the figures appear the letters J. R. V. It is probable that James V. had the sceptre, and the addition to the crown made when he was in France in 1536, for the workmanship appears to excel that which Scotland could then produce.

Pope Julius II. presented the Sword of State to James IV. Its style resembles that of Benvenuto Cellini. Its entire length is about five feet, the handle and pummel being fifteen inches, of silver, highly carved and ornamented, and richly gilt. The cross is formed by two dolphins, with their heads joined to the handle. The scabbard is of crimson velvet, covered with filligree work and silver, with oak leaves and acorns, the emblem of the Pope who gave it.

Charles II. was crowned at Scone, and invested with the regalia on the 1st of January 1661, and so rapid was the unfavourable turn of his affairs, that the Estates of Parliament were soon afterwards obliged to take measures for the preservation of the Regalia from a foreign enemy. On the rapid approach of the English, they were sent for safety to the Earl Marischal's strong castle of Dunottar, built on an isolated rock, projecting into the German ocean near Stonehaven, and it was strongly garrisoned for the protection of these royal emblems, the command being given to George Ogilvy of Barras. The place was likewise fortified with additional artillery, and amongst other pieces Mons Meg was transported thither. The embrasure where this enormous gun was placed is still pointed out among the ruins of the castle, and tradition tells that one of its shot dismasted an English vessel about to enter the harbour of Stonehaven, at the distance of a mile and a half. The knowledge of the Regalia being there, seems to have incited the English to besiege the castle, and the place having been reduced to great straits, it was summoned by Lambert the English general, but although the conditions were honourable, they were rejected by the lieutenant-governor. The castle was then subjected to close blockade, and in this emergency, when valour and prudence had ceased to be of any avail, an ingenious plan for their removal was devised. Christian Fletcher, wife of the Rev. James Granger, minister of Kinneff, a small parish church within four or five miles of Dunottar, obtained permission from the English general to pay a visit to Mrs. Ogilvy, the governor's lady, and in compliance with the scheme laid by them, she hid the crown in her lap. Though the English general himself helped her to her horse, on her return, she managed so well that the trick was not discovered. Her maid followed her on foot, bearing the sword and sceptre, concealed in bundles of

lint, which Mrs. Granger pretended were to be spun into thread. Thus were they transported through the blockading army to Kinneff, and disposed of by her husband, Mr. Granger, who afterwards granted to the Countess of Marischal, the following document:—

"I, Mr. James Granger, minister at Kinneff, grant me to have in my custody the honours of the kingdom, viz. the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword. For the crown and sceptre, I raised the pavement-stone just before the pulpit, in the night tyme, and digged under it ane hole, and layed down the stone just as it wes before, and removed the mould that remained, that none would have discerned the stone to have been raised at all; the sword, again, at the west end of the church, amongst some common seits that stand there. I digged down in the ground betwixt the two foremest seits, and layed it down within the case of it, and covered it up as that, removing the superfluous mould, it could not be discovered by any body; and if it shall please God to call me by death before they be called for, your ladyship will find them in that place."

There is something extremely romantic in the idea of this clergyman being so employed in the church at dead of night, and it is curious to think how many rustic feet must have unconsciously trodden over these regal trophies, and how much the mere suspicion of their being there would have disturbed the devotions of any of the congregation who might have entertained it. The castle was taken about a month afterwards, and the disappointment of the victorious English was so great, when they discovered that the Regalia were nowhere to be found, that they treated the lieutenant-governor and his lady with so much severity, that Mrs. Ogilvy soon afterwards died. The minister and his wife being also suspected, were tortured, but they maintained the integrity of their secret. At length the Dowager-Countess Marischal put the enemy upon a false

scent, by circulating a report, that they had been carried to Paris by her youngest son, the Honourable Sir John Keith. The worthy clergyman and his wife frequently visited their sacred deposit, for the purpose of renewing the cloths in which they were wrapt. They were raised from their temporary tomb at the Restoration of Charles, and honours and rewards were bestowed on all those who had been concerned in their preservation. Sir John Keith, youngest son of the Countess-Marischal, who had been severely treated for supporting the truth of the rumour his mother had spread, was created Earl of Kintore, and Knight-Marischal of Scotland. Ogilvy of Barras was made a baronet, and two thousand merks were voted by the Scottish Parliament to the good minister, Mr. Granger, and his wife Christian Fletcher.

On the 26th of March 1707, the Regalia were deposited in an oak chest in the Crown-Room, and there they lay till Scottish jealousy led to the belief that they had been secretly removed to England. Long after this had ceased to exist, a question of antiquarian research arose, and George IV., when Prince Regent, granted his royal warrant to a Commission, to ascertain the fact; and, upon the chest being opened with great ceremony, they were discovered in the very state in which they had been deposited in 1707. Sir Walter Scott had the satisfaction of being one of the commissioners, and every one who has become acquainted with that wonderful man, from his inimitable works, may conceive the interest he took in this investigation.

After minutely examining them, Prince Albert expressed a desire to see the chamber where they had been found, and felt great interest on being admitted into it. The Queen then proceeded to inspect the small apartment on the ground floor, in the south-eastern corner of this side of the quadrangle, called Queen Mary's

Room, whither she deemed it wise to retire in those iron times, previous to the birth of her son; and where, on the 19th of June 1566, James I. of England was born, in whose person that union of the two crowns took place, which Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria now wears. The following strange doggrel lines are mentioned by old Maitland as being written on the wall, where they may still be seen :—

> " Lord Jesu Chryst, that crownit was with thornse
> Preserve the birth, quhais Badgie heir is borne,
> And send her sonne succession to reign still,
> Lang in this Realme, if that it be thy will.
> Als grant, O Lord, whatever of her proceed,
> Be to thy honour and Prais, so be it."

Her Majesty was much astonished at the small size of the room; and indeed what a contrast does the retirement of a Queen to such a place of strength, on such an occasion, present to the superior civilization of modern times!

Her Majesty, having visited the officers' apartments, the way to which was laid with scarlet cloth, and having courteously declined partaking of the refreshments there provided for her, prepared to quit the Castle, after having been in it for about three quarters of an hour, during which many questions were put as to the age and history of the different buildings. The Queen and Prince returned to their carriage amidst the cheers of all within the walls, including the numerous ladies and gentlemen who had been admitted by tickets to occupy the windows; all the areas and roads being left clear. The band of the 53d Regiment, stationed in the open space near the Argyll battery, and which had played occasionally, now struck up " God Save the Queen!"

After Her Majesty and the Prince were seated in the carriage, a short delay occurred till the rest of the party had got into their vehicles, and during this time an immense pressure took place, from the unconquerable desire of the people to get a nearer view of their sovereign. This jostling produced some whimsical scenes, which now and then beguiled her Majesty of a smile. One elderly woman succeeded, by a *coup de main et de force*, in making her way past the guards, and having most unceremoniously pressed through the party in attendance on Her Majesty, she exclaimed, in a convulsive state of excitement, "Oh, will ye no let me see the Queen?" A military gentleman pushed her back; but she was not to be so easily beaten. Again, squeezing forward, till she stood within a yard of the Royal carriage,—"Hech, sirs," exclaimed she, clasping her hands, "Is that the Queen?—is that the Queen?—Weel, what have I no seen this day!—Eh, but she's a bonnie leddie!" The poor woman gazed upon Her Majesty with the fixture of perfect wonder, until she was compelled to withdraw from the spot, greatly consoled, however, by the gratifying reflection, that not only had she seen the Queen, but that the Queen had seen her. The Royal Archers were drawn up in front and in rear of the carriage, and to the right of it, and the Queen observing that none of them were placed to the left, next the gate, she said to the gentleman, who happened to stand nearest to her, "Should not some of your number go to the other side?" Sir George Murray, who was within hearing, told Her Majesty, that they were prepared to fall in upon both sides of the carriage the moment it began to move. This was accordingly done, and the carriage, with its attendant cortege, with great difficulty, proceeded down the crowded esplanade, giving the Queen leisure to contemplate the bronze statue of her Royal uncle, the Duke of York, executed by Campbell, which stands close to the railing of

the gardens. A party of the 53d Regiment having there succeeded in clearing the way, by pushing back the crowd, the carriages moved on with somewhat more freedom, and were enabled to make their way down the narrow Castle-hill. This is one of the most picturesque portions of a street which modern innovation has left in the Old Town of Edinburgh. The houses on its north side are so antiquated and grotesque, that they must have struck Her Majesty very much. A little way down a close, on that side, was the ancient residence of Queen Mary's mother, Mary of Guise. A curious painted wooden ceiling has recently been discovered there.

Having reached the Victoria Hall, Her Majesty again saluted Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, who, having completed the masonic ceremonial, stood with the Grand Lodge on the gallery. The Lord Provost and Magistrates now preceded Her Majesty in their carriages. On turning into Bank-street, which is steep, and not so wide as the Lawnmarket at that place, the squeeze became something tremendous. It seemed as if the very carriage must be crushed to pieces, and the Archers had enough to do. Her Majesty betrayed no symptom of anxiety, but continued in great spirits, laughing and talking to Lord Elcho, who was struggling hard to maintain his proper position, whilst Prince Albert, apparently full of solicitude for the safety of his Royal partner, seemed to be harassed with fears that some serious accident might occur.

The procession having gone down the Mound, and turned round the eastern side of the Royal Institution, the Queen's carriage had hardly passed into Princes-street, when a most distressing accident took place, connected with an extensive temporary gallery within the railing at the north-west angle of the eastern gardens of Princes-street. It appears that those who erected the gallery, had been very particular in issuing no more tickets than it could securely

contain; but that, after these had been admitted, numbers, who had no right to places on it, rushed to it as the Queen was passing, in defiance of the money-takers; and the pressure naturally taking place towards the end next to the passing spectacle, it became so overloaded there, that the scaffolding underneath gave way with a horrible crash, carrying down hundreds of shrieking people. Men immediately ran from all quarters to give assistance, and as there are always surgeons in a crowd, some eight or ten of these useful gentlemen were on the spot in a moment. The dragoons were extremely active in the rescue and removal of the sufferers; and Lieut.-Col. White and Captain Arkwright were of most essential service, by their coolness and judgment. One posted himself at the gate, to keep the way clear for the removal of the wounded, while the other was indefatigable in procuring vehicles, and even in bringing water to those who were injured, and as each person was carried out, he preceded the bearers, to clear a passage through the crowd. It turned out, that of seven people who were carried to the Infirmary, five had forced themselves into the gallery without tickets. To wind up this sad event, the only casualty of an unpleasant nature that occurred during the Queen's visit, and which was in fact entirely owing to folly and improper conduct, it may be as well to give Professor Miller's official report:—

"Edinburgh, 23, York Place, *September* 4, 1842.

"I have examined and inquired into the various cases of injury, occasioned by the unfortunate accident of yesterday, so far as circumstances have permitted. I have to report, that one person is dead, and that another is so seriously hurt, as to preclude the hope of recovery; that not a few fractures have been sustained, both of legs and arms; and that many bruises, sprains, and slighter injuries have

occurred, swelling the number of those hurt to about fifty. But I am glad to say, that, excepting the two cases first mentioned, there is no prospect of farther loss either of life or limb.

"JAMES MILLER, *Professor of Surgery.*"

Most fortunately the Queen was spared all knowledge of the accident until the evening, when she was much affected by the intelligence; and instantly despatched a messenger from Dalkeith, to learn the state of the sufferers; and Her Majesty made daily inquiries afterwards, and transmitted pecuniary aid, where such was found to be needful.

Having passed the front of the Royal Institution, the intercolumniation of the peristyle of which was filled with spectators, the Queen proceeded westward, through crowds of well-dressed people, and carriages lining both sides of the way. The broad balcony of the splendid Club House was filled with a galaxy of beauty and

fashion. The cheering continued to be everywhere deafening, and was taken up by fresh crowds at every turn of the wheels. Whilst the Queen made her acknowledgments, it is to be hoped that Her Majesty was not thereby hindered from looking across the gardens that fill the valley, towards the black, beetling, rampart-girt rock of the castle, towering up from the bottom to an overawing height, and that Mons Meg, looming unnaturally large, and marking the position so recently honoured by her presence, did not pass unobserved. It was curious to notice how the more active people managed during this day, after seeing the Queen in one place, to dash off in flying troops to another favourable point. There were individuals who, by thus manœuvring, contrived to see her four or five different times.

Passing the beautiful Gothic episcopal chapel of St. John's, the Royal carriage entered Queensferry-street, and so proceeded past that pretty grove of trees in Randolph-crescent, remarkable for being annually occupied by a colony of rooks, and then it entered upon the Dean-bridge, over the Water of Leith, whence very fine scenery opens on both sides. The view up the stream to the left, with its hanging banks of wood, its buildings, and especially the picturesque towers of the Orphan Hospital, rising over the trees, is very beautiful. But it is when looking to the right, in an eastern direction, that a truly grand and extensive prospect is to be enjoyed. The backs of the houses of Randolph-crescent, rising from the very verge of the cliff, projecting over the river, are carried continuously away from the eye, meeting with those of Great Stuart-street west, Ainslie-place, Great Stuart-street east, and Moray-place, and so carrying on a waving line, varied by the plan of these different places and streets being here reversed;—all princely houses—each with its beautiful fragment of garden, below which the hanging terraces common to the whole

run along above the stream. About half a mile down the bed of the river, is the classical little round temple of Hygeia, erected over the chalybeate spring that rises there. Then comes wood on the one side of the vista, and trees, mingled with an extensive portion of handsome town residences on the other, with bridges at intervals, uniting the banks. Beyond this stretches a long extent of sloping country, covered with buildings, and then Leith, and the Firth of Forth, and Inchkeith, with the more distant shores, and North Berwick Law, and the Bass. There is something Italian and Claude-like in the composition of this scene, and, as a whole, it may remind those who have been in Italy, of certain prospects in the Mediterranean. Perhaps the Italian sky is not often lent to it, and at this time that of Mid-Lothian, which had throughout the day behaved as well as a Mid-Lothian sky could be expected to do, now began to lower, and to threaten that rain which by and bye descended.

An occurrence happened on this rather narrow bridge, which abundantly proved Prince Albert's great presence of mind, by which, it is certain that many lives were saved. A carriage appeared with the horses' heads most improperly turned towards that direction from which the Queen was advancing. The animals suddenly took fright, wheeled about in an instant, and threatened to run directly through the dense crowd that was a-head, and thus to whirl destruction among them. The terrified coachman became confused, and lost command of the reins. The Prince seeing this perilous state of things, instantly arose, and called to the Queen's postilions to stop, and some of the Archers rushed forward and seized the runaway horses by the head. Another second lost, and they must have gone furiously over hundreds of people! No one can doubt that a tide of mingled feelings of joy and pride

must have filled Her Majesty's heart, after her momentary anxiety for the safety of her people was thus so promptly and so nobly relieved by the Prince, who so well merits the possession of her warmest and dearest affections.

CHAPTER IX.

DALMENY PARK.

QUEEN VICTORIA having now left the city, the Lord Provost and Magistrates, and all the official persons, retired from the procession. The Celtic Society, also, headed by Campbell of Islay, and soon afterwards the Archers, fell out, and marched back to town; and Her Majesty then proceeded at a quickened pace, followed by three carriages, containing the Duchess of Buccleuch, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence. Having swept down that fine broad sloping terrace, whence so extensive a view of the rich country, the Firth of Forth, and the Fife coast is enjoyed, the carriage stopped at Blackhall to change horses. This place is near the Craigleith Quarries, so remarkable for the immense depth of their excavations, as well as for the great fossil tree discovered there a few years ago. The road for some miles was lined with eager and anxious spectators, and the heights all around were densely covered with people. Beyond this, on the left hand, at about half-

a-mile's distance, stands Craigcrook, with its ancient Scottish pinnacles and towers, the residence of Lord Jeffrey, some years ago Lord Advocate for Scotland, and known over the world for his gigantic literary powers. It nestles snugly amongst its old timber trees, in the retiring bosom of the lovely Corstorphine hills, their wooded heights contrasting finely with their green sloping lawns.

A little way farther on, the Queen entered the new part of the road leading towards Queensferry, and at the corner of Mr. Ramsay of Barnton's wall, she passed a prettily conceived bower, decorated with flowers and evergreens, occupied by the family and their friends. This road through the county of Edinburgh, may challenge comparison as a public way, with anything of a similar kind in the world; and if those members of the Scottish Privy Council in the days of Charles I., who found it necessary, previous to the coming of that king, to promulgate an Act, "Anent the hie wayes within the bounds of the Shirefdome of Edinburgh, April 15, 1629,—for causing the same to be enlarged and mendit, and made passable for hors and coaches,"—had been alive at this time, to have beheld the rapidity of Her Majesty's passage along it, they would have seen no occasion for any such announcement. How very much they would have been astonished, indeed, could they have been permitted to re-visit the earth for one moment, and, airy beings though they now are, to have followed with some degree of difficulty Her Majesty's carriage, as it spun along the cut through the whinstone rocks, and so on in one broad and level straight line to the grand bridge over the Almond. As the Queen passed the grounds of Miss Watson of Saughton, on the left, a flag was observed to wave from the summit of her mansion. The Almond is a most romantic stream, here dividing the county of Edinburgh from that of Linlithgow. The beauty of its natural scenery is much increased above the bridge, by the extensive

pleasure-grounds of Mr. Hope Vere's beautiful place of Craigiehall; and below it, all the way down to its junction with the sea, by those of Dalmeny Park, of which it forms the eastern boundary.

A little way beyond the bridge, the carriage turned in at one of the many gates of Dalmeny Park, the grounds of which magnificent residence extend from the mouth of the Almond for about six miles along the Firth of Forth to Queensferry, bounded on the south by the Queensferry road. Nothing can be finer or more varied than the views from the approach, which passing for a great part of the way along a high wooded terrace, running nearly at right angles to the trend of the Firth, leads the eye through occasional breaks down a long cultivated slope, to the rocky bed of the Almond, while beyond, appears a middle distance, enriched by the extensive grounds of Barnton and Cramond, and, farther off, the environs of Edinburgh are seen, with portions of the city and its various beautiful hills, and the whole expanse of the Firth, with all its interesting accessories. The road then turns to the left, down a hill, embowered in the deep shades of ancient trees. After this the wide expanse of the wooded park opens at once, with the house, a fine specimen of the Tudor style, seen at the distance of a mile, surrounded by very noble trees, with beautifully wooded hills behind, and the lawn below extending to the ancient ruined towers of Barnbougle Castle, rising close to the margin of the sea.

The Earl of Rosebery, being desirous that not only his tenantry, but all his neighbours, of every class, should have a full opportunity of partaking in the universal joy produced by the Queen's visit, kindly gave directions, that every gate of his extensive demesne should be thrown open, and consequently thousands of people collected at an early hour along the approach, and on the lawn in the vicinity of the house; but it unfortunately rained so heavily, that when the

Royal carriage, with its escort, appeared from the thick covert of the woods, all were disappointed to perceive that it was partly closed. The people pressed forward, however, to have one glimpse of Her Majesty; and happy was the individual who succeeded in obtaining it.

The Queen and Prince Albert were received by the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, Lord Dalmeny, the Hon. Bouverie Primrose, and the Ladies Anne and Louisa Primrose, at the grand entrance, laid with scarlet cloth for the occasion, and were conducted thence through the magnificent hall and corridor. The suite of apartments at Dalmeny is very fine. The billiard-room, entering from the grand corridor, forms an ante-room to the dining-room, as well as to the drawing-room, from which a door opens into the library. All these rooms have windows commanding beautiful views over the park in the direction of a bay, which washes its margin at some distance beyond a pervious grove of fine park trees. The Earl conducted the Queen through the ante-room into the drawing-room, where were assembled, or speedily arrived to meet Her Majesty, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Marquess and Marchioness of Abercorn, the Earl of Liverpool, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl and Countess of Morton, the Earl and Countess of Hopetoun, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Sir Robert Peel, the Earl and Countess of Cawdor, Lord and Lady Belhaven, Lord and Lady Dunfermline, the Marquess of Lorn, Lady Emma Campbell, Lord Aberdour, Lord Dalmeny, the Hon. Bouverie and Mrs. Primrose, the Ladies Anne and Louisa Primrose, Lady Ellen Douglas, Lady Mary Campbell, Lord and Lady Robert Kerr, and Miss Kerr, Mr. and Lady Mary Dundas, and Miss Dundas, Mr. and Hon. Mrs. Anson, Hon. Miss Paget, General Wemyss, Colonel

Bouverie, Mr. Rutherfurd, M.P., and Mrs. Rutherfurd, Miss Hope Johnston, and Miss Rice. His Grace the Duke of Hamilton was prevented by indisposition from being present.

After a short time spent in the drawing-room, during which the Queen conversed with the distinguished persons assembled, the Earl conducted Her Majesty to the dining-room, whilst His Royal Highness gave his arm to the Countess, and the Royal party sat down to a déjeuner, where covers were laid for twenty-two persons, in a style of elegance and good taste worthy of the roof under which it was given. The eighteen distinguished persons first named in the above list, together with the Queen and Prince and their noble host and hostess, formed the Royal party at luncheon.

The unfavourable state of the weather prevented the Queen from enjoying a walk in the vicinity of the house. This was much to be regretted, as well as that Her Majesty's time did not admit of her drive being extended through the grounds, where park scenery of the most varied description, clothed with the finest possible timber, is continually opening on grand marine prospects. There are few places, indeed, so remarkable for multiplicity of feature, as Dalmeny Park; and every Scotsman must regret that the unfavourable weather prevented the Queen from carrying away a more perfect impression of its beauty. By the time that Her Majesty arose to return to the drawing-room, the rain fell so fast, that any attempt to move out became perfectly hopeless.

The Royal party adjourned to the library, the windows of which open upon the lawn, where the band of the Inniskilling Dragoons was playing, and where stood an immense crowd of anxious people, bidding defiance to the drizzling rain, in their anxiety to enjoy another sight of their Queen. Her Majesty at once signified her desire to gratify them, and taking the Prince's arm, she advanced to a window which

Lord Rosebery had opened, and remained there for some time, in spite of the damp air, influenced alone by the kind wish of giving all the gratification in her power to all ranks of her subjects. Well did the good people without doors appreciate this kindness of their Queen, and she was hailed with the most enthusiastic cheers of heartfelt loyalty and affection. Her Majesty on her part expressed to those around, how deeply she felt the reciprocal influence of the scene, and her feelings on this interesting occasion, were largely partaken by Prince Albert. As the people pressed forward with an eagerness which the police considered it necessary to restrain, Lord Rosebery ever and anon interfered with much kindness in their behalf.

About four o'clock, the Queen and the Prince appeared at the great entrance, and Her Majesty was immediately afterwards handed into the carriage by Lord Rosebery, and the Prince having taken his seat, they drove off, followed by the other carriages, amidst the heartiest cheers from the multitudes assembled, who followed them with their eyes along the road that wound through the park, until they disappeared among the wood. The day continued wet, and Her Majesty retraced at a rapid pace the route she had travelled, until she turned off into the new road from Queensferry to Leith.

The Provost and Magistrates of Leith had been made aware on the previous evening, that it was the Queen's gracious intention to pass through their good town on her return to Dalkeith, and accordingly they made such preparations for her reception, as the short intervening time admitted. Amongst other things done, a triumphal arch was erected in front of Bell's School, spanning the whole width of Great Junction-street. It was surmounted by a large gilded crown, and decorated with flowers and evergreens, with the initial letters V. and A. executed in dahlias and African marigolds, and bearing the inscription—"Welcome our beloved Queen!"

On Saturday the 3d, all the public bodies of Leith assembled in the Links, opposite the High School, by one o'clock, whence they proceeded to Great Junction-street, with a large cavalcade of carters before them, and took up the particular positions previously assigned. About four o'clock, Major Hill arrived at the head of a detachment of the Fifty-third Regiment, accompanied by Lord Robert Kerr, Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Forces, and the soldiers lined the road the whole way from the bridge at Leith Mills, to the foot of Leith Walk. Notwithstanding the duty which the Royal Archers had undergone in the morning, they appeared about half-past three o'clock, under the command of Lord Elcho and the Earl of Dalhousie, preceded by their bands, and took up their position to await the Queen's arrival at the bridge at the northern end of Junction-street. An immense crowd had assembled, and a man was placed on the spire of North Leith Church, to announce the Royal approach by ringing the bell.

The Queen's carriage, with its attendant cortege, drove rapidly along the road leading between lines of villas, till the bells, and the guns of Leith Fort, announced that Her Majesty had reached the toll-bar, and was now entering the precincts of this ancient town, which had been so frequently honoured by the presence of its sovereigns. As the carriage came to the place where the Royal Archers were drawn up, it was again enclosed within their faithful ranks, and it then proceeded at a slow pace through the assembled multitudes, amid the most enthusiastic cheering, and other demonstrations of the joy and loyalty of the people. Although a pool of water filled the front cover of the carriage, the Queen would not permit the hood to be drawn farther forward, than was just sufficient to screen her head, lest it should disappoint the people, who, fully sensible of Her Majesty's kind consideration, energetically expressed

their feelings, and as she graciously continued to acknowledge the compliments paid to her, she appeared to be highly gratified. As Her Majesty approached the triumphal arch, the band played "God Save the Queen," and Provost Reoch, and the Magistrates and Members of the Council of Leith, who were stationed on a platform near to it, in Court dresses, and clad in their official robes, descended from their position, and the Royal carriage having immediately stopped, they advanced towards it, and the Provost delivered the following address :—

"Most Gracious Majesty,

"Permit me as the Chief Magistrate of this your ancient Port of Leith, to express the joy and heartfelt pleasure which pervade all classes of your Majesty's subjects in this town, on this your Majesty's first visit to your ancient kingdom of Scotland. Accept our thanks for your Majesty's condescension in honouring our town with your presence, and receive our most sincere assurances of continued loyalty and devoted attachment."

Her Majesty was pleased to reply most graciously to the Provost's speech ; and he then addressed Prince Albert thus :—

"Most Illustrious Prince,

"Permit me to congratulate you on this your first visit to Scotland, and to express my earnest hope, that you will realize all the pleasure and satisfaction which you anticipated in your visit to the land of the mountain and the flood."

His Royal Highness replied in a few gracious words ; and the Provost, overcome by his feelings of love and loyalty, then exclaimed, "May God bless your Majesty and your Royal Consort!" This

strong expression of genuine feeling more deeply affected the royal pair than the most eloquent harangue could have done.

After these addresses and replies, Her Majesty's carriage again proceeded, the rain still continuing. His Royal Highness Prince Albert remarked to one of the officers of the Archers, that "he was afraid they would get very wet," to which the officer replied, "that it was of no consequence to them, whilst employed in a duty so very agreeable." On this the Prince smiled, and said, that "he supposed that this was merely what they called a Scottish mist," an observation which excited a laugh from Her Majesty. After the delivery of the addresses, Provost Reoch and the Magistrates got into their carriages, and followed that of the Queen all the way to the limits of their jurisdiction at Seafield toll-bar. The spectacle, on entering the Links, was most imposing, that large space being covered with one mass of carriages, and every elevation thickly planted with people. The Provost and Magistrates were preceded by the High Constables of Leith, headed by their Moderator, who carried the splendid baton of office, recently given to them by their distinguished parliamentary representative, Mr. Rutherfurd. Nothing could be more gratifying than the whole of the proceedings at Leith, both as regarded the authorities, and the conduct of the people under them; and the Magistrates were highly complimented by Lord Elcho and Lord Dalhousie, for the admirable arrangements they had made for the reception of Her Majesty, and the order they had preserved. But that which was the most of all to be admired, was the excessive kindness and consideration of the Queen herself, who setting at naught all thoughts of her own discomfort, continued to keep the carriage open, in defiance of the rain, all the way from the Queensferry Road to the Seafield Baths. There the Magistrates and the other public functionaries halted,

and the carriage being closed, the whole cortege proceeded by the sea-side, at a rapid pace, towards Portobello, and so on by the same road they followed on Thursday to Dalkeith Palace.

The popular manifestations exhibited during this day, throughout every part of Her Majesty's route, were of a nature infinitely beyond those which are merely paid to royalty. They exhibited a certain degree of uncontrollable warmth and depth of feeling, which showed that much as the people were disposed to do homage to the high station of the Queen, they now gave their heartfelt offering of love, more to the well known virtues of the Royal person to whom it was paid, than to the crown she wears. Her Majesty doubtless felt them to be such, for during the course of that evening, she repeatedly expressed the high gratification and delight she had experienced from the honest, cordial, enthusiastic, and most loyal reception which she had that day met with from all ranks of her subjects everywhere assembled.

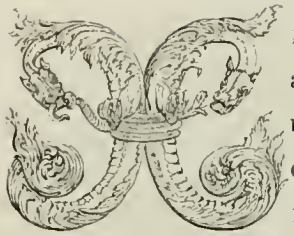
The Royal dinner-party at the Palace consisted of—

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT,

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,
The Duchess of Norfolk,
The Earl and Countess of Dalhousie,
The Earl and Countess of Cawdor,
The Earl of Morton,
The Earl of Aberdeen,
The Earl of Liverpool,
Lord and Lady John Scott,
Lord and Lady Belhaven,
Lady Mary Campbell,
Sir Robert Peel,
The Hon. Miss Paget,
Hon. Captain Dundas and Miss Dundas,
Mr. and Lady Georgina Balfour,
The Lord Justice-General,
The Lord Justice-Clerk,
The Lord-Register,
General Wemyss,
The Lord-Advocate of Scotland,
Sir John Hope, Baronet,
Colonel Bouverie,
Mr. George Edward Anson,
Sir James Clark,
Mr. Sheriff Speirs,
Lieut.-Col. White, Inniskilling Dragoons,
Lieut.-Col. Hill, 53d Regiment.

CHAPTER X.

DALKEITH.



ERXES himself, in all his pride, pomp, and pageantry, when receiving the slavish adulation of millions, could have had but small gratification, compared with that reaped by Queen Victoria from the honest and enthusiastic, though simple, greetings of her Scottish subjects. Fatigued by the exertions and excitement of that day, and filled as she must have been by the consciousness of possessing the combined love of a whole people, the Queen's slumbers must have been sweet, and it may well be imagined that Sunday was indeed to her a day of rest. Her Majesty, however, was out with the Prince by nine o'clock, and having taken their way along the terraces, they crossed the bridge to the eastward of the palace, and then winding along some beautiful shady walks, through a wood of tall beeches and other trees, there clothing the whole northern banks of the river, they found out the new kitchen garden, recently constructed under the direction of Mr. MacIntosh, whom the Queen had known as gardener to

King Leopold at Claremont, and whom Her Majesty, with great condescension, immediately recognised as an old acquaintance. The garden contains about twenty imperial acres, five of which are within the inner wall. From a terrace on the western side, a very picturesque view of the town of Dalkeith, and the valley of the North Esk, is enjoyed. Returning by a different way through the same wood, where the sylvan roof of foliage is supported at a great height overhead, by the clear and columnar stems of the timber, the Queen and the Prince inquired of MacIntosh, whether they could get directly across to the palace without retracing their steps. MacIntosh told Her Majesty, that there was a temporary bridge, of

three planks wide, laid upon trestles, for the convenience of some workmen employed in making a new walk through the shrubbery on the south bank of the river, but that it was by no means a fit passage

for Her Majesty. The Queen, however, thought otherwise, for, proceeding directly to the planks, she crossed them without the least hesitation, and returned to the palace by the new walk. A rake, over which Her Majesty stepped as it lay in her way, was afterwards scrambled for, and it has been since carefully preserved as a sacred relic by the person to whose lot it happily chanced to fall.

The Queen and Prince Albert had prayers read by the Reverend Edward Ramsay, of St. John's episcopal chapel, Edinburgh, who afterwards preached from the latter part of the 9th verse of the xl. chapter of Isaiah, " Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God." For this purpose a temporary pulpit was fitted up in the dining-room.

Late in the afternoon the Duchess of Buccleuch drove Her Majesty through the park in her pony phaeton, unaccompanied by any of her suite, or even by a single royal servant. Prince Albert, the Duke of Buccleuch, and Colonel Bouverie, rode along with Her Majesty. In this private manner the Queen passed out of the park by the grass drive, leading by those pretty Gothic buildings the colliers' houses and the agent's residence. Passing by the Kennel, the Duke showed the Queen his pack of hounds ; after which they took the grass drive, and a private way into the grounds of Newbattle Abbey, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Quitting the carriage at the house, which is at present unoccupied, the Royal party walked over the pleasure grounds, visiting a new green-house erected for the Marchioness of Lothian. Her Majesty and the Prince were much surprised by the magnitude of a tree that arrested their attention in front of the house. The grounds, embracing the wooded banks on both sides of the North Esk, as well as the level lawn in the bottom of its glen, are extremely beautiful, and the timber is of a size and antiquity of growth rarely equalled even in England. The modern house stands on the site of the ancient abbey of Cistercian monks, founded by

David I., and the library possesses some curious illuminated manuscripts which belonged to them. The Queen next proceeded to Dalhousie Castle, situated on a most picturesque part of the same river, a little way higher up. There the fine timber, the rocks, and the sparkling stream, produce a thousand home scenes of romantic beauty and interest.

Sir Walter Scott used to say, that he believed Dalhousie Castle to be the oldest inhabited house in Scotland; and that he was quite

certain that it was the oldest house in Scotland still inhabited by the same family by which it was originally built. It appears to have been erected by William Ramsay de Dalwolsey, towards the end of the thirteenth century. The son of this Baron was the celebrated Alexander Ramsay, who, at the time of the invasion of Scotland by

Edward III., took refuge in the caves of Hawthornden, whence he and his select band sallied forth in perpetual war on the English. Having taken the fortress of Roxburgh by escalade, on the 20th March 1342, David II. injudiciously rewarded him with the office of Sheriff of Teviotdale, then held by William Douglas, the celebrated knight of Liddesdale. From that moment Douglas was converted from the warmest friend to the most deadly foe of Ramsay. Coming suddenly upon him with a strong force whilst holding a court in the church at Hawick, he dragged him from the chair of justice, and carried him off to his castle of Hermitage, in Liddesdale, where he threw him, together with his horse furniture, into a dungeon, where, after having prolonged his miserable existence for some time by the grains of corn that accidentally dropped through a hole from a granary above, he was at last starved to death. About fifty years ago, a mason employed in building in the neighbourhood, having made an opening, into which curiosity induced him to descend by a ladder, he discovered a vault about eight feet square, in which he found some human bones, with a saddle, a bridle, and a sword, together with a considerable quantity of the husks of corn. The heavy bit of the bridle was presented by Sir Walter Scott to the late Lord Dalhousie, and is now carefully preserved by the present Earl. There is a very rude and ancient coat of arms above the door of Dalhousie Castle, in every respect so precisely of the same character and style as a seal appended to a charter from the Laird of Dalwolsey to the monks of Newbattle in 1370, as to leave no doubt that the seal was cut from the stone. The castle was unsuccessfully besieged in 1400, by Henry IV. as he returned into England after an ineffectual campaign, the last ever led against Scotland by a King of England in person. The castle originally consisted of four lofty battlemented walls, defended at the north angle by a heavy round tower, and en-

closing a large space, in the centre of which stood a massive keep, the whole being surrounded by a ditch, except where the bank was precipitous. Various additions have been made to it at different times within the walls, and some of those were not in the best taste; but the late Earl of Dalhousie employed Mr. Burn, who succeeded in restoring it, as much as possible, to its original external appearance, with the introduction of modern windows, and modern comforts within doors.

Just below the castle, and near the edge of a beautiful spring, stands an old oak, called the Edgewell Tree, which has a story attached to it. A superstitious belief has been handed down for ages, and most religiously credited by the people of the country, that upon this tree hang the fate and fortunes of the Dalhousie family. The loss or fracture of any of its limbs has been always regarded as ominous of coming evil; and if the tree itself were utterly destroyed, the extinction both of the castle and the family would be expected inevitably to follow. Tradition says, that just before the death of one of the Earls, and when the fortunes of the family were fast sinking to their lowest ebb, a great storm broke and overwhelmed the old trunk. The celebrated poet, Allan Ramsay, in the beginning of the last century, mentions the popular tradition in one of his notes, and confirms the fact of the tree having been once blown down, and then he goes on to show that the omen of utter destruction had been already averted by the growth of a young scion, which had immediately sprung up from the root of the old stock, which honest Allan says "is now tall and flourishing," and then he adds the wish, "Lang be it sae,"—in which all must cordially join who are acquainted with the history of a family which has for so many generations been an honour to Scotland.

The Queen entered the castle to visit Lord and Lady Dalhousie,

and very much admired the good taste displayed in it, and was greatly interested by an inspection of the trophies brought by the late Lord Dalhousie from India. After having remained with them for some time, the Queen returned to Dalkeith Palace. The Royal dinner party to-day consisted of—

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT,

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,	Lord and Lady John Scott,
The Duchess of Norfolk,	Mr. and Lady Georgina Balfour,
The Earl and Countess of Cawdor,	Mr. George Edward Anson,
The Earl of Morton,	General Wemyss,
The Earl of Aberdeen,	Colonel Bouverie,
The Earl of Liverpool,	Sir James Clark,
Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence,	Captain Osborne,
Sir Robert Peel,	Captain Wood,
The Hon. Miss Paget,	Mr. Ramsay.

Monday, the 5th of September, was the day fixed by Her Majesty for receiving the nobility and others who were desirous of being presented. For days previously, very various and very different were the opinions given as to the mode in which the Reception was to be conducted, as well as regarding the style of dress that was to be worn. But all these doubts had been set at rest by the following publication, in the Gazette of Saturday the 27th of August. At this time it was contemplated that the Reception would take place at Holyrood on Friday the 2d of September.

"The ceremony of the Reception by Her Majesty at the Palace of Holyrood.

"ST. JAMES' PALACE, *August* 25, 1842.

"The Queen will receive those ladies and gentlemen, who may be desirous of paying their respects to Her Majesty, at the Palace of

Holyrood House, on Friday the 2d of September next, at two o'clock. Ladies may appear without trains or feathers. Gentlemen in levee dress. The ladies and gentlemen who purpose attending this Reception, are requested to bring with them two cards, with their names legibly written thereon, one to be left with the Queen's Page in attendance in the ante-room, and the other to be delivered to the Lord in Waiting, who will announce the name to Her Majesty. And those ladies who are to be presented, are hereby informed it is absolutely necessary that their names, together with the names of the ladies who are to present them, should be sent to Sir William Martin, at the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, before two o'clock on Tuesday the 30th; and those gentlemen who are to be presented, will also send to Sir William Martin their names, together with the names of the gentlemen who are to present them, in order that they may be submitted for the Queen's approbation, it being Her Majesty's command, that no presentation shall take place, unless the name of the lady or gentleman presenting, together with that of the lady or gentleman to be presented, shall appear on the card to be delivered, as before directed, corresponding with the names sent in to Sir William Martin."

The Gazette of Wednesday the 31st of August, contained the following :—

"The Lord Chamberlain's Department, 30*th August* 1842.

"Notice is hereby given, that the ladies and gentlemen to be presented to Her Majesty, at the Reception to take place at the Palace of Holyrood on Friday next, are not to wear a glove on the right hand when presented.

"Regulations for the carriages of those who attend the Reception of Her Majesty at the Palace of Holyrood, on Friday the 2d of September next :—

"THE ENTREE.

"IT IS ORDERED,

"The carriages of those having the privilege of the Entrée, are to proceed by the Canongate, set down at the principal entrance of the Palace, and then draw up in front of the Palace. In leaving the Palace, the carriages are to take up at the principal entrance, and drive off by the Canongate.

"THE GENERAL COMPANY.

"The carriages are to proceed by the Regent-road, enter by the *northern* approach, and set down at the door on the north side of the Palace; then proceed on to the Queen's-park, and wait. Upon being called, the carriages are to take up at the gate on the south side of the Palace, and drive off by the south road.

"TICKETS

for the carriages of those having the Entrée, will be delivered at my chambers, No. 17, Nelson-street, on Thursday next, between eleven and three o'clock.

"The doors will be opened at one o'clock.

"ROB. RUTHERFORD, D. K. OF HOLYROOD.

"PALACE OF HOLYROOD, *August* 30, 1842."

The unfortunate alarm of fever which occasioned the desertion of Holyrood upon this occasion, was much deplored by all patriotic Scotsmen, and by no one was the sad necessity more regretted than by the Queen herself, as Her Majesty had an especial wish to have held her drawing-room in the ancient halls of her Royal ancestors. None of the Royal residences possesses a suite of apartments more perfectly adapted for such a purpose, and these had been all fitted up for the

occasion. The walls of the throne room were hung with crimson damask, surrounded by a broad moulding of gold. The carpet was a rich crimson—and the whole public rooms, as well as those intended for the private use of the Queen and Prince Albert, were gorgeously furnished. Those of the entrée were to have been admitted at the grand entrance, and the general company were to have been set down at the north side of the building, to enter under a newly erected vestibule, and so to have been ushered up stairs into the grand gallery, 147 feet long, by 45 feet wide, whence a regular stream of company might have been kept flowing on through a succession of five large rooms into the presence chamber, 63 feet in length, where those to be presented would have entered by a door in one angle opposite to the throne, afterwards to retire by the door in the other angle of the same end of the room. By this arrangement the whole ceremonial of presentation at Holyrood would have been magnificent. Even the Muse sighed forth the plaint of the venerable Palace itself, in a poetical epistle to the Duke of Hamilton.* As, however, it was now fixed to take place at Dalkeith Palace, a notice dated the 5th of September was issued, that no persons nor carriages would be admitted into Dalkeith Park on that day, but those going to the Reception at the Palace.

In the meanwhile, preparations were going on with great activity, under the direction of Mr. Burn architect, who covered in the whole of the square area embraced within the front, and the projection of the two wings, by means of a wooden erection and awning, so as to convert it into one great vestibule. The early sound of hammers annoyed the Duke of Buccleuch very much, as he was afraid it might have disturbed the Queen. About eight o'clock, horses

* See Appendix.

were at the door to convey Prince Albert, Colonel Bouverie, and Mr. Anson to Edinburgh, and as His Royal Highness came out to mount, the Duke expressed his anxious regret that Her Majesty should have been subjected to so much noise. The Prince assured his Grace that the Queen had not been disturbed; and observing what had been done, he said, "Ah! this will do very well."

Exactly at nine o'clock, Prince Albert rode into the court-yard of the University, where he was received by the very Rev. Principal Lee, and Professors Bell and Traill. In the absence of Professor Jameson, of the Natural History class, whose apology of indisposition was tendered by his nephew, Mr. Laurence Jameson, Professor Traill conducted His Royal Highness through the museum of that department. The professor was surprised with the extent and accuracy of the Prince's knowledge of the various branches of natural history, especially in the department of ornithology, and he could not help saying so; upon which His Royal Highness informed him that he had employed himself for some years in making a complete collection of European birds, and that he had studied practical ornithology in Switzerland, and various other parts of Europe. The learned professor had not long the honour of enjoying the Prince's conversation, until he discovered that his Royal Highness was exceedingly well read on most other subjects, and that he had never met with one among our nobility or gentry, who, at so early a period of life, had acquired so much general information.

Having received the Prince at the door of the museum, Dr. Traill first conducted him into the lower saloon, appropriated to the specimens of mammalia, and the large animals. The Prince first noticed the fine specimen of the wild ox of Scotland, presented lately to the museum by the Duke of Hamilton. He said that he was aware that it was now only to be found in Scotland, at Hamilton,

but that it also existed in Chillingham Park, in England. He made some remarks on the numerous specimens of the feline tribe, and of that of antelopes and deer, and was particularly interested by the huge American elk, and the wild sheep of the Rocky Mountains. On seeing the fine specimen of the fossil elk, he particularly inquired as to its locality, the soil and depth at which it was buried, and appeared struck with the enormous size of its antlers. Some of the cetacea, also, interested him much, especially the walrus, the beluga, and the dugong of the eastern seas. The Port-beagle and Beaumaris sharks, attracted his attention. He asked if they were frequent on the coasts of Scotland, and observed how formidable their teeth must prove to fishermen and sailors where they abound. On noticing the different species of delphinus, he remarked how often navigators, and even naturalists, had confounded the common porpoise with the dolphin of the ancients, and pointed out how they could always be immediately distinguished. In the same room he noticed the polar and grisly bears, and appeared much interested with the bones of the great fossil whale, found on Lord Abercromby's estate of Airthrey, near Stirling, and particularly inquired how far the spot was from the present sea, and also by what soil, and at what depth, it had been buried.

When His Royal Highness entered the upper saloon, it was obvious that ornithology was his favourite branch of natural history. He astonished Professor Traill by his familiarity with the rarest specimens in the collection, and with the best writers on the subject. He showed that he had studied the merits of the different systems, and he seemed pleased to find the collection arranged and named according to the system of Cuvier. He expressed himself so as to prove that he was well aware of the injury done to natural history by the inordinate desire which exists for the creation of new genera,

from trifling distinctions in character, as well as of that which arises from the obstinate resistance of some naturalists to all change. He spoke of various ornithological works, with the familiarity of an accomplished naturalist, and while examining the Indian birds, he passed a high encomium on the delineations of Gould. The Prince asked if Edinburgh possessed a separate collection of British birds, and highly applauded the utility of such local Faunæ.

When the Prince cast his eyes on the beautiful collection of minerals in the centre of this saloon, he particularly inquired into its history. Dr. Traill informed His Royal Highness, that almost the whole of the oryctognostic collection had been the private cabinet of Professor Jameson. "Indeed," added Dr. Traill, "although the Senatus Academicus may be said to have laid the foundation of this noble museum, by purchasing for £3000 the collections of Dufresne of Paris, consisting chiefly of birds and shells, the present perfection of the whole collection of natural history was chiefly owing to the zeal and munificence of Professor Jameson, who had made large sacrifices of time and money to form a museum worthy of the University."

While inspecting the grouse family, the Prince stated his conviction that the reported discovery of the red grouse in some of the Scandinavian isles, was owing to the young of an allied species being mistaken for it, and that his own researches had led him to be of the opinion of Linnæus, that this bird is a species peculiar to the British isles. He asked if the wood grouse or capercailzie had really been extinct in Scotland, until the late importations of the bird by the Marquess of Breadalbane. He mentioned that he had shot it on the continent. In passing through this saloon he praised the collection of corvidæ, cuckoos, kingsfishers, colibri, certhiadæ, paradiseæ, and pigeons. Among the latter he pointed out a bronze-winged species, which

was then living at Windsor. He asked if the museum yet possessed a specimen of the great African kingsfisher, a recent discovery, and before his attendant had time to point it out, he stooped down to examine the case, and singled it out as one of the rarities of the collection. The Prince was quite aware of the fact, that humming birds, and similar genera, usually supposed to frequent flowers for their honey, really devour the insects in the nectaries of plants. The magnificent specimen of the quelzal was not new to him, and he was quite familiar with its habits and history. He took especial interest in the room appropriated to British birds. Among other remarks here, he stated, that the young of the great northern diver is often seen on the lakes of Germany—the adult birds never. He considered the two British spotted woodpeckers as perfectly distinct species. On noticing the great bustard, he described the chase of the bird by greyhounds, the creature being unable to rise till the breeze produced by the rapidity of its movements aids the power of its wings. He said, that from all he could learn, the great bustard must now be considered as lost to the British Fauna.

In the room containing the models of mountains, the Prince was so obliging as to point out to Dr. Traill the path by which he had ascended to the *Mer-de-Glace* and the *Jardin*, which he described as exceedingly fatiguing. He said that the state of the weather had prevented his attempting the ascent of Mont Blanc, and that in his opinion, the sublimest views were not obtained from the towering summits, but in the recesses of the *Allée blanche*, and where the Alps impend over Italy. His Royal Highness showed his great familiarity with Alpine sublimities, of which he spoke with animating enthusiasm. Before leaving the western museum, he entered the lecture-room of Professor Jameson, and examined with interest the delineations of icebergs, which were hung up for illustration of the glacial theory.

Before visiting the eastern museum, the Prince was introduced into the Library, and expressed his admiration of its noble hall, 190 feet in length, certainly one of the most beautiful galleries in Europe. Principal Lee conducted His Royal Highness into the small room containing the curious library, bequeathed to the College by Drummond the poet of Hawthornden. The few old MSS. possessed by the University, and the splendid Koran that once belonged to Tippoo Saib, were examined by him with interest. On a table in that room lies the original protest of the German Princes and nobles against the execution of John Huss, with its old seals still appended. Dr. Traill took the liberty of remarking, that perhaps His Royal Highness might find some of his own illustrious ancestors among those noble assertors of liberty of conscience. "That is not probable," replied the Prince, "because I see that it has been chiefly signed by the nobles of Bohemia." The Prince was also pleased to examine the small but choice collection of pictures, bequeathed to the University by the late Sir David Erskine of Torry. While walking through the Library, Dr. Traill took the liberty of expressing a hope that Her Majesty the Queen had not suffered from her gracious wish to gratify her loyal subjects, in her recent progress through her ancient Scottish capital, and its port of Leith. "Not at all," replied His Royal Highness; "Her Majesty has been exceedingly gratified by the demonstrations of attachment and loyalty with which her presence has been hailed by the Scottish nation."

The Prince was then conducted to the eastern museum over the College gates. This consists of a series of small rooms, containing collections of fishes and serpents, in spirits, and a series of skeletons of animals; with fossil bones from various European localities, especially from Austria, many from America, and a fine series from the foot of the Himalaya range. The attention of His Royal Highness was arrested

by the vast fossil remains of elephants, but particularly by the yet unique specimens of the Sivatherium. He also viewed with interest the very curious collection of skulls of different nations; among which the crania of the negro race, with their low facial angle, the broad head of the Mongolian, the narrow forehead of the Malay, and the flattened skulls of the North American Indians, were particularly noticed. One of the latter, from the western coast, appeared almost compressed into a horizontal cake. His Royal Highness drew comparisons between this collection and that of the celebrated Blumenbach, with which he appeared to be well acquainted.

The Prince finally inspected the museum intended for illustration of the agricultural lectures of Professor Low. He highly commended the curious collection of models of farm-yards, implements of husbandry, mills, and portraits of the different races of domestic animals, and he expressed great approbation of this method of giving effect to the professorial prelections on a subject of this description, by those excellent substitutes for the realities, as well as by the numerous specimens of soils, seeds, and dried specimens.

The College gates had been kept locked to prevent intrusion, but a vast assemblage of people had collected in the street. As the Prince mounted his horse, he asked Dr. Traill with a smile, "How am I to get through so great a crowd?" Dr. Traill assured him that way would be immediately opened for His Royal Highness, and accordingly this was done spontaneously as he approached the gate. He was received with a deafening shout of applause, with the waving of handkerchiefs, and the uncovering of every head, which he acknowledged, by bowing repeatedly and most gracefully, to the very neck of his horse.

Prince Albert then proceeded to the Royal Institution on the Mound, where he visited the apartments of the Royal Society, for the

purpose of inscribing his name in the list of members, he having been unanimously and by acclamation elected an honorary fellow, at a special meeting, held on the 29th of August. He was accompanied thither by Principal Lee, and Mr. Russell, Treasurer to the Royal Society. Having written his name in the book, the Prince walked through the apartments, and expressed his approbation of the manner in which the Royal Society is accommodated. His Royal Highness then visited the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries, where he saw the celebrated "Maiden,"—the rude machine by which State criminals were for ages decapitated in Scotland, and which is said to have given origin to the continental guillotine,—John Knox's pulpit, —the stool which Jenny Geddes threw at the head of the clergyman, who was about to read the liturgy,—David Rizzio's walking cane,— the old Scottish instrument of torture called the thumbikins,—the ribbon worn by Prince Charles Stuart,—and many other things, which he examined with great curiosity. His Royal Highness then inspected the Gallery of Ancient Pictures in the large room belonging to the Royal Association for the encouragement of the Fine Arts, where he was much pleased with the choice Vandykes. He there met Sir John Robison and Dr. Abercromby.

It is much to be regretted that the limited time which the Prince had to bestow, put it out of his power to inspect the grand collection of casts from ancient sculpture in the gallery, and other apartments above stairs, belonging to the Honourable the Commissioners of the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Scottish Manufactures, where the finest specimens of ancient sculpture, from all the foreign collections, are to be seen, and where the celebrated and unrivalled Albacini collection of ancient pictorial busts, acquired at Rome, has been set up, for the admiration and study both of artists and classical scholars, and which are so especially useful to the

students in the three classes of the school of design established by the Board.

From the Royal Institution Prince Albert proceeded to the Calton Hill, whence he enjoyed that series of grand panoramic views already described. Returning thence, he rode through George-street and Moray-place, and following the Lothian-road, he went out as far as Morningside, for the purpose of beholding the fine extended view of the city from that point, where its prominent features of the Castle, the Victoria spire, the old Cathedral of St. Giles, Heriot's Hospital, Salisbury Crags, and Arthur Seat, are seen to great advantage, and then returning by Bruntsfield Links, and the middle walk of the Meadows, to Teviot-row, he proceeded at a good pace by Bristo-street towards Dalkeith. On his arrival at the ducal palace, the Prince expressed the great interest which he had experienced in all he had seen in the Scottish metropolis.

CHAPTER XI.

DALKEITH—THE RECEPTION.

AINT GILES' ancient tower had not yet given forth the hour of nine on the morning of Monday the 5th of September, ere the Royal Archers had mustered at their Hall, and having proceeded thence by the Railway to Dalkeith, they marched down towards the ducal palace. The Adjutant-General was in the act of making them halt inside the park gate, when a fox crossed within ten yards of them, followed by the hounds, with Williamson the huntsman, and the whole field. The Archers showed as much steadiness on this occasion, as could be well expected, under such circumstances, from a body of men, most of whom keep hunters, and do a little in that way themselves. Having been admitted within the palace, they had the household oath of fidelity administered to them by the Lord Steward, after which they lined the great staircase and ante-chamber. The Queen then entered the great gallery, and seated herself on the throne used by her Royal uncle George IV., Prince Albert being on her left hand. Her Majesty was surrounded by her Court, which consisted of—

The Earl of Aberdeen, Secretary of State,
Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister,
The Lord Justice-General,
The Lord Justice-Clerk,
The Lord-Advocate of Scotland,
The Lord-Clerk-Register,
His Grace the Duke of Argyll, Great Seal, attending in the character of Master of the Household,
His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, as Keeper of Holyrood,
Lord Viscount Melville, Privy Seal,
The Earl of Liverpool, Lord Steward,
The Earl of Morton, Lord in Waiting,
Major-General Wemyss, Equerry,
Colonel Bouverie, Equerry,
Mr. George Edward Anson, Treasurer,
Sir William Martin, Gentleman Usher of the Sword of State,
Mr. Blackwood, Groom of the Privy Chamber,
The Earl of Dalhousie,
His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, as Captain-General of the Royal Archers, Gold Stick,
Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes,
Her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk, Lady of the Bedchamber,
Hon. Mrs. Anson, Woman of the Bedchamber,
The Hon. Miss Paget, Maid of Honour.

The Presence-chamber was then lined by a certain number of the Archers, their colours being to the right and left of the throne, and their officers all present. The Duke of Buccleuch, as Captain-general of the Queen's Body Guard in Scotland, in presence of their council, then advanced, and kneeling before the throne, presented to Her Majesty "ane pair of barbed arrows," being the reddenda to the Sovereign, by their charter. In sagittarial parlance, a pair of arrows means three, and these were each made of different kinds of wood, barbed with silver, and winged with feathers of the Argus pheasant. The Queen then received in succession the addresses from the clergy, universities, and other public bodies, and was occupied in this way for nearly three hours.* To all of these Her Majesty gave the utmost attention, and delivered most pertinent answers to each with that admirable enunciation and propriety of emphasis, for

* For List of these Addresses, see Appendix.

which she is so very remarkable, and which made those individuals who heard her for the first time declare, that they had listened to a treat in English reading, which exceeded any thing they had ever before enjoyed. During all this time the Captain-general, in the field-uniform of the Archers, carrying the gold stick, with Lieut.-Gen. Lord Elcho, and Major-Gen. Sir John Hope, the silver sticks, as next in command, stood by themselves, immediately opposite to Her Majesty. After all the addresses had been received, the Archers, with the exception of the gold and silver sticks, were removed to their stations, previous to the commencement of the Reception.

Dalkeith is about six miles from Edinburgh, and the crowds of handsome equipages, mingled with some few vehicles of a less showy description, that were seen driving out by the roads leading thither, were such as to excite the astonishment of the rustics, who lined the way. About four hundred carriages are supposed to have been occupied in bearing the company who were to be present at the Reception; but as many people who did not intend to appear at Court drove out to see the show, there must have been nearly double that number of vehicles on the road. There was a good deal of whipping among the coachmen of those desirous to obtain forward places in the line of carriages drawing on towards the palace; and before those who were first in the line had set down their contents at the door, it extended backwards all along the approach, and for more than a mile on the turnpike road towards Edinburgh. The progress was only a few yards at a time, and at long intervals; and hours wore away, before those who were towards the rear of the line found themselves within the park gate. When there, they felt like the crew of a ship when she has got into port, although, in reality, they had still a great way to go.

The approach to the Palace by this gate has been already de-

scribed, but on this day it wore a different appearance, though not more gratifying, compared to that which it exhibited on the day of the Queen's arrival. The broad gravelled road was occupied by the endless string of carriages filing in at the gate, and extending along between its grassy margins as far as the eye could reach, whilst along the sward, and backed by the wood on both sides, were planted the troopers of the Inniskilling Dragoons, at intervals of about fifty yards. Upon reaching the bridge, the line of carriages curved away to the right, and so drove westward to the palace, whilst those which had set down were seen moving slowly away from the building in a continued sweep towards the south, and losing themselves amid the ancient trees in that direction. On the wide lawn that intervened, were some white tents for the accommodation of the Archers, and its whole extent was covered over with gay groups of richly attired ladies and gentlemen in court dresses, with officers of the navy, infantry, dragoons, lancers, artillery, engineers, rifles, and the lieutenancy, all in their respective uniforms; judges and lawyers in their gowns and wigs; provosts and bailies of divers cities and towns, in their official robes and decorations; clergymen of all sects and denominations; professors of the different universities, and Highlanders, with their various tartans and rich accoutrements, all promenading on the grass with glad and happy faces, and, now that the day was fine, by no means inquiring too curiously as to the humidity under foot. It was a sight that would have charmed such a painter as Watteau, and he might have had an endless power of selection for his pencil, from this moving world of subjects. These had all passed through the ordeal of presentation, and each man and woman among them seemed to feel as if some peculiar mark of individual distinction had been conferred upon them by Her Majesty, and all parties were vociferous in their unanimous declarations, that

the Queen was beautiful as gracious, and gracious as beautiful, and that her smile had been borrowed from Elysium itself.

Those who came out of the carriages as they drew up at the entrance, however, seemed to have their minds filled with deep anxieties. There was no talking among them. Though every thing was done that could be accomplished to make the ceremony as imposing as possible, yet great inconvenience was experienced from the want of an ante-room to the presence-chamber, which might have afforded a few moments of reflection to those who were to be presented. The great difficulty was to keep up a continued stream of company, so that the Queen might not be unnecessarily detained during intervals occurring between the successive presentations. To obviate this, the Archers were most zealously employed in urging people on. The ladies, as they got out of their carriages, and as they entered through the temporary hall, and went up the grand stair, being presupposed to be quite ignorant of all they had to do, received a separate lesson as they passed from every Archer that lined the way. It was no wonder, therefore, that they were quite perfect in all they had to do by the time they entered the presence-chamber, though some of them doubtless had the duties already impressed on their minds, driven thence, and restored again, half-a-dozen times during their progress. The ladies and gentlemen, one by one, entered the grand gallery, where the Queen was ready to receive them, and considering the youth and inexperience of many, and the age and inaptitude of others, it is perhaps not asserting too much to say that the presentations, the kneeling, the kissing of Her Majesty's beautiful hand, and the retiring bows and curtsies, were performed with fewer instances of failure than might have been reasonably expected.* The dignified and

* For an accurate list of the names of those whom Her Majesty received on this occasion, see Appendix.

queen-like grace with which Her Majesty performed her part, which she must have felt peculiarly tedious and fatiguing, charmed every one of the many individuals who were permitted to approach her, and still more those of the court, who witnessed the whole scene; and on certain occasions there were little gentle touches of friendly recognition of old acquaintances, that showed the kindness of heart, as well as the wonderful memory of the Royal personage from whom they emanated. There was a general air of mingled simplicity and elegance in Her Majesty's attire, which of itself distinguished her from the more elaborately dressed ladies of her court. Her gown was of white satin, made with the body low, and the sleeves short. The edges of both the sleeves and the body were trimmed with narrow lace, and the skirt flowered with it. Each arm was encircled above the wrist with a broad diamond bracelet. The clasp of the bracelet on the right arm, contained a miniature of the Prince. On her left she wore the Star and Ribbon of the Order of the Thistle. Her hair was braided low upon her cheek, in the mode which gives so great a charm to most of her portraits, and it was bound by a slender hair-band with a diamond in front. The hair behind was placed very low, and it was surrounded by a narrow diamond circlet, which was scarcely to be observed except *en profil*. The Prince wore a field-marshal's uniform, and the insignia of the Thistle. Those who were presented retired singly by a stair at the farther corner of the gallery from that at which they entered; and all—ladies and gentlemen, old and young—were eager to get into the open air, that they might, without restraint, give vent on the lawn to the exuberance of their feelings of loyalty and attachment to a sovereign whom they had always loved, but whom they now adored, and for whom they would die.

The carriages took up their respective parties, and drove off by

the Dalkeith gate, and through the town of Dalkeith, and the spectacle of the company returning was extremely animating.

The Royal dinner party this day consisted of—

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT,

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,
The Duchess of Norfolk,
The Earl and Countess of Cawdor,
The Earl of Aberdeen,
The Earl of Morton,
The Earl of Liverpool,
Sir Robert Peel,
Lord and Lady John Scott,
Lady Caroline Thynne,
The Hon. Miss Paget,
Lady Mary Campbell,
Mr. and Lady Georgina Balfour,
Mr. and Mrs. G. Hope,
General Wemyss,
Colonel Bouverie,
Mr. George Edward Anson,
Sir James Clark,
Mr. G. Talbot.

Many were the loyal parties assembled that evening in Edinburgh, and many were the bumpers quaffed to the health of the Queen and Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales and the Princess-Royal. At night there was a brilliant ball in the Assembly Rooms, George-street, where between 700 and 800 persons were present. This was rendered more gay than usual by many of the ladies and gentlemen appearing in the dresses they had worn at court. There were also uniforms of every possible description, many of them foreign, and Highland dresses were very prevalent. Dancing commenced at a little before eleven o'clock, and continued till a late hour.

CHAPTER XII.

DEPARTURE FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

KNOWING that Tuesday the 6th of September was fixed for the commencement of the royal journey, the good people of Edinburgh had opened many a window, long before dawn, to ascertain whether it had pleased Heaven to listen to the ardent and universal prayer for fine weather. Happily the morning gave promise of a beautiful day, and augured well for the progress of Queen Victoria towards the Highlands. The carriages were at the door of Dalkeith Palace at a quarter before nine o'clock; and to those in humbler life, who know what it is to have footmen and ladies' maids engaged all the travelling morning, and for hours after the moment fixed for departure, in the packing of trunks, cap-cases, and imperials, it must be a matter of some wonder to be told, that before the vehicles had been allowed to stand more than a few minutes, the Queen and Prince Albert were *en route* for the Highlands. Her Majesty wore a Stuart tartan dress, a dark blue cloak, and a plain blue bonnet; and appeared to be in high health and spirits. The people of the town of Dalkeith

congregated to give their parting cheers, mingled with aspirations for the safety and happiness of the Royal pair. The Queen's carriage was followed by three others filled with her suite. The escort consisted of a squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons. The road towards Edinburgh was thronged with people; and at the gate of Mr. Wauchope of Edmonstone, a triumphal arch, ornamented with flowers and evergreens, and with the Royal standard floating from its centre, was carried quite across the public road. From hence Her Majesty enjoyed a magnificent view of Edinburgh at about three miles' distance, broken by the wooding of Sunnyside and Craigmillar.

Passing the eastern gate of the Inch, Her Majesty swept into West Preston-street, accompanied by the Duke of Buccleuch and Sir John Hope on horseback. There a great assemblage of people had been collecting since six o'clock in the morning, who hailed her arrival with cheers. Passing rapidly thence by Hope Park, through Buccleuch-street, Chapel-street, and Bristo-street, she found Mr. Sheriff Speirs in Teviot-row, with a large body of police for the preservation of order. The crowd now began to be considerable, and Her Majesty was loudly cheered by them as she drove along. The Queen here passed a portion of the ancient wall of the city.

The partial view opening to the left, towards the country, is extremely rich; and the splendid hospital on the right, the fruit of the savings of George Heriot, the rich jeweller of James I. of England, the "Jingling Geordy" of Sir Walter Scott's Fortunes of Nigel, could not but strike Her Majesty, especially as on this morning the whole of the healthy-looking boys belonging to it were ranged along the railing; and their cheers were acknowledged by Her Majesty with smiles that indicated more than ordinary gratification at the spectacle. As the Queen passed on, she found Lauriston thronged with cheering people, from one end to the other, and the windows

all occupied by ladies waving their handkerchiefs. The same extent of crowd filled Portland-place, Wellington-street, and Downie-place, through which Her Majesty's carriage proceeded to the Lothian-road, where it rapidly accumulated as she drove along. The Queen now enjoyed occasional peeps, to the right, of the bold rock of the Castle; and by the time she had passed into Princes-street by St. John's Chapel, the ancient fortress itself began to pour from the mouths of its cannon a royal parting salute, producing, as it might have done on the roaring waves of the sea, a lull upon the shouts of the vast ocean of human beings, now much increased by tributary streams from Princes-street, Maitland-street, and Charlotte-square. Her Majesty entered Queensferry-street exactly at ten o'clock, and passing Lynedoch-place and Randolph-crescent, she reached the Dean Bridge, where she snatched a rapid glimpse of the magnificent views formerly described. Mr. Sheriff Speirs rode at a short distance before the Queen's carriage, and the way had been already most industriously cleared of vehicles. The horses were changed near Craigleith quarry as formerly, where a great number of carriages were drawn up, and the neighbouring fields were covered with crowds of people, both on foot and on horseback.

Her Majesty again started, attended by an immense body of equestrians, consisting of the gentlemen and yeomen of the county, and their numbers were added to by every road that joined the main one. At the embouchure of that turning off to the left towards New Saughton, Miss Watson, its proprietress, had a triumphal arch erected across the way to her residence, surmounted by a Scottish thistle and crown, with the motto, "Hail to thee, our gracious Queen!" and there sat the young lady herself, with a friend, both mounted on beautiful horses. Her tenants, farm-ser-

vants, and labourers, were ranged along the road, and a large Union-Jack fluttered in the breeze at about forty yards from the arch. When opposite to the flag-staff, the Queen graciously halted, and Miss Watson riding up to the side of the carriage, made a graceful obeisance and acknowledgment for Her Majesty's condescension. The band then struck up "God Save the Queen!"—Her Majesty's carriage moved forward, and the spirited young lady and her companion rode on with the rest of the equestrian escort. On the arrival of the Royal carriage at Cramond-bridge, Sir John Hope and Sheriff Speirs took leave of the cortege. In slowly crossing this grand modern bridge, Her Majesty was much interested by the view she had of the picturesque ancient one a little below. Here, on entering Linlithgowshire, she found its Lord-Lieutenant the Earl of Hopetoun, the Earl of Rosebery, Mr. Cay the Sheriff, and a large body of the gentlemen and tenantry of that county, all mounted and regularly drawn up by the side of the road. Her Majesty was received by them with cheers that silenced the murmurs of the neighbouring river, and made the woods ring—and then off the whole dashed after the Royal carriage, past the gates of Craigiehall and Dalmeny Park, and up the hill, in a state of excitement hardly to be paralleled. The road to Queensferry is hilly, and much shut in by the depth at which it is cut through the rock, and the thick overhanging foliage of the trees on either side; but some fine peeps are enjoyed here and there into Dalmeny Park, and where these occurred, the carriage proceeded at a slower pace, especially where a view could be caught of the house at a distance, reposing amongst its woods and lawns, then under all the influence of mild and softened sunshine, with the busy sea and the coast of Fife beyond.

An immense crowd of carriages and people had assembled at Queensferry, and when the Queen arrived at the brow of the steep

hill leading down to the Hawes Inn, the effect of the fine prospect of that narrow part of the Firth, with its picturesque shores on both sides, and in the midst of it the island of Inchgarvie with its old fortress—the broader expansion and lengthened stretch of the waters above—the magnificent woods of Hopetoun House on the southern side—and opposite to it the lonely peel tower of Rosyth, said to have been the birth-place of the mother of Oliver Cromwell—with the western Scottish Alps in the distance, was much enhanced by the gay assemblage that crowded the approach to the pier of embarkation.

The Queen's carriage was drawn up at the end of the pier, where a space was cleared by the dragoons and a guard of the Fifty-third regiment. The whole of the high grounds, forming a steep amphitheatre, were covered with people, who cheered incessantly. The Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the Burgh of Queensferry, received Her Majesty as she alighted from her carriage, and leaning

on Prince Albert's arm, and attended by Lords Hopetoun and Rosebery, and Sir Neil Douglas, all uncovered, she walked down the Hawes pier, over a crimson carpet, and whilst the guard presented arms, and the Queensferry band played "God Save the Queen!" she stepped on board of the William Adam, one of the ordinary ferry steamers. Her Majesty was followed by the Duchess of Norfolk and Miss Paget. The spectacle here was most imposing, and the assembled multitude rent the air with cries of "The Queen!—The Queen!—Long live, and God bless the Queen and Prince Albert!" The rest of the suite, and the carriages and luggage, were embarked in other vessels. At the request of Captain Mason, Superintendent of the Ferry, who had the honour of steering the Queen upon this occasion, Her Majesty and Prince Albert seated themselves on the poop, the deck being covered with crimson cloth. The Prince having signified the Queen's desire to land after her suite, the steamer was steered up the Forth, until opposite to the salmon fishers' residence on the southern shore, in order that Her Majesty might enjoy the view of Hopetoun House, which, standing as it does, with its extended Versailles-looking front, upon a noble terrace, and surrounded as it is with the finest timber, forms a very grand object to those who look at it from the water. As viewed from Queensferry, the effect of the flotilla of steamers, steering in different directions, with a calm sea, a clear sky, and sunshine on the water, was beautiful, and was increased by the multitudes crowding the shore which the Queen had left, as well as that to which she was bound. On the downward passage, Port Edgar, on the southern shore, was pointed out to Her Majesty, as the place from which George IV. embarked when he left Scotland in 1822. Her Majesty asked for Broomhall, the seat of the Earl of Elgin, and its site, on the northern shore, was pointed out. The Queen put a

great many other questions about the surrounding country, appearing to take great interest in every thing she saw. She very much admired the view up the Firth, and noticed the distant Ochil range of hills as being particularly beautiful. The steamer having dropped below the island of Inchgarvie, and the northern promontory, and thus opened the Firth to the eastward, the Prince was much struck with the extended prospect. Her Majesty remarked the harbour of St. David's; and on being told that it belonged to Admiral Sir Philip Calderwood Durham, she enquired if he were a Scotsman. Sir Philip is well known as the veteran of many battles. His perils, indeed, began very early in life, for when quite a boy, he went down with the Royal George. By great good fortune—both for himself and his country—he was picked up and saved, to do much mischief to the enemies of Great Britain. The Queen expressed a wish to be informed as to the origin of the name of Queensferry, which is derived from Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, who much frequented this passage, and was the great patroness of the place. But now Her Majesty Queen Victoria has given a new glory to the place, so that it may prove a subject of discussion among future antiquaries to which of the two Queens it is indebted for its name. The distant site of Stirling was pointed out, and Dunfermline—the ancient seat of royalty, where the Scottish monarchs were wont, according to the ballad, to sit "drinking the blood red wyne," and remarkable as the burial-place of Robert Bruce—was the object of much interest to the Queen.

A circumstance happened on board, which very much amused Her Majesty and the Royal party. The blind fiddler, who usually accompanies the steamer, anxious, as he said, in the language of all blind men, "to *see* the Queen," and fearful lest he should be driven

from his post on this grand occasion, concealed himself below until the boat had got under weigh, and then creeping timidly on deck, like a mouse from its hole, he appeared in his wonted place, and at once commenced "God Save the Queen," to the great entertainment of the Royal party. The Duchess of Norfolk asked him if he could play "The Lass o' Gowrie," which he immediately did, as well as various other Scottish airs, and before Her Majesty left the boat, Her Grace presented him with a sovereign from the Queen. The poor fellow is naturally very proud of the distinguished honour thus conferred upon him, and perhaps he is a little apt to boast of it among his friends; but whenever they wish to bring him down from his heroics, they very wickedly say to him, "What tune was that ye war playin', Peter, whan Her Maijesty bade ye gie ower?"

Among the numerous steamers attending that which carried the Queen, the Monarch was most conspicuous, with flags and streamers flying, and a band of music on board. As soon as Her Majesty and the Prince were recognised, her company cheered loudly, and the compliment was graciously acknowledged. On approaching the northern shore, the enthusiasm manifested by the thousands of spectators, who were packed as closely as they could stand, was very gratifying. Troops of gentlemen rode into the water up to their horse's girths, in their eagerness to welcome Her Majesty. The Magistrates and Councillors were on the pier, which was laid with scarlet cloth, from the landing place to the inn door, where the Royal carriage stood in readiness. The Queen was handed on shore by Prince Albert, and received by Captain Wemyss, Lord-Lieutenant of Fifeshire, and Mr. Sheriff Monteith, and a large party of the lieutenancy and other gentlemen connected with the county. The detachment of the 53d regiment on duty presented arms, and Her Majesty walked up the pier leaning on the Prince's arm. One

gentleman, whilst energetically waving his handkerchief, allowed it to escape from his hand, when the Prince picked it up, with great condescension and politeness, and returned it to its owner, who was covered with confusion. The moment Her Majesty had entered her carriage, a royal salute was commenced from the Monarch steamer; and the whole cortege drove off under an escort of dragoons, and attended by the gentlemen on horseback, with the Lord-Lieutenant on the right of the carriage, and the Sheriff in front, amid the deafening shouts of the people, who crowned all the picturesque elevations, whence favourable views of the scene could be obtained.

Following the winding road that sweeps along the rocky headland, and enjoying the various marine views which it commands, Her Majesty reached the ancient burgh of Inverkeithing, fine in its situation on the crown of a hill, and interesting in itself from the curious old buildings it contains. The royal approach was announced by the firing of cannon. At the West-port, by which Her Majesty entered, a triumphal arch was erected, surmounted by a beautiful crown of flowers, adorned with evergreens and flags. Within the arch was inscribed, "Inverkeithing hails Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to ancient Caledonia." Banners waved from the steeple of the church, and from many of the private houses, some of which were very tastefully decorated with evergreens. The assemblage of people here was immense, and their cheers loudly spoke the loyalty of their hearts. Her Majesty kindly acknowledged them. Their cry was, "Oh, but gin she wad gang slower!"—and, if the wishes of every man and woman had been gratified, Her Majesty would have tarried there all day. At the northern extremity of the burgh was a second arch, having the letters V. R. formed in flowers hanging from the centre.

After driving up the long hill to the northward of the valley of Inverkeithing, the Queen passed the gate of Lord Cuninghame's residence of Duloch, on the left hand, where there was a triumphal arch, tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers;—and on the right, the grand entrance to Fordel, the seat of Sir Philip Durham, where there was also an elegant erection, adorned with arboreal and floral devices. A very great concourse of people had assembled here from Dunfermline and the Fordel collieries. They received the Queen with the most loyal demonstrations, and the children from the school, neatly dressed, and ranged along the road, presented an interesting spectacle. Long will this glorious day be imprinted on their memories. Here the Royal carriage, with its cortege, began to proceed at a rapid rate, putting some of the steeds of the equestrians to their mettle. At Crossgates, the colliers and rural population again turned out in great numbers, and with similar expressions of loyalty. On arriving at Cowdenbeath, there was a change of horses. Here the Queen was met by an immense assemblage of people of the middling and lower ranks, especially of those from the neighbouring villages and collieries, the dark interior of the earth giving forth its honest labourers, as well as the smiling surface of the fields. There was no admixture of gay equipages or dresses, but nothing could exceed the fervour of the welcome given by those brown-visaged sons of toil, and Her Majesty replied to their cheering by fascinating smiles, which satisfied every warm heart among them, that their kind feelings had been fully appreciated. For some miles of the route hereabouts the country is tame; but the day was fine, and the road superb, and free from dust—and had it been otherwise, preparations had been made by the authorities for watering it thoroughly, all the way from the Ferry to Perth.

As the Queen entered Kinross-shire at Kelty-bridge, she was met by a large party of the county gentlemen and tenantry, the latter furnished with rods as special constables, and the whole well mounted. Mr. Sheriff Tait was at their head, attended by Mr. Syme, Sheriff-substitute. Admiral Sir Charles Adam, the Lord-Lieutenant, was absent in command of the Fleet on the North American and West Indian stations, and Lord Moncreiff, the Vice-Lieutenant, was not then in the county. The Royal cortege was proceeding at a rapid pace, but the Fifeshire gentlemen resigned their precious charge, and those of Kinross-shire wheeled into their places, and the Sheriff riding in front of the Royal carriage, they swept down towards Blair-Adam as rapidly as the horses could go. Mr. Tait had provided cards, with the names of the various objects of interest written upon them,—"to the left, Blair-Adam,"—"to the right, Lochleven and Castle,"—and these he handed to some of the suite, to be given to the Queen as she came opposite to each spot alluded to. Her Majesty, who seemed to be desirous to know every thing, had a map on her knee, and a memorandum-book in her hand, for noting down the information she received. Sheriff Tait's plan was well conceived, for in certain parts of Her Majesty's route, she frequently put questions ineffectually to those around her, from their being unacquainted with that part of the country. The writer of this has had occasion to mention in a recent work, that a little more than a century ago, the country around Blair-Adam was all a wild and desolate moor, and that in the time of the great-grandfather of the present Sir Charles Adam, there was only one tree upon the whole estate. Its natural features were not altogether tame, however; and the hill of Benartney itself, rising boldly to the right of the road, must, at all times, have been an object calculated to give some interest to the most barren district.

But, in the course of the lives of three individuals, and by their eminently successful exertions, a fine woodland country has been created, most pleasing to the passing traveller, and which must have been particularly so to the Queen, if the circumstances now mentioned were known to her, and that the last of these three was William Adam, whose legal and political career must always render his name an honour to his country.

Opposite to the entrance gate of Blair-Adam House, a beautiful triumphal arch, supported by two large fir trees, was thrown across the road, adorned with evergreens and flowers, and bearing the words, "Welcome to Kinross-shire," in black letters on a white ground, with a handsome floral crown, three feet in diameter. As the royal cortege passed, a bouquet was handed to the Duchess of Norfolk, with a card attached to it, thus inscribed: "Blair-Adam, 600 feet above the level of the sea, was, a century ago, a barren moor. It is now covered with the finest timber and corn-fields, showing the enterprising spirit of Sir Charles Adam, and his predecessors." The pretty little inn was dressed in a similar way, and there was a flag on the top of the arch, and three others appeared at different parts along the road. There was a great assemblage of people here, and indeed all the way onwards to Kinross.

The plain in which Kinross stands, opens beautifully beyond Blair-Adam, and when the Queen's eyes first caught sight of the town, with its two spires, and the wide extent of Lochleven stretched out on that exquisitely beautiful day, like a mirror, with the wooded peninsula, occupied by the grounds of Kinross House jutting into it, its bounding hills with their cultivated slopes; and, above all, the beautiful islet, with its striking ruin, and few picturesque trees reposing in melancholy silence on the calm surface of the waters that glistened in the sunshine, and all these objects doubled by reflection

in its bosom—Her Majesty showed how much she was struck with the scene, by standing up in the carriage, and pointing it out to Prince Albert. This was before she had been informed of its name, which must have roused many historical associations in her well-informed mind. The castle is said to have been founded by

Congal, King of the Picts. As we have for ages been accustomed to prefer the more important circumstances of the history of England as presented us by Shakspeare, so the version of some of the greater actions of our Scottish history, so happily given in the poems and romances of Sir Walter Scott, is much more graphic and pleasing than that of the drier historian. It is to Sir Walter that our minds always turn when the classic lake of Lochleven and its castle are mentioned, and the captivity of the unfortunate Queen Mary, with the interesting and successful plot for her escape, are immediately recalled. On the present occasion, a white flag waved from the ancient walls, and as it is the business of

faithful narrative to conceal nothing, it may be as well to mention, that in the eagerness which existed to make the town of Kinross wear a gay aspect in the eyes of the Queen, the poor old castle was entirely forgotten until the very latest moment, when all the flags being otherwise employed, and not even a web of cloth, or a tartan plaid being to be had, a table cloth was adopted, and as nothing was said about it, this *drapeau blanc* excited the utmost admiration, as the zephyrs sported with it, producing brilliant effects of light, and perhaps, after all, nothing else could have been half so suitable for the distance at which it was to be seen.

The loyal inhabitants of Kinross had made the greatest exertions to decorate their small town; and that the poor might be in a condition to join in the rejoicings of those in better circumstances, a large subscription was made for them. The Union-Jack was hoisted at the top of the old steeple; garlands of flowers were suspended across the streets, and three triumphal arches were erected at the joint expense of the county and town. One of these was at the bridge over the Queich, at the southern entrance to the town, with "Welcome" on it, and the letters "V. A."—and a little way above this there were the words, "Welcome to Kinross." Another triumphal arch was in the centre of the town—and a third at the county buildings, at its northern extremity, decorated with crowns and flags, with the letters "V. A." and two hearts entwined, with two lesser hearts below. The evergreens and flowers that composed these were liberally supplied from the shrubberies and gardens of Blair-Adam, Shanwell, and other places. Flags of every description were seen waving from the windows of the houses, and a profusion of the most beautiful tartans, the staple manufacture of the place, were exhibited in honour of the occasion. A gallery was erected, covered with festoons, of every dye and pattern,

in clan and fancy tartans; and on this was stationed a band, having Albert plaids thrown across their shoulders, who played "God Save the Queen," as Her Majesty passed, so as particularly to attract the Royal attention. In front of the County Hall was a gallery or platform, filled with about three hundred ladies and gentlemen;—the windows of Kirkland's hotel were similarly occupied;—and a guard of honour of the 53d Regiment was drawn up in front.

The Queen was welcomed on her entrance to the ancient town by the merry peal of bells, and by the acclamations of the multitude who had thronged thither, as to a central point, from many miles around. On her arrival opposite to Kirkland's hotel, where the change of horses was to take place, the guard of honour presented arms. The crowd collected here was so great, that the troopers found it difficult to prevent confusion. An old weaver of Kinross was very active in his exertions to squeeze himself forward that he might obtain a view of his sovereign, and was at length so far successful as to get close up to the pannel of the carriage. The guards immediately ordered him to "hold back," and they enforced this command in no very ceremonious manner. But the weaver was too much delighted with his favourable position to be easily removed. Again the guards assailed him, and were about to use summary measures to displace him, when turning upon them with an indignant look, "Haud back!" cried he—"Haud back yoursells!—Scotch folk are able eneuch to guard their ain Queen without sodgers!" The Queen, in whose hearing this loyal reply was loudly uttered, smiled most graciously; and both Her Majesty and the Prince seemed to be any thing but dissatisfied with the gruff but warm-hearted reply of the honest weaver.

Another anecdote may be mentioned here. A man who had been misled by those extreme democratical opinions, with which the good

sense and education of Scotsmen have preserved them from being contaminated, except in certain instances much too insignificant to deserve notice, happened to come upon the Royal carriage at a time when the crowd had rushed forward. Finding himself thus suddenly in the presence of the Queen of Great Britain, he was so struck with her angelic smile, that he took off his hat and cheered loudly. Attracted by his repeated huzzas, Her Majesty made a most gracious inclination of her head to him, and he has been thus converted into a strenuous supporter of royalty, against those very people whose opinions he formerly favoured.

After the necessary delay of a few minutes, occupied in changing horses, the Queen's carriage again proceeded at a rapid rate. At Milnathort there was a triumphal arch across the road, with an elegant festoon of flowers, whence a crown was suspended. The crowd of spectators here was very great, and their greetings loyal, loud, and hearty; and hats, bonnets, and handkerchiefs were whirling in the air. Beyond this to the right, on the plain, backed by the wide sheet of Lochleven, and embosomed in a grove of fine old trees, stands the ancient tower of Burleigh Castle, picturesque in itself, and now rendered classical by the use made by Sir Walter Scott of its ancient Baron, Balfour of Burleigh, in his matchless story of "Old Mortality." There is a long but gradual ascent from Milnathort to Damhead, the country being well cultivated, but by no means interesting. But all along the road here—as indeed on the greater part of this day's route—groups of people were collected from the adjacent villages, hamlets, and farms, to witness the unusual occurrence of a crowned head passing by, and small as their numbers were, their joyous acclamations were heard to echo along as the carriages drove on. As the harvest was in progress, the reapers, abandoning their labour, stationed themselves by the way-

side, with their sickles in their hands, and cheered the Queen with great enthusiasm; and from the gracious acknowledgments accorded to their loyalty by Her Majesty, their homely welcome seemed to be particularly gratifying to her. The Sheriff and the other gentlemen observing that the people were frequently at a loss to know which carriage contained the Queen, occasionally directed their attention to that which came first. One farmer who had had this favour conferred upon him, afterwards expressed his thanks.—"Od, an' I hadna' been tald," said he, "I never would have kenned her for a Queen. I thought a' Queens had gowden croons on their heads!"

At the boundary between the counties of Kinross and Perth, there was a large collection of people assembled at the village of Damhead, who received Her Majesty with the same enthusiasm she had every where experienced. The Sheriff of Kinross-shire might have here withdrawn, but observing that no Perthshire gentlemen had as yet appeared, he resolved to continue his convoy till he should meet them. Turning to the horsemen who accompanied him, he asked if they were disposed to ride on? With one loyal burst, they replied, that they would go on to Perth, or to the world's end, if it were necessary, though their horses should die for it. Away they galloped, therefore, and the Queen's carriage kept them at the top of their speed.

The road now entered the upper end of Glenfarg, and a cannon was discharged there, the sound of which went rolling down its long winding trough, giving notice to those in Stratherne of the Queen's approach; and a gun being then fired from the hill of Moncrieffe, and a flag hoisted on its top, both Dupplin Castle and the city of Perth were made aware of the Royal approach. Glenfarg is narrow, but extremely beautiful and picturesque, the road being chiefly cut out of the craggy hill-sides, and turning, and crossing, and recross-

ing the lively little stream, that brawls away over rocks and among large stones in the bottom. The steep banks are everywhere well formed, and the wooding which clothes them is extremely rich, being in most places unbroken, except by the irregularity of their faces, and sometimes loose and scattered, so as to bring individual trees into notice, whilst the large leaves of the *tussilago petasites*, or greater coltsfoot, and various other plants coveted by artists, everywhere make up the richest herbage in the foregrounds. The drive through this lovely little glen is more interesting when followed downwards, as Her Majesty took it, because the traveller thus steals insensibly and unexpectedly from the uninteresting higher grounds, into the midst of its beauties, which go on improving at every turn, until the road bursts suddenly out upon the broad rich plain of the Erne. The Queen is endowed with a soul and a taste too susceptible of the beauties of nature, not to have fully enjoyed this charming miniature range of scenery; and, accordingly, Her Majesty frequently called the attention of the Prince to particular parts of it, and both stood up from time to time, that they might catch more perfect views. All public passage through it had been prohibited by the authorities, till the Queen had made her transit.

On emerging from this romantic glen into the richly cultivated Stratherne, the district from which Her Majesty's Royal father had his Scottish title,—the whole of this vast plain—its fields teeming with wealth—its noble river—its numerous seats embowered in extensive woods—and the fine bold hills bounding it on both sides, were smiling with a glow of sunshine, as if to welcome his Royal daughter to her especial heritage. The Queen seemed to be much struck with the loveliness of the scene. As the carriage and cortege debouched from the mouth of Glenfarg into Stratherne, a Royal salute was fired from four cannon planted on the summit of Moncrieffe

hill, on the farther side of the plain, producing a grand effect. The carriage proceeded at a very rapid pace across the plain, where the road was lined with thousands of people,—the whole inhabitants of an immense extent of country around, including a great part of Fifeshire, seemed to have congregated there, the recently cleared stubble being covered with gigs, droskies, carts, and vehicles of all kinds, full of joyous-looking people, whose lungs gave full breath to their loyalty as the Queen drove rapidly by, to a place within about a quarter of a mile of the Bridge-of-Erne, where the horses were again to be changed. Here there was a great concourse of people, and the Master of Rollo, Mr. Grant of Kilgraston, Captain Hunter of Auchterarder, and a large body of Perthshire gentlemen and yeomen, were drawn up on horseback, in single file, behind a hedge. To these, the Sheriff of Kinross-shire resigned the care of the Queen, after he and his party had ridden with her eighteen miles in an hour and an half, including the former stop,—and the fresh horses having been put to, they took off their hats, bowed, and retired for the purpose of returning home, their attention being graciously acknowledged by Her Majesty.

At the pretty village of Bridge-of-Erne, every house had been most industriously decorated with flowers and evergreens, and a grand triumphal arch of arboreal and floral architecture, having on it an imperial crown, beautifully formed of the finest dahlias, was stretched completely across the road, with the royal standard of England waving high above it. The multitudes assembled here were immense, the galleries erected on both sides were closely filled, and the shouts of joyous acclamation which greeted the Queen as she passed, made the very rocks of Moncrieffe hill resound. The Newburgh instrumental band occupied one of these galleries, close to the arch, and as Her Majesty passed, they struck up "God Save the Queen!"

The scene that presents itself in crossing the bridge, is extremely beautiful. The fine river comes down from the left, and stretches away to the right through the broad plain, its level topped banks ever and anon supporting fine groups of timber trees—whilst the slopes immediately in front are covered with the grounds and woods of Moncrieffe House, which creep up the ragged steeps of the bold and picturesque face of its hill. Her Majesty and the Prince appeared to be delighted with this scene.

It may now be as well to record some of the preparations made by the authorities of the great county of Perth for the Queen's reception. A meeting had been held, where addresses had been voted by acclamation. These were appointed to be presented by a deputation, consisting of the Earl of Kinnoull, Lord-Lieutenant; Mr. Home Drummond of Blair-Drummond, M.P., Vice-Lieutenant; Mr. Whigham, Sheriff of the county; and Mr. Smythe of Methven, and Mr. Belshes of Invermay, the Convener; who were also authorised to make all necessary arrangements. They were finally informed, by a communication from Sir Robert Peel, that the addresses, both of the city and county of Perth, would be received at Dupplin Castle. The greatest anxiety prevailed as to the route which the Queen might select for her approach to Perth, the universal desire being that Her Majesty should first behold the "fair city," and the "ample Tay," from the Cloven Craigs, and all doubt on this subject was speedily removed by the following letter, forwarded to the Sheriff by express, and dated

"DALKEITH, *September* 4, 1842.

"SIR,—I have to inform you, that Her Majesty proposes to cross the Queensferry about eleven o'clock on Tuesday, and will continue her journey by Kinross to Perth. It is the intention of Her Majesty to visit Dupplin Castle. For this purpose the Queen will leave the

great road at the hill of Moncrieffe, and proceed by the Hilton road, by which Her Majesty will also return, and enter Perth from the south. I have to request that you will take all such precautions as may be required to ensure order and regularity in Her Majesty's progress through the county of Perth.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

" ABERDEEN.

" *To* Robert Whigham, *Esq., Sheriff of Perthshire.*"

After receiving this letter, the Sheriff published a proclamation, pointing out the route the Queen was to follow, from her entrance into the county at Damhead, to the Palace of Scone. On Monday the 5th it rained incessantly, without damping the enthusiasm which prevailed. It was arranged, that after the gentlemen and tenantry of Strathearne should meet the Queen at Kintullo, they should pass on with her, and join the general muster of the tenantry of the county in the grounds of Scone Palace.

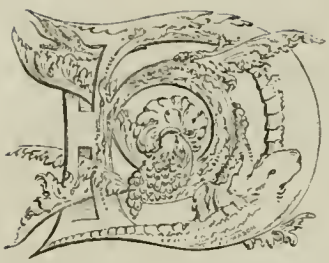
Tuesday proved one of the most magnificent days that ever dawned; the rain of the previous day had laid the dust, and refreshed the face of the earth, whilst the cheering influence of the sun made all nature rejoice. The road the Queen was to travel, leaves the great north line at Craigend, where two wooden erections had been constructed, and the crowd collected was immensely greater than all that had been seen before. The Queen's route now lay up the face of the hills skirting the northern side of the vale of the Erne, affording Her Majesty a characteristic specimen of the old fashioned parish road, with all the undulations and strange angles which distinguished that ancient and now almost extinct species of way. Every thing had been done to make the surface good; but some of its turns were so extremely sharp, and two or three of the " braes" were of a degree

of inclination so alarming, as very much to astonish some of Her Majesty's English attendants. Before going down one fearfully steep hill, double drags were put upon the carriage occupied by the Queen, and it was well that this precaution was taken, for, during the descent, one of them snapped, and it is fearful to think how calamitous the fracture of that small piece of iron might have proved to the happiness of this vast empire, had not the other remained firm.

Many groups of people, who had taken up favourable positions for seeing the Queen, were highly gratified. Her Majesty enjoyed some fine points of view, commanding the rich vale of Stratherne, and looked down into the extensive grounds of Kilgraston, Freeland, Rossie, and Invermay with its "birks," rendered classical by ancient ballad—whilst the quiet stream of the Erne meandered through the fertile plain, caught the happiest effects of light from the smiling sun—and the hills stood out clear and well defined. The Queen's countenance reflected the beauty of these prospects by the radiant delight with which she beheld them.

CHAPTER XIII.

DUPPLIN CASTLE.



UPPLIN CASTLE is an extensive new erection, somewhat in the Elizabethan style, built by the present noble proprietor, after the accidental destruction of the more ancient house by fire. It stands in the midst of a wide and undulating park, spreading over a part of the chain of hills flanking the northern side of the vale of the Erne, of which it affords views of very great beauty and interest, wherever the eye can penetrate the grand masses of fine old trees, gorgeously clothing it. From certain parts it commands the whole extent of plain, nearly from that point in the far west, where the river leaves the lake, and following its whole windings, till it unites itself with the Tay, as far as the eye can reach in the east, the prospect being bounded to the south by the picturesque range of the Ochils, running westward until they terminate in the vicinity of Stirling. The historical recollections connected with this spot are very remarkable in themselves, and particularly so,

as they are connected with the family history of the present noble Earl of Kinnoull. It was here that the Scottish army encamped in the time of David II., in 1332, when they were surprised in the night by Edward Baliol, and terribly slaughtered. The very name of Hay was so nearly extinguished by this battle, that had not William, the chief, been succeeded by a posthumous child, the family would have ceased to exist. The castle stands on a broad terrace, into which the park slopes downwards from the north, and it has a deep and romantic ravine to the south, which divides it off as if by a natural fosse, from the rest of the grounds in that direction. The Royal standard, sent down for the occasion by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, floated over the highest tower of the castle; and it may be here noticed, that by the gracious command of the Queen, this now remains at Dupplin Castle, as a trophy of the memorable day. Besides this, the flags belonging to the Perthshire militia were also displayed.

The noble proprietor having given the most liberal admission to the grounds, the shaven lawn was covered with people, among whom were some of the most distinguished families in the neighbourhood, whilst a number of carriages were drawn up in an alley to the westward. As the Queen drove up at twenty-five minutes before four o'clock, she was received with loud cheering, and the guard of honour, consisting of a company of the gallant 42d regiment, under the command of Captain Macpherson, brother to Cluny, presented arms, whilst the band played "God Save the Queen!" The noble Earl of Kinnoull, Lord-Lyon King-at-Arms, and Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Perth, with his Countess, and their eldest daughter Lady Louisa, received the Queen at the principal entrance. His Lordship, who was dressed in his uniform as colonel of the Royal Perthshire Militia, handed Her Majesty from her carriage,

and led her into the castle, followed by Prince Albert and the Countess.

The public apartments of Dupplin Castle are grand and imposing. The Queen was first ushered through the great hall, and thence into the library, furnished in the best taste, the walls well clothed with pictures, and some fine *pietra dura* tables upon exquisitely carved antique stands, with many other articles of *virtu*. Here Her Majesty found the Earl of Mansfield, Lord and Lady Kinnaird, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby, Admiral Sir Charles Rowley, Lord and Lady Rollo, Viscount Strathallan, and Lord and Lady Ruthven, with whom she entered into familiar conversation. The Queen expressed an immediate desire for a short walk; but on being informed that the deputations were waiting with the addresses, she abandoned her intention; and that from the county being announced, Her Majesty stationed herself at the upper end of the room, with His Royal Highness Prince Albert at her left hand. On her right stood the Duchess of Norfolk and Sir Robert

Peel, and on Prince Albert's left, Lords Aberdeen and Liverpool, and Mr. Anson. The county deputation being all present except Mr. Belshes, who was indisposed, Lord Kinnoull advanced at their head, and read the following address :—

" UNTO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

" The Loyal and Dutiful Address of the Noblemen, Justices of the Peace, and Commissioners of Supply, of the County of Perth, in General Meeting assembled.

" MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

" We the Noblemen, Justices of the Peace, and Commissioners of Supply of the County of Perth, with the most lively feelings of devotion and attachment to your Majesty's person, beg leave humbly to offer our heartfelt congratulations on the auspicious occasion of your Majesty's visit to this portion of your ancient kingdom of Scotland. It is our earnest prayer, that your Majesty's visit may be as conducive to your Majesty's health and happiness, as it is gratifying to all the inhabitants of this county. That your Majesty's life may long be spared, to reign over a free, a loyal, a happy, and a contented people, is our constant and fervent prayer."

Her Majesty having received the address, handed it to Lord Aberdeen ; and, taking from him the paper on which her reply was written, she read the following words :—

" I am very sensible of your expression of attachment and devotion to my person ; and I assure you it is with great pleasure that I have visited this portion of my dominions."

After his Lordship had read the address intended for Prince Albert,

His Royal Highness replied with an earnestness and kindness of manner, that seemed to come from the heart, in the following terms :—

"Pray accept of my sincere thanks for this expression of your cordial congratulations upon the first visit of the Queen and myself to the great county of Perth. I shall always remember, with much satisfaction, the kind reception I have met with."

After the Earl of Kinnoull had kissed hands, he retired, and the Lord Provost and Magistrates of the city of Perth, accompanied by the city clerks, all in court dresses, advanced, and Mr. Mackenzie the senior city clerk, read the following address to the Queen :—

"TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

"We, your Majesty's dutiful and devoted subjects, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town-Council of the City and Royal Burgh of Perth, beg leave, with the most profound respect, and the deepest sentiments of attachment to your sacred person and government, to approach your Majesty's presence, in order to tender our joyful congratulations on the arrival of your Majesty in your ancient kingdom of Scotland. Deeply sensible of the high honour conferred on this portion of your empire by your Majesty's most gracious visit, and warmed by the strongest feelings of national gratitude and loyal affection, we gladly embrace the opportunity afforded us of renewing our assurances of devoted loyalty and attachment to a sovereign, who has shown so sacred a regard for the liberties, and so anxious a desire to promote the welfare, of her subjects. Our hearts exult with unfeigned joy when we see in our beloved Queen the illustrious descendant of a long line of Scottish monarchs; and we most fer-

vently pray, that it may please Divine Providence long to preserve and prosper your Majesty, and your illustrious consort, and that with every domestic blessing you may continue to reign in the hearts, and preside over the destinies of a free, loyal, and happy people.

"Signed in name, and by appointment of the Magistrates and Council, in council assembled, and the seal of the city affixed thereto,

"C. G. SIDEY, *Lord Provost.*"

Her Majesty having graciously received the address, she handed it to Sir Robert Peel, who gave her the paper containing her reply, which Her Majesty read as follows:—

"I thank you for this loyal and affectionate address. It is with much satisfaction that I approach your ancient capital. You may be assured that I shall always feel warmly interested in the prosperity of my good city of Perth."

The Lord Provost having received this gracious reply on his knees, had the honour to kiss hands. Mr. Reid, the junior city clerk, then advanced, and read the address to Prince Albert, which His Royal Highness received, and delivered to his secretary, Mr. Anson, who put into his hands the reply, which he read as follows:—

"I accept with pleasure this address, and I take this opportunity of returning my best acknowledgments for the honour which the city of Perth has conferred upon me, by electing me to its freedom."

The box containing the freedom of the city was forgotten, by some mistake, but it was afterwards presented at the entrance to Perth. After the magistrates retired, the royal party were ushered

to the banquetting hall, where there sat down to table with the Queen and Prince Albert, Lord and Lady Kinnoull and Lady Louisa Hay, the Duchess of Norfolk, Miss Paget, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Liverpool, Sir Robert Peel, General Wemyss, Colonel Bouverie, Mr. Anson, Lord Mansfield and Lady C. Murray, Lord and Lady and Miss Willoughby de Eresby, Lord and Lady Kinnaird, Lord and Lady Ruthven, Lord Strathallan, Mr. Home Drummond, Sir Charles Rowley, Mr. Smythe of Methven, and Mr. Sheriff Whigham. Her Majesty and Prince Albert conversed freely with the distinguished party around them. The Queen and the Prince then went on the terrace behind the house, with Lady Kinnoull; and, on their return, Prince Albert again walked out, accompanied by Lord Kinnoull. In his eager desire to approach and examine a large tree, growing below in the ravine, the Prince ran down the steep grassy bank, and his noble host, boldly following, lost his footing, and had he not been arrested by an intervening walk, he might have rolled quite down to the bottom of the precipice. But fortunately the noble Earl escaped without injury of any kind.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERTH.

N leaving Dupplin Castle, the Queen returned by the same road she came. The views which Her Majesty now enjoyed were, if possible, finer than before, and so much was she charmed by them, that while the carriage stopped to have the drags put on near the church of Aberdalgie, she requested Captain Jocelyn, who commanded the escort of dragoons, to cut for her a piece of thorn from the hedge, that she might keep it in remembrance of one of the most beautiful landscapes she had ever beheld.

On again debouching into the great north road at Craigend, the Queen was received by the roar of cannon, mingled with cheers from the now much augmented masses covering, as with a mantle of life, every eminence and every favourable position among the steep rocky acclivities rising abruptly above the road, and the effect of these, clad in all manner of hues, starting up simultaneously to give vent to their loyalty, presented one of the most romantic and heart-stirring spectacles that can be imagined.

Having climbed that beautiful hill, where nice clean cottages and gardens are scattered among groups of trees with a singularly happy effect, the grand view of the great plain of Perth at once spread itself out before Her Majesty's delighted eyes. As this magnificent prospect is much too extensive and varied to be confined within the limits of one picture, all artistical efforts must fail in conveying even the faintest idea of it, and it is to be feared that words must prove still more ineffectual. From the face of the hill down which the road winds, the eye at once sweeps like a falcon, to roam far and wide over the richly cultivated and tufted plain, in the centre of which the "Fair City" lies extended, and then it gradually towers as it urges its rapid flight onward to the distant Grampians, bounding its farther progress, whilst the broad river, filling its ample bed from side to side with liquid crystal, comes flowing onwards between cultivated fields and meadows of the most brilliant green, reflecting the bowery woods of Scone, and the arches of the fine bridge through which it passes, together with the buildings of Perth and of Bridgend on either side, as well as the lofty steeps of the hill of Kinnoull, rising to the east, its slopes covered with villas and gardens. Making a grand sweep around the south-western base of that lovely hill, it is seen running off at a right angle in one long stretch eastward, until it is lost amidst the thickening groves of the fertile Carse of Gowrie, its northern bank being overhung with the picturesque and rocky face of the hill of Kinfauns, crowned with an observatory and other objects, and beautified by the woods and pleasure grounds of Lord Gray's seat of Kinfauns Castle. And then how full of the most interesting historical, as well as poetical associations, is the whole of this scene! The distant isolated hill of Dunsinane, immortalized by Shakspeare —Scone, that ancient palace, where all Her Majesty's Scottish an-

cestors were crowned upon its celebrated marble stone—Perth, once the Victoria of the Romans, now filled with the feverish ferment of loyal anxiety to receive and to do honour to Victoria our Queen—that mighty river, and those beautiful Inches, to which the Roman soldiers who first beheld them, paid but a dubious compliment by comparing the large and silver stream to the comparatively small and very muddy Tiber, and those much more beautiful plains to the Campus Martius—that city, rendered classical by Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth," and by his account of the conflict between the Clan Kay and the Davidsons on the Nether Inch, more so perhaps than it may have ever been before his time, even by the horrors of the religious persecutions of Cardinal Bethune in 1544—the accidental commencement here of the glorious Reformation, on the 11th of May 1559—or by that most mysterious tragedy, called the Gowrie conspiracy. Often had this fair city been the seat of monarchs, and James VI. condescended for a time to hold the situation of its chief magistrate. But the entry of Charles I. into Perth, best shows how well the Fair City could receive a sovereign in the olden times, and may thus be best brought into comparison with the noble reception which it now gave to our reigning Queen. It is recorded in the register kept by the corporation of glovers, one of the most ancient and important companies of the city, that—

"His Majesty King Charles, of his gracious favour and love, dengeit (deigned) himself to vizit his own city and burgh of Perth, the eight day of July, quhair, at the entrie of our South Inch Port, he was received honorablie be the provest, bailzies, and aldermen, and be delivery of ane speache mounting to his praize and thanksgiving, for His Majesties coming to viseit this our city, who stayit upon horse-backe, and heard the sameyn patientlie, and therefra convoyit be our young men in guard, with partizans clad in red and whyte, to

his ludging at the end of the South-gate, (Gowrie's Palace,) belonging now heritablie to George Earl of Kinnoull, Heigh Chancellor of Scotland, &c. The morrow thairefter came to our churche, and in his Royal seat heard ane reverend sermone, immediately thairefter came to his ludgeing, and went down to the gardine thairof, His Majestie being thayre set upon the wall next the wattir of Tay, quhair uppone was ane fleeting staige of tymber, cled about with birks, upon the quhilke, for His Majesties welcome and entrie, thretteine of our brethern, of this our calling of glovers, with green cappis, silver strings, red ribbons, quhyte shoes, and bells about thair leggis, shewing raperis in thair handis, and all uther abulgement, dauncit our sword-daunce, with mony deficile knottis, fyve being under, and fyve above, upon thair shoulderis, three of theme dauncing through thair feet and about them, drinking wine and breking glasses. Quhilk (God be praisit) wes actit and done without hurt or skaith till ony. Quhilk drew us till greit chairges and expensis, amounting to the sowme of 350 merks, yet not to be rememberit, because graciouslie acceptit be our Sovereine and both Estatis, to our honour and great commendation." This "sword-daunce" must not be confounded with the dance called Gillum-Callum, which Highlanders now perform over naked swords laid across upon the floor. It was the remnant of an ancient Scandinavian war-dance, in honour of Woden, and consisted of a great variety of complicated evolutions, executed by the performers whilst linked in a string, by each holding the hilt of his own sword and the point of that belonging to the person next him. In August 1841, the writer of this had the good fortune to collect together a set of the natives of the island of Papa Stour, in Zetland, to which this dance is now entirely confined, who executed it,* but in a less complicated manner than that described in

* *Vide* Wilson's *Voyage round Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 355.

the records of the glovers, where it would appear that when five dancers were engaged with the figure, there were five others upon their shoulders, and three more dancing through the mazes of their legs.

The preparations made for the reception of Queen Victoria at Perth, did the highest credit to the authorities. Mr. Macdonald Mackenzie, architect, and superintendent of public works, was instructed to erect a barrier over the southern entrance to the city, at the east end of Marshall-place. Its plan was that of an ancient Roman triumphal arch, of admirably good taste and proportions. It consisted of one grand and deep arch, 26 feet high, and a smaller one of the same style on each side, 20 feet high, the whole being surmounted by an entablature 14 feet high, making the extreme height 40 feet. Over the arch was painted "Victoria," equally applicable to the name of the royal traveller, and to that of the ancient city about to be honoured with her presence. On each of the corners there was a figure of Fame blowing a trumpet. The city arms were introduced on both sides of the arch, and the entablature was crowned with a series of beautiful vases. The whole was so well constructed of painted wood and canvass, that it was impossible to imagine it anything else than stone, until touched by the finger. On the top there was a flag-staff, on which the Royal banner was to be hoisted, whilst other flags waved from either side. To secure the preservation of order in the city, the moderator of the high constables had intimation that the services of his body would be required, and the same was communicated to the commandant of the peace-officers, and the Guildry. The Incorporated Trades, the Perth Celtic Society, the Society of Procurators, the Societies of Odd Fellows of Perth and Dundee, each wearing a scarf, and carrying a small flag, and the various Masonic Lodges, and other public bodies, had all

places assigned to them, and were solicited to assist in keeping peace and good order. But one of the wisest and most efficient provisions of all, was that of enlisting 1000 men of the working classes, at half-a-crown a-head, to line the streets, with white wands in their hands — and thus those, whose loyal anxiety to see their Queen might have proved the cause of some confusion, were employed in preserving order. They were divided into companies of fifty, over which sergeants and corporals were appointed, distinguished by a tip of red paint on the end of the rod. To every pauper in the city one shilling was ordered to be given. To keep the bridge over the Tay quite clear for the passage of the Queen, gates were put up at either end of it, and the Sheriff issued a proclamation that no one should be allowed to pass but those on duty, for some time before and after Her Majesty. In front of the barrier gate a detachment of the 42d regiment, and a party of the 6th carabineers were drawn up to receive Her Majesty. On the right of the arch, approaching the city, a platform, very slightly raised, was placed for the Provost, Magistrates, and Council.

The Lord Provost and Magistrates having returned from Dupplin Castle, drove up to the barrier gate about twenty minutes past six o'clock, attended by all the members of council, in splendid carriages, the pannels of which, as well as their scarlet hammercloths, were richly emblazoned with the city arms, a spread eagle bearing a shield, with a lamb supporting the holy banner of the crusades. The carriages were left within the barrier in such order that the Provost, Magistrates, and Council, could head the procession after the Queen's entrance On alighting, these dignitaries arranged themselves behind the barrier, the Magistrates in front, and the Lord Provost in the centre of the line. All were in full court dresses, and that of the Lord Provost was of

the richest black silk velvet. The town officers, bearing their halberds, were placed in front of the magistrates. The city chamberlain, supported by the city clerks, was between the magistrates and council, and carried the keys of the city on a cushion of crimson velvet. The keys were of massive silver, and of workmanship that did infinite credit to Bailie Reay, who executed them. The pattern of both was antique. The larger of the two was shaped at the top like the letter A, and the city arms were exquisitely chased within it. The Members of the Presbytery of Perth took their stations on the left of the barrier, in gowns and bands. The influx of strangers into the city was immense, not only from the county of Perth itself, but from all the surrounding counties and towns.

A few minutes before six o'clock, the sound of cannon from Moncrieffe Hill, answered by a discharge of artillery from the opposite side of the river, announced the Queen's departure from Dupplin Castle, and in due time Her Majesty's carriage and cortege were seen coming over the hill, and rapidly descending the road that sweeps towards Perth. Passing the extensive buildings and walls of the great national jail, the Queen entered the fine avenue of approach, leading under magnificent trees in one straight line quite across the beautiful South Inch, a level plain of the finest green sward. Here the effect of the mingled multitudes, thickly assembled on each side of the way, to greet her arrival, and accumulated towards the barrier arch, which rose nobly in the distance, had a very grand effect. It was considered by the royal personages as one of the most striking spectacles they met with during the whole journey. The long restrained impatience of the people burst out into deafening shouts, accompanied by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. The Queen, who sat in the right side of the carriage, was highly gratified with

the scene, as well as with the enthusiasm of the reception, and the extreme good humour manifested by the crowded populace; and the royal pair graciously acknowledged the plaudits which welcomed their approach. The carriage drove slowly up to the platform, by this time occupied by the Magistrates and Council, and the Lord Provost having advanced, and made a respectful obeisance, he addressed Her Majesty in the following words:—

"May it Please your Majesty,

"We your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town-Council of the City of Perth, most respectfully congratulate your Majesty upon your safe arrival at the ancient capital of your Majesty's hereditary kingdom of Scotland, and bid you welcome to the favourite city of your Majesty's illustrious ancestor King James VI., who conferred upon it many valuable privileges. Permit me, most gracious Sovereign, in the name of, and as representing, this community, to place at your royal disposal the keys of this your city of Perth, and with them to offer the renewed assurance of our unalterable fidelity and attachment to your Majesty's most sacred person and government, and of our warmest aspirations for your Majesty's health, happiness, and comfort."

During the delivery of this address, the Queen bowed several times with great condescension; and when the Lord Provost had concluded, she put forth her hand, lifted the keys, and then gently dropping them on the cushion, she replied—

"My Lord Provost, I have great pleasure in returning you these keys. I am quite satisfied that they cannot possibly be in better hands."

The reply was welcomed by loud cheers from the multitude who witnessed this most interesting scene; and the City Chamberlain having retired with the keys, the Lord Provost then addressed Prince Albert:

"May it please your Royal Highness,

"In the name of the Town-Council and community of Perth, I have much pleasure in requesting your Royal Highness's acceptance of the freedom of the city, the highest compliment we have it in our power to bestow, and which assuredly was never more worthily conferred than upon a Prince who enjoys in so remarkable a degree, the respect, affection, and esteem of the British public."

The Lord Provost then presented to the Prince the burgess ticket, in a box, made of black oak which had lain for centuries in the bed of the river, and which was curiously worked by first-rate Edinburgh artists. It had silver hinges, and the arms of the city were executed in solid gold on the lid. The Prince, after receiving it, replied—

"My Lord Provost, I thank you for the compliment paid me by the city of Perth. I assure you that I esteem it very highly."

The Provost, Magistrates, and Council then proceeded to their carriages, within the barrier; and the gate being thrown open, Her Majesty advanced, and they preceded her through the city at so slow a pace, as to insure to the people a perfect view of their beloved Queen. The carriages of the magistrates were guarded on either side by the High Constables, who were all uniformly clad in green coats and black trowsers, those of the officers being distinguished by a stripe of gold lace. The route was that along Princes-street, St. John-street, George-street, and the Bridge. Princes-

street being new and unfinished in itself, had a nearly continuous line of galleries erected on each side, emblazoned with devices in front, and having their pillars tastefully twined with garlands; and it was calculated that ten thousand people were accommodated in these alone. A great proportion of them were filled with ladies elegantly dressed, which very greatly augmented the beauty of the *tout ensemble*. Throughout the whole of the fine old streets which were next traversed, the windows were filled with well dressed persons; and the numerous newly constructed balconies were similarly occupied, whilst the whole area of the foot and roadways, excepting only the passage kept clear for the procession by those who lined the streets, were densely covered with people. Numerous flags waved from the ancient and venerable church of St. John's. This is historically remarkable as the place of slaughter of John Earl of Cornwall, by his brother Edward III., who stabbed him with a dagger, for the proud reply he gave to the remonstrance which the King thought it his duty to make, when he had wantonly wasted the western counties of Scotland with fire and sword. Many of the houses and balconies were adorned with flags; and, in short, the whole of the thoroughfare was most tastefully decorated, and animated by thousands of people, all eager to behold their Sovereign. As the Queen advanced, the cheering, and the whirling of hats, and the waving of handkerchiefs and shawls went on increasing in enthusiastic intensity, and Her Majesty testified the gratification she felt for the kindness of the welcome she received, by frequent acknowledgments.

In crossing the High-street, the Queen's attention was attracted by a hydraulic exhibition, which had been playing there from an early hour in the morning. This was first exhibited in the days of Reform festivals, by Professor Anderson of St. Andrew's; but

as all political mottoes were necessarily and very properly avoided on this occasion, they were exchanged for devices of a more appropriate character. But the same four dolphins, resting upon huge anchors, spouted forth *jets d'eau*, of every possible variety, setting a number of little wheels in motion. The stop which Her Majesty's carriage made here, allowed the crowd to accumulate, so that it was with difficulty that the cavalry escort could keep back the people.

By the time that the Queen had reached the Bridge, the crowd being excluded by the gates, was packed into a mass so solid, that it was wonderful the people composing it could find space to breathe, and yet their shouts were deafening. The Royal carriage was twice stopped on the bridge by the Queen's order, and the views both up and down the course of the magnificent Tay, eternally flowing with a broad, full, and cheerful, though not impetuous current, appeared to make a strong impression on Her Majesty and the Prince. Looking up the river, it is bounded for a mile or more by the beautiful plain of the North Inch, of the richest and closest sward—the scene of the memorable conflict between the Mackays and the Davidsons, when the battle was gained by the Gobhadh Chrom, or crooked Smith, the hero of Sir Walter Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth." On the right are the woods and park and towers of Her Majesty's own Palace of Scone—and the whole scene runs off into the distance amidst a wilderness of tufted groves and rich fertility of fields, until it is backed by the distant Grampians,—which were then glowing under a sky lighted up by one of the most glorious sunsets that ever animated the soul of a Claude. Looking down the river, the Hill of Kinnoull rises on the left hand, with all its villas and gardens—whilst, on the right, the river is bounded by some of the more interesting parts of the city—and the long reach that extends as far as the slope of the Hill of Moncrieffe,

where the river makes its great bend, was studded with boats, steamers, and small craft. If the Queen enjoyed these scenes from the bridge, Her Majesty's progress across it was no less interesting to those who had the good fortune to survey it from favourable points. At the east end of the bridge, a beautiful arch of evergreens and flowers was erected across the road, with the words, "Welcome, Queen Victoria," on one side, and "Welcome, Prince Albert," on the other. The moment the Queen entered the suburb of Bridgend, Her Majesty found herself in the midst of a crowd quite as dense as that which had collected at the western end of the bridge. The enthusiastic loyalty of the people here, too, was eminently manifested, and the grace and condescension exhibited by Her Majesty's whole deportment, in making her acknowledgments to the people, left an impression on the minds of the masses that will not soon be lost. The Lord Provost and Magistrates, having made their obeisance to Her Majesty, retired, and the Royal carriage and its cortege proceeded at a more rapid pace to Scone, between crowds of joyous people, who lined both sides of the way.

CHAPTER XV.

SCONE PALACE.

METAMORPHOSED as the ancient Palace of Scone has now been, until it has lost all semblance of its pristine form, and although its taste is anything but in harmony with those historical associations which every educated mind must have with its very name, it is yet a very imposing mass. It incloses an oblong hollow square, extending so as to form an important feature in the very wide and well timbered park, standing as it does on a fine terrace, whence the ground slopes downward into the ample lawns that border the river, and commanding grand views of Strathtay and Glenalmond. The apartments, though somewhat gloomy, are very magnificent, both as to arrangement and furniture. The only original part of the building now remaining is the gallery, which, though somewhat shortened, is still 150 feet in length. The drawing-room is hung with figured Lyons silk, and the seats covered with fine Beauvais tapestry. It contains some beautiful cabinets of tortoise-shell, ebony, buhl, and Japan work, some of which

were presents to the Mansfield family from James VI. The apartments occupied by the Queen were chiefly furnished with oak, in the Gothic style. The royal state-bed is of the same materials and taste, the curtains being of white silk, richly trimmed with gold lace and crimson silk velvet. The cover of the toilet-table was of gold network, and crimson velvet with gold fringe, and the drapery was of a similar description. The mirrors and pendules in the different rooms, were all of the same antique character.

The Queen's carriage having entered the grounds of Scone at a quarter to seven o'clock, she found about 800 of the gentlemen and yeomanry of the county drawn up on horseback, and lining the way to receive her. The carriage was directed in its route by the Hon. Captain Murray on horseback, amidst the enthusiastic shouts of those who were assembled in the park. When Her Ma-

jesty drove up to the great entrance, a guard of honour of the 42d regiment, drawn up on the lawn, presented arms, and the moment that her foot touched the ground, a royal salute was given from some guns planted in the park—the band struck up "God Save the Queen!"—and the Union-Jack, which was flying on the battlements, was hauled down, and the Royal Standard hoisted in its place. The Earl of Mansfield, and the Countess Dowager of Mansfield, attended by the Ladies Murray, received the Queen and ushered her into the library, where Her Majesty remained for half an hour, and then retired to dress.

The Queen was in some degree fatigued with the exciting events of this day, and with all she had seen; yet at eight o'clock Her Majesty was ready to sit down to dinner with a party, which, in addition to the Royal pair, and the Mansfield family, consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl of Liverpool, Earl and Countess of Kinnoull, Lord and Lady Kinnaird, Sir Robert Peel, the Hon. Miss Paget, Colonel Bouverie, Mr. Anson, and Sir James Clark. The Queen sat at the centre of the table, with the Prince on her right. Her Majesty retired early to her private apartments.

It had been resolved that instead of a general illumination of the city of Perth, there should be a grand display of fireworks, but many very pretty transparencies and partial illuminations sprung up all through the town. Mr. Wallace, Her Majesty's coach-maker, had raised a beautiful triumphal erection, opposite to his manufactory in Athol-street. It consisted of one large rib arch, above 24 feet span, for the passage of carriages, supported by Ionic pilasters, and two smaller arches of the same character. Above the centre were the Royal arms, over the right hand arch were the arms of the city, with the words, "Welcome, Victoria!" and over that on the left

hand was the plume of the Prince of Wales, with the words, "Welcome, Albert!" The whole was made of wood, and painted, and decorated with evergreens and flowers. Immediately above the pilasters were the busts of Scott and Byron, emblematical of the genius of Scotland, and from the top of the whole arose a flag-staff, forty feet high, with the Union-Jack and the arms of Scotland, floating on a flag eighty feet from the ground. This was beautifully illuminated with coloured lamps at night, and Mr. Wallace's dwelling-house was also brilliantly lighted. The display of fireworks on the North Inch was extremely fine, and the whole population turned out to see them. They commenced at half-past ten o'clock, with a flight of rockets, and continued until near midnight. Maroons, serpents, Roman candles, and every variety of composite fireworks were discharged in rapid succession, and among the latter were various devices, appropriate to the occasion. The whole was under the superintendence of Mr. Gyngeli of Vauxhall. Above 500 gentlemen sat down to a grand banquet in the County Rooms, the Lord Provost in the chair, where the utmost loyalty was displayed. In short, it may well be said that the Fair City of Perth did its duty well upon this glorious occasion.

On Wednesday, the 7th of September, the Queen and Prince Albert rose at an early hour, and having breakfasted at eight o'clock, they availed themselves of the beautiful morning, to walk out together for nearly an hour in the garden and on the terrace on the western front of the palace, whence they enjoyed a rich and most extensive prospect, with the broad stream of the silver Tay running through the midst of it, and reflecting the sky and the objects on its banks, whilst, in the far distant west, the range of vision was bounded by that portion of the Grampians, rising in the vicinity of Loch Erne.

The Lord Provost and Magistrates of the city of Perth having met this morning, it was resolved to send a deputation, consisting of Bailies Reay and Gray, to Scone Palace, with the ancient Guildry Book, in order to solicit the honour of the Queen's signature therein, according to the precedents established by James VI. and Charles I. The signatures of these two monarchs are curious, and somewhat characteristic of the royal individuals. The first partakes of that pedantry of learning, for which James was so remarkable.

"1601.

Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.

JAMES R."

The next, though perhaps adopted merely because it was the motto of the Scottish arms, accidentally exhibits that unbending spirit which, too proud prudently to yield in time, gradually excited a force against Charles, that compelled him to give way when too late, and finally brought him to the scaffold.

"Nemo me impune lacesset.

"July 24, 1650. CHARLES R."

No sooner were the wishes of the deputation made known to the Queen by Sir Robert Peel, who carried the book to Her Majesty, than she was graciously pleased to subscribe her name, with the Royal motto.

"Dieu et mon droit.

"Scone Palace, September 7, 1842. VICTORIA R."

And then His Royal Highness Prince Albert followed thus :—

"Treu und fest.

"Scone Palace, September 7, 1842. ALBERT."

The deputation retired highly gratified with the enrichment that

had been thus bestowed on their ancient volume, now by these means converted, as it were, into the palladium of the city of Perth.

The Queen and Prince Albert, followed by their cortege and escort, left their Royal Palace of Scone for the Highlands, at eleven o'clock. The Lord Provost and Magistrates of Perth, with the same happy arrangement which had already won for them the repeatedly expressed approbation of their Sovereign, had the whole route through Bridgend, along the Bridge, Charlotte-street, Athol-street, and for some distance along the Dunkeld road, lined and kept clear by the attendance of the military, police, constabulary forces, and other public bodies. Although the assemblage of people was not quite so enormous as that of yesterday, there were tens of thousands of the more respectable part of the population congregated, all anxious to take one last look of their beloved Queen. Her Majesty and the Prince took rapid glances from the bridge, of those views which they had enjoyed the previous evening. They found the Lord Provost and Magistrates assembled at its western end, attended by the High Constables, and Her Majesty and the Prince, after gracefully bowing to the municipal authorities, proceeded at a moderate pace. The Queen was particularly struck with Mr. Wallace's triumphal arch as she passed under it, and she graciously and repeatedly acknowledged the loyal greetings which rung in her ears from both sides of the way as she proceeded. But perhaps nothing more thoroughly touched Her Majesty's heart than the appearance of a body of about 200 children from the Perth Infant School, who met her on her way with little flags in their hands, and chanting, "God Save the Queen," as she approached. Bowing to them with a sweet angelic smile, she at once made them the happiest as well as the most loyal of children, and Her Majesty's image has been thus permanently engraven on their little hearts.

The road which proceeds through the rich and extensive plain, commands beautiful views of the sloping and wooded grounds of Scone, on the eastern bank of the Tay, with the towers of the palace rising from among its fine groves of ancient trees. The people were thickly planted in groups all along the way-side, and they shouted and waved their loyal congratulations to the Queen. When the Royal carriage had got near to Luncarty, in the parish of Redgorton, it passed under the first of the many triumphal arches which spanned the great road. It was a light airy structure, in the Gothic style, supported on eight pillars, thirty feet high, ornamented with evergreens and flowers, and terminated with a crown constructed of heather. This was erected by the Luncarty Company, and the workers in the great bleachfield were arranged in order beside the arch, together with an immense concourse of the parishioners. Near this arch were two stands, covered with cloth, and ornamented with poles and creeping plants, in which were assembled large parties of ladies and gentlemen, who joined in the joyous cheers which Her Majesty's appearance called forth. This part of the plain, denominated in ancient song, "the Lees of Luncarty," is historically remarkable as the scene of the great victory gained by the Scots over the Danes, in the reign of Kenneth III., towards the close of the tenth century. Buchanan informs us, that the Danes were victorious, until a countryman of the name of Hay, and his two sons, who were ploughing in the neighbourhood, seized the yokes of their oxen, and came up to the rescue, plying their rustic weapons with so much gallantry, that they turned the fugitives, who, animated by their example, fell upon the Danes with redoubled fury, and drove them into the Tay with great slaughter. The ground some years back was covered with tumuli, where skeletons were found, especially near a little

eminence, called "*Turnagain Hillock*," where the flying Scots are supposed to have rallied. King Kenneth ordered Hay to enter Perth in triumph, bearing the yoke wherewith he fought, and surrounded by the victorious army, and there the monarch ennobled him, and gave him a considerable territory to support his new dignity. From this source spring the illustrious Hays of Errol, Tweeddale, Kinnoull, &c., who still bear the yoke for their crest.

At the point where the great road is joined by that from Stanley, there was another fine triumphal arch, erected by the Stanley Spinning and Weaving Company. This was supported by two massive columns, ornamented with evergreens, and two pilasters formed of heather. Over the pillars of the principal arch two stuffed roe-deer were placed with remarkably good effect. Here an immense assemblage of working people, occupied a broom-covered slope immediately adjoining the arch, and there were several flags and banners on the ridge of the eminence where they stood, bearing various mottoes. Her Majesty's carriage went slower here, and she graciously acknowledged the compliments paid her by the enthusiastic people.

At Bankfoot, which is held to be the division between the Lowlands and Highlands, there was a relay of fresh horses, and another fine popular demonstration of loyalty; but indeed it may be said, that throughout the whole way between Perth and Dunkeld, a distance of fifteen miles, triumphal arches were reared at short distances from one another, with large groups of people congregated near them. Many of these occupied most picturesque spots, and produced most interesting spectacles. Most of the houses along the road were decorated with flowers and evergreens; and flags were hoisted on the roofs, suspended from windows, or planted on the adjoining hills, and the galleries filled with people were numerous.

The road, winding up from Strathtay into the back and higher country, becomes less beautiful, although it passes through a cultivated district; and two or three miles of it are very high and wild, but, at the elevated point, called Stair Dam, a most magnificent prospect bursts at once upon the eye, which drops suddenly down upon Birnam wood, with the Tay here running in a comparatively narrow glen, between bold and abrupt mountains. From the grand portal which they form, it is carried off along the course of the majestic stream, until it loses itself, far to the eastward, among the mazes of the groves and fertile plains, where the Isla hastens from an opposite direction to unite itself with the larger river. Farther to the south rises the classic hill of Dunsinane. But that which particularly recalls and fixes the observation of the spectator, is the extensive and finely timbered park of Murthly, occupying all the nearer grounds, with its old and extremely interesting Scottish mansion, supposed to be that from which Sir Walter Scott borrowed his idea of the Baron of Bradwardine's Castle of Tullyveolan. The grand new edifice rises in its immediate vicinity.

The Queen had the more leisure to catch the various peeps of this glorious prospect, as they successively presented themselves through the openings in the wood, from the slower pace of the Royal carriage as it descended the steep hill. On reaching the bottom, Her Majesty and the Prince had their first taste of the glories of Highland scenery, for here the road ran along the base of the bold Birnam hill, its rocky and precipitous sides towering over the woods to the left, and forming new and ever-changing pictures; whilst to the right, a view of the broad stream of the Tay, with the lofty mountain faces beyond it, was caught at intervals through the oaks of Birnam forest. On both sides the immense slate quarries in the sides of the mountains, produce a very singular effect, by

the rich violet tints they expose to view. The Queen, and the Prince expressed the most marked admiration of this enchanting scenery, through which the road passes for about three miles. As it approaches the small, though beautiful ancient city of Dunkeld, a fine isolated hill rises from the bottom of the valley on the right hand, covered with oaks and other trees. On the slope at the base of the hill to the left, is Birnam Lodge, the residence of the Hon. Fox Maule, which Her Majesty particularly noticed. Several flags waved on the ridges of Birnam hill above. Mr. Maule had kindled an immense bonfire the previous evening, near a large red banner that appeared from the reflection like a tall blazing column. Passing the Birnam Inn, the scenery of Dunkeld began to unfold itself. From a rich foreground of cottages, gardens, and orchards, the wide and stately bridge leads boldly across the clear flowing mirror of the Tay, to the town, which, partly rising from the very border of the stream, is reflected from its surface, together with the venerable tower of the ancient cathedral, softened by those tender hues bestowed by the delicate touch of time, the whole partially embowered in trees. Immediately behind, and stretching up the river, there is a wide undulated space occupied by the park, and a portion of the pleasure grounds of Dunkeld, from which the broad and apparently perpendicular cliffs of Craig-y-barns heave themselves up into the sky, covered with forest, and darkened upwards with pines. More to the west rises the King's-seat, and still farther in that direction the lofty and picturesque mountain of Craig-Vinean.

CHAPTER XVI.

DUNKELD.

LORD GLENLYON was unfortunately very much indisposed at the time Her Majesty's visit to Scotland was announced, having been rendered blind by inflammation in his eyes, from cold caught in deer-stalking. But the moment he was informed of the honour which the Sovereign intended to pay to Perthshire, he placed his ancient castle of Blair at Her Majesty's disposal, and he proposed to get up a grand drive of the forest for the occasion. Owing to the shortness of the time that the Queen could spend in Scotland, these offers were graciously declined, but Her Majesty afterwards signified that it was her royal pleasure to accept of an entertainment at Dunkeld, on her way to Taymouth. Upon Friday the 26th of August, Lord Glenlyon sent an order to Mr. Gunter, the great London confectioner, to send down a tent, provisions, fruit, plate, wines, and every thing requisite for giving an entertainment; and accordingly his principal assistant, Mr. Rawlins, arrived at Dunkeld on Friday the 2d of September, with all these articles, together

with a proper corps of cooks. His lordship also ordered Mr. Edgington to bring down instantly from London a marquée 100 feet long, and two dozen of tents of different kinds, and he came with them along with Gunter's people. Lord Glenlyon then begged of the gentlemen of Athole to meet him on the morning of the 6th, each with as great a following as he could muster, and with his men all clad in the full Highland dress, and ready to proceed to Dunkeld. The gentlemen and their followers turned out nobly, and joined his lordship at different points on his road from Blair, so that he marched into Dunkeld on Tuesday evening, at the head of eight hundred and seventy men, all well clothed, and followed by a commissariat of carts, filled with stores and provisions. When it is considered that many of the men had joined the parade at Blair Castle, at half-past three o'clock in the morning, after coming a distance of twenty miles—that they required to be fitted with clothing before marching at eleven—and that, after halting for two hours at Moulinearn, they did not reach Dunkeld till eight o'clock in the evening, it will be admitted that they must have been pretty well prepared for rest by the time they took possession of the encampment prepared for them.

The ground chosen as the theatre for this most exciting scene, was that singularly beautiful lawn, stretching from within the ducal park gate of Dunkeld, westward beyond the site where the late Duke of Athole commenced his princely palace, the walls of which are pretty well up. The particular spot selected for the encampment by Lord Glenlyon's brother, the Hon. James Murray, Scots Fusilier Guards, to whose care all these military arrangements were confided, was that fine piece of lawn in front of the new house, with the right resting on Bishop hill. It consisted of the large tent already mentioned, fourteen marquées, and twenty-four bell tents, laid out in streets in regular military order, and the white

canvass, rising from the bright green sward, and backed by and mingling with the noble trees, had a most splendid effect. The Queen's tent was pitched in front of the brick buildings facing the cathedral, not far from the spot where stood the old Dunkeld House, so as to afford Her Majesty a fine prospect of the lawn, stretching westward, between the wooded eminences bounding it on the north, and those which lie between it and the river on the south, embracing the whole of the encampment and the huge and shaggy steeps of Craig-y-barns and Craig-Vinean, which, rising over all, imparted to the really wide open space below a character of most romantic confinement. The Queen's pavilion was beautiful. The outside was striped blue and white, and the lining broad scarlet and white. It was floored with timber, covered with crimson cloth. By a new plan of mounting it upon shears, all tent poles were dispensed with, so that it thus formed one great, perfectly uninterrupted, and extremely handsome saloon, 64 feet long by 20 feet wide. The interior was dressed out with flowers and flags, and a magnificent mirror, ten feet by six, was placed at one end. As the weather was delightful, the canvass forming the walls of the tent on the southern side and western end, was not put up, so as to leave it quite open in these directions to the views and the air. Around it were placed a number of orange, and other rare portable trees. There was a small retiring room added for the Queen. The old kitchen, in the buildings immediately behind, was cleared out for the use of Gunter's *corps de cuisine;* and nothing could exceed the excellence of the arrangements in this department.

On the left hand side of the approach, after entering the gate, there is a beautiful conical green mount, called Stanley hill, artificial, in so far as it was anciently shaven, and perhaps partly heaped up into architectural formality by James Duke of Athole, in 1730, in

the old style of gardening. It has tall trees and shrubs growing on parts of it, and broad walks rising successively above each other and around it to the top, where there is a battery of cannon, many of them bearing the arms of the Isle of Man, of which the Dukes of Athole were lords, having succeeded to it through the Stanleys Earls of Derby, whence the hill in question received its name. One of these has this inscription:—"Henrie, Earle of Derbye, lord of this Isle of Man, beinge here in May 1577, named me Dorothe. Henry Halsall, receyvour of the Peele, bought this pese, anno 1574." On another gun, there is as follows:—"Henricus Octavus, Thomas Seymour, knyghte, was master of the Kyng's ordynans, when Jhon and Robert Owyn made this pese, anno Dni. 1544." On the glorious occasion of the Queen's expected visit, Lieut.-Col. Charles Hay, Coldstream Guards, who had the command of the battery entrusted to him, had all the guns properly prepared. A flag-staff was mounted on the top of the tower of the cathedral, for the Royal standard.

The morning of Wednesday the 7th looked extremely dark at Dunkeld, and the thousands of true hearts that were assembled there beat heavily with anxiety and doubt as to the weather, but towards the middle of the day it, and the countenances of all, brightened up, and by the time the Queen arrived at the farther end of the bridge of Dunkeld, the sun was shining gloriously forth. Lord Glenlyon had sent invitations to all the nobility and gentry in the country, and issued tickets of admission to the park, so that above 5000 people availed themselves of his indulgence. The noble families of Mansfield, Kinnoull, and Strathallan—the Mackenzies, Farquharsons, &c., arrived before noon. At half-past eleven o'clock, the great body of the Highlanders formed line, extending from the two magnificent old larches planted in 1743, all the way

to the garden on the east. On the right was the Queen's guard of honour of twenty men,

> "For strength, and stature, from the clan
> Each warrior was a chosen man,"

all armed with Lochaber axes, and commanded by Captain John Drummond of Megginch, their banner being carried by William Duff, commonly called "Beardy," one of the grandest specimens of the Highlander that can possibly be conceived. George Stewart of Invervach acted as sergeant, and they had Lord Glenlyon's head piper, John Macpherson. Next to these were the body guard, 3 sergeants, 4 pipers, and 100 rank and file, commanded by Mr. Keir, younger of Kindrogan, and having three banners, and a colour carried by Mr. David Alston Stewart, 21st Fusileers. Mr. M'Inroy of Lude, stood next to them with a piper, and 40 men. And then were placed in the following order, Mr. Ferguson of Middlehaugh, with 50 of Mr. Butter's men of Fascally—Mr. Stewart of Balnakilly, with 30 men—Mr. Samuel Ferguson, with 15 men—Mr. Small Keir of Kindrogan, and Mr. Small of Dirnanean, with 60 men—Mr. Dick of Prestonfield, with 27 men from Urrard and Killiecrankie—Mr. Abercrombie Dick, with 26 of Sir Robert Dick's men from Tullymet. After which stood a body of 350 of the Athole tenants, and men from Strabane, Bonskied, Strowan, and other places; then the Viscount Dunblane's piper, with 10 men; and, finally, 200 of the Highland Society of Dunkeld, with their piper. About 13 other pipers were distributed in different positions. This line of these hardy sons of the mountain was flanked on the right by 40 of the Strathord tenants, well dressed and mounted, and the baggage guard of a sergeant and 20 men in the Highland dress. On the left of the line were 400 of the Masonic Lodges, and the Carpenter's Society.

The Hon. Captain James Murray commanded the whole, Captain MacDuff acting as adjutant, and Dr. MacDonald and Mr. Stocks as quarter-masters. The Queen's guard of honour was marched off at noon to the south end of the bridge, to be ready to receive Her Majesty.

Precisely at one o'clock, a signal was made from Birnam hill, that the Queen was approaching, and immediately the four bells of the Cathedral struck up a merry peal, and Her Majesty soon afterwards arrived at the south end of the bridge, and passed under a very beautiful Gothic arch of heath and juniper, spanning its road-way, surmounted by a floral crown, and adorned with stuffed specimens of the black-cock and eagle. Above the centre were two deer, with the words, "Welcome to Athole," in large letters. With her escort of tall and stalwart Highlanders around her carriage, and the piper playing before her the Athole Highlander's March, the Queen proceeded slowly along the bridge. Her Majesty was charmed with the scenery on both sides, and stood up in her carriage that she might have a more perfect view, especially of the long reach of the noble river stretching above the bridge, and beyond the ferry of Inver, with its magnificent wooding and its bounding crags and mountains, all now under the warmest effect of sunshine, and the glorious spectacle which was then passing converted the whole into a scene of magical beauty and interest.

Entering the short main street of the town, the Queen found it full of people, who hailed her by the waving of flags and enthusiastic shouts, and having passed through it with her usual courteous acknowledgments for the loyalty of the reception she met with, Her Majesty turned into the ducal grounds at the great lodge gate, exactly at ten minutes after one o'clock. Passing slowly under the noble trees, and by the base of the green Stanley hill, the whole of

the fairy scene prepared for her, burst at once upon her Royal eyes, as the carriage slowly turned on the lawn between the Cathedral on the left, and the brick buildings on the right,—the grand tent—the imposing and extended array of the Highlanders with their banners—the mounted yeomen—the Carabineers keeping the ground clear—and behind, the white tents of the encampment, its line here and there broken by intervening trees, and the whole surface of the beautiful park itself covered with figures, and with the magnificent background of rock, mountain, and forest. The carriage drew up near the tent—the Queen rose and bowed gracefully all round—and alighting from the carriage, just as her foot touched the ground, the Highlanders and military presented arms,—up went the Royal standard on the Cathedral tower—the Royal salute began from the battery—and the whole of the numerous echoes that haunt the romantic recesses in the rocky precipices of the surrounding mountains, roared with the terrific voice of thunder, producing the most tremendous grandeur of effect.

The Queen, filled with admiration, was received by Lord and Lady Glenlyon, and expressed her regret to observe the distressing state of his lordship's health and eyes. With the assistance of his amiable lady, his lordship moved about in defiance of indisposition, to do all honour to his Royal guests. Taking the Prince's arm, the Queen immediately proceeded to inspect the line of the Highlanders, passing down its whole front, and coming up between the ranks. The Royal Duke, her lamented father, could not have done this more particularly, or with a more observant eye, and she seemed struck with the careful manner in which all their costumes and arms had been arranged, especially admiring the warlike appearance of those armed with bucklers, and still more of those who bore the huge Lochaber axes, who were men of bone and

sinew, showing that they could have played with them as if they had been reeds. Before leaving them, Lord Glenlyon called for a Highland cheer for the Queen. And then came a hurrah that burst from the whole ranks, and shook the craggy faces of the mountains,—and the Queen and the Prince most graciously acknowledged this tribute of loyalty from her brave Highlanders.

The Queen afterwards walked in different directions about the park, so that all present had the most perfect opportunity of beholding both Her Majesty and her illustrious consort. The Athole gentlemen who headed the respective bodies of Highlanders, were severally presented in the Royal tent, and kissed hands. Lord Glenlyon having been informed that Mr. Small of Dirnanean had been by some accident omitted, he mentioned the circumstance to the Queen; and although luncheon was then on the table, Her Majesty, with much condescension, desired that he might be brought up immediately. Mr. Small, who is of a fine portly figure, which was well set off by his full Highland garb, was most graciously received. An incident of a simple nature occurred, affording a strong instance of the cordial and loyal affection of all classes towards our beloved sovereign. An old woman, among the crowd, continued for some time with great eagerness and perseverance, to importune the soldiers to take her to the Queen. She said she wanted to speak to her. On being at length asked what she wished to say to Her Majesty, she replied, "O, I hae a basketfu' o' bonny apples, and I want her to tak' them and gie them to her bairns."

The Queen sat down to luncheon about two o'clock, covers being laid for thirty-four persons. It may be best described by saying that it was a most recherché London déjeuner, transported to the Highlands, and much improved in its effect by the necessity that occasioned its being spread in a tent. The dessert was particularly

fine, and the pine apples, which were especially remarkable, were placed upon a splendid gold *assiette monté*, surrounded with grapes, and embellished with little silken banners, emblazoned with the national and Athole arms. The whole of the luncheon was served up in massive silver. There was a profusion of all manner of wines, and amongst other liquors, the well-known Highland beverage, Athole brose, made of whisky and honey, was partaken of both by the Queen and the Prince, out of a glass which had belonged to Neil Gow, the celebrated violin player and composer of Highland music. It holds nearly a quart. Its form is ancient, and it has the musician's initials cut on the side of it. From this the Queen and Prince drank "to the chiefs and clans," and thus delighted the Highlanders on the lawn, to whom their condescension was reported. Lord Glenlyon proposed the health of the Queen, and afterwards that of Prince Albert. The servants waited in the full Highland dress. Lord Glenlyon sat on the left hand of the Queen, who had Prince Albert on her right, and Lady Glenlyon was on the right of the Prince. The venerable Duchess of Athole was too infirm to appear upon this occasion, and her death soon afterwards spread a gloom over Dunkeld and its neighbourhood, the chief theatre where her charitable deeds were performed. Among those at table were the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duke of Leeds, the Duchess of Norfolk, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Morton, Lord Liverpool, Lord and Lady Mansfield, Lord and Lady Kinnoull, Lord and Lady Kinnaird, Lord Strathallan, the Dowager Lady Glenlyon, Hon. Miss Murray, Hon. Miss Paget, Mr. Home Drummond of Blair-Drummond, M.P., Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Clark, the Hon. Captain James Murray, Hon. William Drummond of Strathallan, Sir Charles Rowley, and others.

After luncheon, the Queen expressed a wish to hear the pipers.

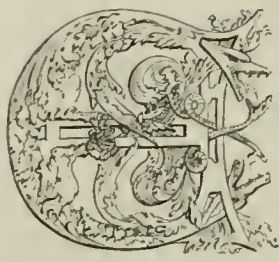
play, upon which Lord Glenlyon instantly ordered their attendance. They performed a variety of airs, and amongst others Gillum-Callum. After learning what it was, Her Majesty desired to see it danced. On this, Charles Christie was called before the tent; but the ground being too heavy, the platform employed as an entrance to the Royal tent was removed in front of it, and upon it he performed the dance to admiration, displaying great alacrity and expertness in executing the steps, within the angles formed by the blades of two naked broad-swords, crossed upon the floor, so as to avoid suffering from their edges and points. This is erroneously called the sword-dance, but, as already noticed, it has no resemblance to that performed before Charles I. at Perth, now only to be met with in the island of Papa Stour in Zetland. The Reel of Hoolachan (Rill Thullachan,) was next danced by four men of the Body Guard, and it was afterwards admirably performed by the Hon. James Murray, M'Inroy of Lude, Mr. Abercromby Dick, and Mr. Andrew David Alston Stewart.

The Queen now expressed a wish to see the Cathedral, and a little more of the grounds; but the advance of time, which not even sovereigns can control, rendered it necessary for Her Majesty to depart. Even royalty itself is not exempted from its hardships; and it must be considered as one of no light character, that Queen Victoria was thus prevented from bestowing an hour or two in a ramble through some of the most romantic walks that are anywhere to be met with, and which, indeed, it would take more than one day to exhaust; and a few minutes in the investigation of the ancient and very interesting Cathedral, endeared to the humble writer of this Memorial, from the circumstance, that some of the more prominent parts of it were finished, and its fine old tower begun, by a Bishop of Dunkeld, of his own name and family. The sarcophagus of Alexander, Earl of Buchan and Lord of Badenoch, third son of Robert II.,

who, from his ferocious disposition, was called the "Wolfe of Badenoch," is an extremely interesting relic of the olden time. His effigy, of the full size, and in armour, lies on the stone that covers the tomb, with this inscription round the edge :—"Hic jacet Dominus Alexander Senescallus Comes de Buchan et Dominus de Badenach bonæ memoriæ, qui obiit 20 die mensis Februarii, anno Dom. 1394." Nothwithstanding his having burned the cathedral of Elgin, he fortunately lived to reconcile himself to the Church, and so to die in all the odour of sanctity, entitling him at last to the "bonæ memoriæ" of the inscription. But they who would know more of this most extraordinary character, may be referred to his story, as written by the author of this present work.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROUTE TO TAYMOUTH.



VERY heart was charmed by the great condescension of the Queen, and especially by her kind and considerate manner towards Lord Glenlyon, in the very helpless state in which he then was. After having repeatedly expressed the high sense she entertained of the admirable manner in which every thing had been done at Dunkeld, Her Majesty took leave of her noble host and hostess, and got into her carriage at half-past three o'clock, to start for Taymouth. The chosen guard of the Lochaber-axe men, who had escorted the Queen from the southern end of the bridge, now again attended her thither; and as the carriage left the grounds, the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled multitudes were overwhelmed by the thunders of the mountain echoes, again awakened by the guns of the Stanley-hill battery, firing another royal salute. During her short progress through the town towards the bridge, the Queen met with the same loyal demonstrations which formerly greeted her. But although she failed not to

acknowledge them, she seemed to be somewhat pensive ; and it was not wonderful that her thoughts should be thrown back upon the remarkable scene she had just witnessed, where so many warm and loyal hearts had been assembled to do her honour, with a feeling of regret that it should have so soon flitted away with fairy-like instability. From the peer to the humblest clansman, all had been so filled with enthusiasm, that they would have sacrificed even their own lives, rather than have failed in the smallest tittle of the duty they owed their sovereign. At the moment of the Queen's departure, Lord Glenlyon dispatched his brother, on Lady Glenlyon's beautiful and favourite horse, to escort Her Majesty, who gave orders that the carriage should be stopped at every fine point of view, that she might obtain from Captain Murray the names of the different places and hills, all of which she wrote down with a pencil. When Captain Murray reported on his return, that no one had met him on the confines of the Athole territories to escort the Queen onwards, Lord Glenlyon asked why he had not gone on with Her Majesty ? " If I had done so," replied the Captain, " I might have killed Anne's horse."—" And you ought to have killed Anne's horse rather than have left the Queen unattended," was Lord Glenlyon's answer. By the time Her Majesty had reached the middle of the bridge, the royal eyes again lighted up with their most interesting expression, on beholding the romantic prospects everywhere commanded from it ; and, judging from the earnestness of her observation, Her Majesty seemed anxious to impress the whole of their features deeply on her mind.

Turning up to the right, a little beyond the bridge, the Queen and her cortege moved rapidly on through the beautiful scenery, to the charming little village of Inver, so called from its position just in the angle of junction between the wild and rocky

river Bran, and the broader and more majestic stream of the Tay. Before Dunkeld bridge was built, the ferry here afforded the great passage towards the Highlands of Athole; and the village itself will ever be remarkable as having been the birth-place and the residence of Neil Gow. The scenery is well known to be exquisitely beautiful. The village is approached by a bridge over the Bran, and immediately beyond it the Tay comes in a broad, silent, but powerful stream, through a grand pass formed by Craig-y-Barns and the King's-seat on one side, and Craig-Vinean on the other, the whole surrounding steeps, as well as the banks of the rivers, being magnificently wooded. It happened that a few young gentlemen from Cambridge had taken up their residence at Mr. Pullar's inn, for the purpose of reading for their college honours; but although it must doubtless have required a great effort in students so ardent, to throw aside their books even for a day, they nobly felt that the occasion demanded the sacrifice. They accordingly exercised their ingenuity in throwing a fine triumphal arch, elegantly decorated with flowers, from the western wing of the inn, quite across the road. It was somewhat singular that these Englishmen should have hit off the most rational as well as national mode by which Scotsmen, and especially Highlanders, could do honour to their Queen, and show the fervour of their loyalty. The whole population of Inver, and its neighbourhood, having turned out to receive their sovereign, the moment that the cannon announced Her Majesty's departure from Dunkeld, these men of Cambridge armed every man, woman, and child for her due and proper reception, with a brimmer of the native mountain dew, and there they stood all ready; and the moment that the Royal carriage came so near that the Queen could see and duly appreciate the nature of the compliment, every individual present held up a bumper-charged hand, and the word of

command being given, health and happiness to the Royal pair was shouted forth, and over went the whole contents of every glass, *scaoopes*, that is to the very bottom. A hurrah followed, worthy of the loyal spirit that gave it birth. It would be curious for the political economist to ascertain how many gallons of whisky were in this one moment of loyal effusion poured from the glasses into the interior of these good people, and how much the revenue was thereby benefited. Her Majesty did not stop to inquire, but she seemed to be considerably amused with this novel method of making a loyal demonstration.

Passing Inver, and winding over the north-western side of Craig-Vinean, the scenery of the Tay becomes more expanded, but very beautiful, and the road continues up its western bank amid richly cultivated fields, lying on the base and slopes of the hills, interspersed with wood, and having here and there cheerful cottages and comfortable residences. Dalguise is particularly interesting, from its old-fashioned terrace-garden being seen from the road. A little beyond this, in the wood at Miltown of Kineraigie, a very pretty arch was thrown across the way, with the well conceived words, in large letters, "Welcome to your Highland glens," with V. R. and a crown. This was most appropriately placed near the mouth of Glen-Albert, giving additional value to the compliment. Everywhere the population had turned out in groups—some almost amounting to crowds; and as no native of the Highlands ever assumes an awkward attitude, they very much improved the scenery, as they generally chose the prettiest spots, and those which showed them in the most picturesque point of view. One old woman was observed reading her bible, which she scarcely discontinued, even when the Queen was passing by. Leaving the house of Kinnaird upon the right, the Queen enjoyed an extensive view of the beautiful valley of the Tummel, here joining the Tay, and forming the grand avenue of approach into Athole.

Running westward up Strathtay Her Majesty reached the small inn of Balnaguard, where the Royal carriages stopped to change horses. Miss Jameson from Logierait, having previously collected some beautiful sprigs of heather, took the liberty of approaching the Royal carriage here, and after making her humble obeisance, ventured to present them to the Queen. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept this rural offering, and with the utmost courtesy and frankness, thanked the lady for her attention, and handed some of the sprigs to Prince Albert, who fixed them in the breast of his coat. Some of them fell from the Queen's hand, and were picked up by one of the pages, and restored to his Royal mistress, who turned to Miss Jameson, and, to show that the accident arose from no indifference to her present, with great condescension expressed her regret that it had happened.

The valley of the Tay is extremely rich and beautiful here, and its northern bank is thickly set with gentlemen's seats and Highland hamlets, from its junction with the Tummel upwards. The ancient seat of the Stewarts, the old castle of Garntully, with its singularly picturesque hanging turrets, rising from amidst its ancient avenues and groves, presents an interesting object to the left. Beyond this the features of the valley become more decided. On its northern side, the Weem Craig, a lofty and finely wooded craggy hill face, is seen beetling over Castle Menzies and the village of Weem, whilst Aberfeldy appears on its southern side. The Royal carriage swept rapidly on towards the latter pretty village, and before reaching it, passed under a triumphal arch of heather, executed with great taste, where the Queen read her Highland greeting in the motto, "Welcome to Breadalbane." Here Her Majesty entered the extensive territory of the Marquess of Breadalbane, which stretches from this point for very nearly one hundred miles, to the Western Ocean,

altogether exclusive of those islands there forming integral parts of his vast domain. A nobleman, whose estate lay in one of the smallest English counties, being on a visit to an ancestor of the Marquess, and being delighted with Taymouth, and the scenery around it, exclaimed, " This lovely property of yours wants one thing only to make it perfect."—" What is that?" demanded Lord Breadalbane.—" Why," replied the English peer, " if you could only remove it into our county, it would then be all that one could desire."—" There is a serious objection to your proposition," replied Lord Breadalbane, " and that is, that your county is much too small to hold my estate!" and there was no exaggeration in this.

Aberfeldy is beautifully situated where the small river that forms the romantic falls of Moness, quits its mountain ravine, and hurries over the plain to join the Tay. The whole of its houses were white-washed, and decorated with heather and evergreens, and triumphal arches were erected in various parts of the village. While the Queen changed horses here, and the people were crowding closely round the carriage, the landlord of the inn vigorously exerted himself to keep them back; but a man, rather elevated with the beverage of the country, made numerous attempts to get forward, saying, " That he and all his forbears were friends of the Stuarts, and that he had a right to bid the Queen welcome to the hills." A mutual scolding and altercation took place in Gaelic, and the excited expression of their countenances, with the absurdity of their gestures, and their Celtic vociferation, were altogether so ludicrous, that the Prince was highly amused with them, and calling the Queen's attention to the scene, they laughed at it very heartily. In driving through the village, the Queen met with a greeting similar to that she encountered at Inver. One hundred of the villagers were arranged on each side to right and left of the street, each with

an overflowing glass of whisky in his hand, and the moment the carriage came so near as to place Her Majesty within ken of their motions, they shouted forth her health, tossed off their bumpers, and then cheered her with loud hurrahs.

The road all the way hence to Taymouth, a distance of some six or seven miles, is exquisitely beautiful, and it was everywhere enlivened by dense masses of joyous Highlanders crowding to see their Queen. After leaving Aberfeldy, the craggy steeps of Weem and Dull arise to a great height on the opposite side of the river, hung with grand woods. A wide plain of very fine land, richly cultivated, and umbrageous with hedgerows, there stretches between the mountains and the Tay. At one end of this is the village of Weem, and Castle Menzies, the ancient seat of Sir Neil Menzies, chief of the clan of that name, towers from the midst of its ancestral trees. It was built in the year 1571, and its pleasure grounds, avenues, plantations, and walks, prove that landscape gardening must have been much attended to at a very remote period in the Highlands. The Queen was particularly struck with this fine old building and place. The fall of the Tay is so gentle, that although Castle Menzies is so far in the interior of the country, it stands comparatively but very little above the level of the sea. All this combination of richness and wildness is heightened, as the road proceeds, by the pointed pinnacle of Shihallion, and the bulk of Ferragon appearing over and behind the northern heights, while the opening of Glenlyon leads the eye into a wilderness of beauty, and the magnificent wooded hill of Drummond rises farther on above the park of Taymouth. The whole of this is rendered the more lovely by the noble river, up the margin of which the road winds, amidst trees of giant growth, whilst an ever-changing series of fine pictures are continually presenting themselves through the inter-

vening openings. The charms of the scenery go on increasing as the road draws nearer to the immediate grounds of Taymouth, and the park wall, with undulated knolls appearing over it, covered with oaks of great magnitude, indicates the approach to the grand entrance gate, which is soon afterwards recognised by the massive castellated building protecting it.

Before carrying the Queen forward, it may be as well to attempt to give some description of Taymouth, and of the preparations made there, that its effect on Her Majesty may be somewhat better comprehended. Imagine then a wide valley, being a prolongation of that through which the Queen has been described as travelling—having on its northern side the extended, lofty, and precipitous face of the hill of Drummond, covered with old woods, except only where here and there a bare crag lifts his bald and lichen-tinted front, like a giant peeping from the leafy umbrage,—and on the southern side, the long stretch of the Taymouth hills, mostly wooded, but having beautiful green lawns interspersed, and though steep in many parts, appearing to drop down in most others in rapid slopes into the plain below. To the west this plain is bounded by the lower end of Loch Tay, which stretches away between misty mountain chains, over which Benlawers and Benmore are proudly pre-eminent. These are the grand bounding features of this beautiful district, extending some five or six miles in length by a mile or more in breadth, and entirely laid out in the pleasure grounds of Taymouth.

The castle itself is built on the ancient site of that of Balloch—that is, the town of the Loch. The ancient fortress was erected by Sir Colin Campbell, the fourth Baron from that Sir Colin who was the first of the house of Glenurquhy. A question was put to this prudent Highlander, why he had thus built his family place of strength

so near to the eastern extremity of his property; to which he replied, —"Ou, we maun just brisse yont." That is, "we must press beyond;" and accordingly it has happened, that, by good fortune, a great deal of land has been added to the estate to the eastward, including the village of Aberfeldy. This ancient hero, who lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, was a great builder of castles—not *Chateaux en Espagne*, but good substantial fortalices—and his son, Sir Duncan Dhu, took after his father in this particular. Thus it was that Sir Duncan afterwards acquired the designation of "the Knight of the Seven Castles." These were, Kilchurn, on Loch-Awe, built in 1450; Balloch; Finlarig; Edinample; Achallader; Loch-Dochart; and Barcaldine. All these, except Kilchurn, were built by Sir Colin and Sir Duncan. This Sir Colin was great-grandson of the first Sir Colin of Glenurquhy, who was third son of Duncan first Lord Campbell of Loch-Awe, by Margery, daughter of Robert Duke of Albany. Sir Colin of Glenurquhy, founder of the Breadalbane family, is erroneously stated in the Peerages to have been one of the Knights of Rhodes—a mistake arising from the fact that he was dubbed knight at Rhodes. Another error ought to be corrected. He is said to have married Margaret, the second of the three daughters of John Lord Lorn, whereas his wife was Janet, the eldest of the three daughters. This has arisen from a circumstance lately discovered. His nephew, and the representative of his father's family, Colin second Lord Campbell, afterwards created first Earl of Argyll, married the younger sister of his wife, on which occasion the Laird of Glenurquhy consented that the title of Lorn, and superiorities thereof, should be made over to Argyll, agreeing, at the same time, to hold the third of his own lordship from him, all which was done with the clannish desire of increasing the power and honours of his paternal house.

The present Taymouth Castle was entirely rebuilt by the late Marquess of Breadalbane, and has since received some additions from his son, the present Marquess. Speaking of the building externally, it is now an immense pile, its principal part consisting of one great square mass of four stories in height, crowned with a battlement, and having a large round tower rising from the ground at each of the four angles. From the centre of this mass arises a great and very lofty square tower, enriched with tall Gothic windows filled with stained glass. The castle fronts the south, and when the main part is looked at from that quarter, a high picturesque gable, attached to its western side, filled by a grand florid Gothic window, richly coloured, and altogether like that of a cathedral, unites it with a large oblong building of three stories, jutting southwards, surmounted by an enriched battlement. From the north-eastern angle of the great central mass, there runs out a long irregular wing of two stories, all in a corresponding style of architecture. The front of the main part is decorated with Gothic balconies, having access from the windows of the second story, and these projecting over the lower story, cover the great entrance. The north-western angle has been so varied, that whilst unity of character is perfectly preserved, a good deal of picturesque effect is produced. It is altogether a very imposing pile, and as it has been improved by the present Marquess, it is not improbable, that magnificent as it is externally, it may yet be made still more so, by those touches of a master hand from which alone an approach to perfection can be produced.

The castle stands on an extensive flat of green sward of the closest texture and liveliest green, around the northern side of which the Tay makes one large and bold sweep. A straight, broad, and magnificent avenue of lofty lime trees crosses as the chord of this ex-

tensive semicircular piece of ground immediately behind the building. This has been partly broken up, and, without being destroyed in itself, it now combines happily with single trees and groups of beeches and other kinds of timber, that tower up from the smooth turf, whilst wide gravel walks wind along under those bordering the stream, and patches of shrubbery diversify the whole. A long bridge gives access to the northern bank of the river, which embraces this semicircular amphitheatre, and rises abruptly to another wide *terre-plein*, at no great height above the level of the stream, and running back to the base of Drummond hill. The whole of this sweeping bank is covered with the finest timber, and above its upper edge a grand and broad grassy avenue, flanked by trees of the noblest growth, follows the sweep of the Tay on the one hand, and that of the plain on the other. All that has been here described is to the north of the castle.. To the front, the level lawn stretches southwards into the deer park, here wire-fenced off, and so onwards till it meets the burn of Taymouth, at the base of the slopes of the southern hills. On a fine elevated terrace on their face, stands the Fort, mounted with nine 12-pound carronades, its white buildings rising from among the thick wood; and still higher up, and more to the westward, rises a tower, occupied by the head keeper. At some distance to the right of the castle, that is, towards the west, there are banks, stretching north and south, which seem to have been at one time architecturally shaven, in the old style of landscape gardening, and these lead on from their upper angle westwards in levels of somewhat higher elevation than that on which the castle stands. Above this, and more to the westward, the valley widens, its surface becomes more undulating, and the richness of its wooding thickens, and then the park again opens, having some wooded knolls rising towards its northern side, on one of which, called Tom-na-croich, or the gallows-

hill, there is a battery mounted with two short 32-pounders, two long 24-pounders, and four long 6-pounders. Beyond this it is bounded by the wall of enclosure, and its western gate leads directly into the square of the nice clean little village of Kenmore, with its handsome church, embosomed in trees. This was the scene alluded to in that curious manuscript, called the Black Book of Taymouth, when noticing the execution of a chief of the Clan Gregor, by Sir Colin, the sixth laird of Glenurquhy, who built the castle. "He was ane great justiciar all his tyme, throch the quhilk he sustenit the deidly feud of the clan Gregour ane lang space. And besydes, that he caused execute to the death mony notable lymmares, he behiddit the Laird of Macgregor himself at Kendmoir, in presence of the Erle of Atholl, the Justice-Clerk, and sundrie other noblemen." This was Gregor Roy, to whom his executioner was second cousin. The village occupies a gently rising peninsula, jutting into the eastern end of Loch Tay, immediately to the south of the point where a very handsome bridge of five arches spans the new born river Tay, carrying across it the road that leads privately to the kitchen garden, and publicly along the north side of the lake towards Killin.

Returning to the castle, and taking up the great bend of the river there, its sweeping course runs thence quite up to the sloping base of the hills, and meeting them at the point where it is joined by the burn of Taymouth, where the fork of the two streams embraces an extremely low and very beautiful piece of level ground. The abrupt point of the high bank and continuous plain on the northern side of the river, is crowned by the Star battery, a very pretty little fortification, mounted with twelve guns, eight of them long 6-pounders, and four of them 6-pound carronades. From hence eastwards, as far as the pleasure grounds go, the woods, chiefly

composed of gigantic oaks, of a fine free growth that would not disgrace the forest of Windsor itself, come down from the higher faces of the southern hills, spreading themselves sometimes in thicker masses, and sometimes almost thinned to single trees, and rising every where from a most picturesque assemblage of knolls, intervening hollows and ravines, intermixed every now and then with fairy glades, and affording a thousand pictures for the artist, many of which are scenes where the melancholy Jacques might love to repose, or the fair Rosalind to roam, and where the musing philosopher might

> "Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

And all these romantic associations are the more readily awakened and rendered tangible, as it were, from the animating forms that are continually flitting before the eye, as the sparkling fallow-deer, or the more sober-coloured, but majestic royal red stag, with his herd of hinds, are seen to glance along the sun-streaked sward, or to pass leisurely amidst the shadows of the deeper recesses of the woodland.

To complete this description, which, however full in itself, must be found miserably deficient in conveying any just idea of a place so extensive, and where nature and art vie with each other, it is only now necessary to add, that the grand castellated eastern gate gives entrance to an open slope of grass among these fine trees; whence the road sweeps down amid the varied knolls and woods of the falling ground last described, until it comes to a bridge leading over the burn of Taymouth, at a point a little above its junction with the Tay. Before it descends upon this bridge, a grand view is caught between the intervening trees, of the level plain of the park—the sweeping river—the castle, with its em-

bracing groves—the whole backed by the wide and lofty wooded front of Drummond hill. Having crossed the bridge, the approach leads on in one grand sweep of about a quarter of a mile, to the wide square of gravel in front of the castle.

Above a thousand head of deer range through the grounds of Taymouth; for, besides the red and fallow-deer in the extensive park, the woods of Drummond hill abound with wild fallow-deer. Roe-deer are also most abundant, as are the smaller species of four-footed game. The burly savage-looking bison is also to be met with; and the lama herds with the sheep in the pastures. There are partridges and pheasants in the more cultivated parts: grouse upon the mountains;—and black game—and, above all, the capercailzie, (*Coq de Bois,*) once a native of Scotland. These various animals give a peculiar wildness and animation to a walk at Taymouth. The last of the aboriginal race of Scottish capercailzies was shot, nearly a century ago, in the old fir woods belonging to Chisholm of Chisholm in Strathglass, to the westward of Inverness. That the bird existed at Taymouth in considerable abundance in the reign of Charles the First, is proved by three very curious letters, addressed to Lord Breadalbane's ancestor, Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurquhy. One of these is from the Lords of the Council, and the other two are from the Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh, all of them asking him to send game for the great banquet that was to be given there to his Majesty, "becaus the comoun mercatts cannot affoord sufficient prouisionis in that behalf." In that from the Magistrates, dated "Edinbur^{t} ye 18 of May 1633," and addressed "To the Rycht Honorable and oure most loveing friend Sr Coline Campbell of Glenurquhy, Kng^{t}, Barronet," they request that they "may have some vennisone and capercalyies frome yow vpone our nixt adverteisement, quhen we ar better acquented with his Ma^{j} dyett." Their last letter on this subject is dated

"Edinburt, 12 Junii 1633,"—"To the right honble the Laird of Glenurquhy."

"Rycht Honorable Sr, oure comendationes remembrit, Being confident of youre willingnes for ye advancement of ye honor of ye kyngdome, and credite of yis burgh, now at his Maj entric, and becaus we are to prepaire ane Royall banquett for his Matie, qlk is now appointit be his Maties awin directione to be upon ye xxiij day of Junij Instand; And as we wrett to yow of befoire, swa now againe We ar to Intreat yow to send ws with ye berar twa dayis befoir ye said bancquett, Twa Vennisone of these that are most seasoinable, ayther hairt, hynd, or dea, with some Caperkealzies, Heroinis, Termigantis, or suche Lyik that ye think fittest for suche ane occasione. Quhairin as ye sall do ws ane most singular plesr, so sall we be most willing to mak retributione of yor favor and kyndnes, As ye sall have occasione to vse ws. Swa expectting yor favor heirin, We Comitt yow to ye protectioun of ye almichtie, And sall ewer remayne, your Loveing freindis and nichtboris, The Provest and Baillies of Edinburt.—Al. Clark, provest; Johne Sinclair, Baillie; William Gray, Baillie; Ja. Murray, Baillie; George Baillie, bailzie."

The first attempt to re-introduce the capercailzie into Scotland was made by the Earl of Fife at Mar Lodge in 1829, as noticed in the "Account of the great Moray Floods" of that year, by the author of this work. But as nothing farther has been heard regarding it, the probability is, that it finally proved abortive.

In 1837, the Marquess of Breadalbane procured twenty-eight birds of this gigantic species of the grouse genus from Sweden, and fourteen or fifteen more in 1838, and they have already multiplied to above 1000 head. The cock is nearly as large as a turkey, being about two feet nine inches in length, and specimens have been found from eleven to nineteen pounds in weight; the average, how-

ever, may be fairly set at sixteen pounds. The bill is very strong, convex, and of a horn colour; the eyes are hazel, the nostrils are small, and almost hid under a covering of short feathers, which extend under the throat, and are there much larger than the rest, and of a black colour; the head and neck are elegantly marked with small transverse lines of black and grey, as are also the back and wings, but more irregularly; the breast is black, richly glossed with green on the upper part, and mixed with a few white feathers on the belly and thighs; the sides are marked like the neck; the tail consists of eighteen black feathers, of which those on the sides are marked with a few white spots; the legs are very stout, and covered with brown feathers; the toes are furnished with a strong pectinated membrane. The hen is considerably less than the male, and of the average weight of ten pounds; she differs from the cock greatly in her colours. Her throat is red; the transverse bars on the head, neck, and back, are red and black; the breast is of a pale orange colour; the belly is barred with orange and black, the top of each feather being white. The back and wings are mottled with reddish-brown and black; the scapulars are tipped with white, and the tail is of a deep rust colour, barred with black, and tipped with white.

Nothing can be more beautiful in nature than to behold the male bird, strutting about with his tail erected, fan-fashion, like the turkey-cock, with the sun shining on his lustrous neck, and giving the fiery sparkle of the carbuncle to his eyes. Lord Breadalbane's head keeper, Mr. Guthrie, found the young chicks most difficult to rear, for when he tried to feed them like young pheasants, they all died. At length, after considering that the chief food of the old birds was the tender shoots of the Scottish firs and the larch, he adopted a different mode with them. He put the hen mother into

a moveable crib, and set down the young ones on the ground outside of it, nearer at first, and afterwards at some distance from it; and as they made their way back to the crib, he saw that they picked up some minute objects, whether animalculæ or some vegetable matter he could not say. In this way he succeeded perfectly in rearing and turning out many of them, and they are now left in the fir woods, to bring out their young and to rear them in the natural way. They make their nests by scraping a little hollow among the dry fallen spines at the root of a Scottish fir, and generally where some portion of a broken branch accidentally covers the place, and there they lay their eggs. They will multiply very fast wherever fir woods are tolerably extensive, and where foxes are exterminated—but where these abound, any attempt to introduce them would be hopeless, as they seem to prefer the capercailzie to all other kinds of prey. Mr. Guthrie says, that he had cleared the whole woods of foxes, but to his great dismay he found no less than three capercailzie nests, at different times, where the hen mother had been carried off, and the young chicks, to use his own phrase, "chackit, out o' mere spite in the beast." After a good deal of thought, he became persuaded that all this murder must have been committed by some fox from the hills; and resolving to ascertain this, he cast about, like a North American Indian looking for a trail, across and across the wood, in the line leading from the spots where the nests were, towards the open hill. At last he discovered the impression of the pads of his marauding enemy, in a moist bit of bare ground, and noting their direction, he proceeded to search carefully in the same way a-head, till, after picking up a hint here, and a trace there, he with uncommon patience tracked the fox fairly out to the hill, so as to leave no doubt in his mind that he came thence. He now set out on a different search, and hunted all over the neighbouring farms,

till he procured a hen, having plumage somewhat resembling that of the hen capercailzie, and having at last got one to his mind, he proceeded to the hill, and availing himself of the side of a dry bank of moss, he threw up a rude low roof of brushwood, which covered some two or three square yards of area, like a penthouse. In the midst of this he drove a stake about two feet high, and attached a cord and a swivel to the top of it, and tied the fowl to it, leaving but two entrances in the direction of the track of the fox, and concealing a powerful trap in each. Next morning he had the satisfaction of finding the caitiff taken.

The capercailzie is now fairly re-introduced into Scotland, so far at least as Taymouth is concerned, and if foxes were kept down, they would soon multiply and spread all over the country, having already been shot in Athole and in Stratherne. But the most curious circumstance is, that Mr. Guthrie has repeatedly seen birds, decidedly the production of a cross between the capercailzie and black game, though as yet he cannot say for certain that he has known these to breed again. One of these, shot at Dunira, is now to be seen stuffed in Edinburgh. This bird occurs frequently in Norway and Sweden, being called by foreign naturalists *Tetrao medius*, that is, the middle or intermediate grouse, so named from its exhibiting a combination of the characters of the *Tetrao urogallus*, or capercailzie, and the *Tetrao tetrix*, or black game. It is nowhere met with, except in countries where both these species are found together, and as none of this peculiar species were introduced among the live specimens brought by Lord Breadalbane from Sweden, it is now quite proved that the bird is a hybrid, seeing that, so far as this country is concerned, it must have been produced by a cross betwixt the capercailzie and black game. The mixture of the two parent birds is very remarkable—the feathers in the tail par-

taking somewhat, though not altogether, of the curve in those of the tail of the black-cock. The weight of this description of bird is from eight to nine pounds.

The entrance to Taymouth Castle is by a vaulted Gothic corridor, ornamented with an immense number of very fine stag's heads and ancient arms. To right and left of this there are two large waiting rooms. The corridor leads directly into the grand staircase, contained in the great central square tower, the whole height of which is upwards of eighty feet. The floor, from which the stair starts, is covered with curiosities, stuffed animals, and figures of men in armour, and various kinds of weapons of the most ancient description are hung up or lean against the walls. The stair rises in one broad flight, and then divides into two, both landing on the level of the second story, and leaving all above quite unencumbered. The walls are stone, richly relieved with canopied Gothic recesses and tracery, having shields bearing arms, crests, and devices, interspersed. Slender Gothic columns rise the entire height of the tower, and branch out over the roof in rich fans of Gothic tracery, the whole being lighted at top by one large window on each of the four sides, filled with stained glass. The look upwards is magnificent.

To describe, in the first place, that suite of public apartments running around the central tower, the Ante-room, or Print-room, as it is sometimes called, is that first requiring notice, as entering directly from the landing-place. The ceiling is oak, lightly relieved with gold—the walls are covered with scarlet cloth, and hung with pictures. Turning to the right from this room, there is an entrance to the Baron's Hall, which is the banquetting-room. This is 53 feet long by 28 feet 3 inches wide, and 19 feet 4 inches high. The ceiling is vaulted, and done in imitation of stone, richly relieved with moulded Gothic tracery. The chimney-piece is large,—and

cut out of stone, in the style of a rich Gothic canopy. The walls are hung with a paper of a crimson ground, having on it a drab flock resembling tapestry. The Dado is high, and composed of dark oak, great part of it of the finest old German Gothic carving, with shields, figures of birds, and other ornaments, the deficiencies being supplied by modern work, so well done as not to be discovered from the original. At the western end of this most magnificent apartment, there is an immense Gothic sideboard of beautifully carved oak, underneath which stands one of the most gorgeous cellarets that can possibly be conceived—of very great size—its sides composed each of one piece of exquisitely rich old German carved oak, united together down the angles, and around the bottom and top by the most massive and elaborately chased solid silver bands,—the lid being similarly bound, and the whole supported on boar's heads—the family crest—all of massive and solid silver,—in which the arms and supporters are also very admirably executed. Along the northern wall are arranged three large carved Gothic oak buffets, lined with crimson velvet. The window curtains are of crimson Genoa velvet, with cut vallances, and cornices of carved oak, partly gilt. At the western end of the hall is a most gorgeous Gothic window, filled with stained glass of the richest description, containing full length figures of the old Knights of Glenurquhy, from Sir Colin Campbell, of the year 1400, downwards, arranged in genealogical order, and exhibiting a most beautiful and interesting emblazonment of the various family bearings. This magnificent hall, besides other pictures, contains that very fine work of Rubens, "The Head of John the Baptist brought to Herod." Let this hall only be imagined, with its table, its sideboard, and all the shelves of its large beaufets, piled up with the most gorgeous silver and gold plate, some of the pieces of which were extremely old and curious, and the whole illumined with

a blaze of light, and the Gothic window lighted from without, and then let it be animated with the figures of the Queen of Great Britain, Prince Albert, and the distinguished persons who sat with them, and with the richly liveried and garbed attendants who went about the room, and then some faint idea may be formed of what the Royal banquet was at Taymouth.

Leaving the Baron's Hall by its north-eastern angle, there is a passage through a circular apartment in a tower into the breakfast-room, an apartment of quiet appearance, 37 feet long by 26 feet wide, and 19 feet 5 inches high. The ceiling is arched in Gothic oak, with light ribbed mouldings. The walls are a subdued green, and the window curtains of scarlet cloth. At one end there is a grand picture by Salvator Rosa, and on one of the walls, there is a very curious portrait of "the Bonny Earl of Moray," who was murdered at Donibristle, very interesting to antiquaries, in regard to its Highland costume. From the south-western corner, a passage through a beautiful little ante-room leads into the Drawing-Rooms, two magnificent apartments, 72 feet in length by 25 feet in breadth, and 19 feet 4 inches high, having their windows facing the south. These are altogether of a lighter character, the general unity in the antiquity of the whole being sustained rather by the style of the decorations, than by the heaviness of their interior architecture. The ceilings were all designed by Mr. Crase, of Wigmore-street, London, who undertook the execution of the decorations of the interior of these rooms and the Grand Hall, and who employed foreign as well as British artists in carrying out his designs. The ceilings of these two drawing-rooms, then, are painted in the style of the illumination of the manuscripts of the fourteenth century, in Gothic arabesque of the richest character of ornament, partly on gold grounds, and introducing armorial bear-

ings, and figures, relating to the history of the Breadalbane family. At the eastern end of the larger drawing-room there is a recess, the ceiling of which is covered with tracery, all richly gilt, and the ground silvered, with a light ornament in ultramarine blue painted on it—the centre pendants in each room, the small pendants in the large, and the Gothic tracery fans in the ceiling of the small room being done in the same manner. The walls are hung with green and gold, of a quiet and subdued tint, forming a fine ground for the display of a choice collection of pictures, among which are the Nativity, by Murillo, the Lucretia, by Guido, two splendid full-length portraits by Vandyke, of Richard Earl of Warwick, and the first Earl of Breadalbane. The folding-doors between the two rooms are of satin wood, and the canopy and framed work are carved in rich florid Gothic, with foliage, tracery, and niches, under which are supporters bearing shields, resting on ornamented columns. The whole is finished of a vellum tint, richly gilt. The smaller doors are also of satin wood, and with frames of a similar style, though less elaborate. The window shutters and other parts of the wood work are of the same vellum tint and gold. The curtains are of a superb brocade silk of flowers and maroon ornament on a gold ground, and their cornices are rich Gothic, according with the canopied door frames. There are two very beautiful buhl cabinets in the larger dining-room, of ebony, inlaid with tortoise-shell and *or molu*, and some of the tables are extremely rich. The carpets, of great originality of design, are the produce of the tapestry looms of Aubusson. A rich specimen of gold tapestry forms a portière to the centre folding-door. Immediately off the recess, at the end of the large drawing-room, is a circular boudoir, in the south-eastern round tower, hung with fluted green silk, containing a most interesting collection of large miniature portraits of the sovereigns

of the royal families of Scotland, from the Bruce to the present time.

At the south-western angle of the smaller drawing-room, is another circular apartment, formed in the tower there, containing a curious and interesting family tree, painted by Jameson, the Scottish Vandyke, with the portraits of the successive barons introduced. The walls are hung with a paper in imitation of gilt leather, and they are covered with large miniature portraits of the distinguished characters of British history. This room forms a vestibule to the Grand Hall, a magnificent Gothic apartment, of truly baronial character, 44 feet 9 inches long, by 27 feet 10 inches wide, and 26 feet 4 inches high. The vaulted ceiling is divided into ninety compartments, by massive oaken moulded ribs, partly gilt. In each is painted an heraldic emblazonment, containing a shield surrounded by foliage, and vellum scrolls, giving the names belonging to the arms, thus illustrating the descents and alliances of the house of Breadalbane. On the one side is its descent from the blood royal of Scotland through the Stuarts, and its alliances through the lines of Lochow and Glenurquhy from the twelfth century, and on the other side that from the blood royal of England, through the Black Knight of Lorne, who married Queen Jane Beaufort,—its descent from the Lords of Lorne and the Lords of the Isles,—and the alliances of the house of Lauderdale. At either corner of the southern end of the hall, are screens exquisitely carved into the most delicate pervious Gothic work, from the door-ways of which are hung tapestry cartoons, of rich colours and gold. The Dado is of oak, elaborately ornamented. The chimney-piece is very large, and entirely formed of a greyish stone, most delicately and beautifully carved in Gothic ornaments, with niches, and golden figures of knights in armour. On the walls, which are simply stone,

are arranged demi-suits of armour, shields, lances, two-handed swords, and various other curious specimens of ancient weapons; and above these, and immediately under each arch where the ceiling meets the lofty walls, are hung the silken banners of the Queen, Prince Albert, and all those of the principal nobility who were present at Taymouth on the late occasion. There is one very large Gothic mullioned window at each end, filled with rich stained glass of ancient German manufacture of a very fine description, the deficiencies being made up by modern work, so well executed as to be in perfect keeping with the old.

. Passing through the Gothic screen in the south-western angle of the Hall, the entrance to the Gallery is guarded by some human figures carved in wood, of the full size, and of the most perfect foreign workmanship,—very old, and representing the religious Reformers in purgatory. The Gallery runs west from the Hall,—is 54 feet long,—and receives a quiet subdued light from one large window at its western extremity. The ceiling is oak, divided into square pannels by moulded ribs, the walls are covered with a tapestry paper, of a Morisco pattern, in which crimson and gold give an excessive degree of richness to the more sober colours with which they are associated. On the walls are hung a series of portraits of the old lords of Glenurquhy. Fine old carved cabinets are ranged along some parts of the sides, and between them very choice Etrusean vases are placed on pedestals. The window affords a passage directly into the lawn, by means of an external iron staircase. The curtains are of crimson velvet, and the carpet of simple imitation oak. Near its western end, the Gallery opens on its southern side in three tall Gothic archways, giving entrance beneath rich draperies to that which may be considered the gem of the castle—the Library. This apartment, 42½ feet long by 19 feet wide, and 17 feet high, is or-

namented in the most elaborate Gothic style, from the well-known Crosby Hall in London, the vaulted ceiling being divided into compartments by rich pendant ribs, and subdivided into pannels of ornamental tracery. The carved posts are in oak, relieved with gold, and the intervening ground is laid in ultramarine blue. There are two beautiful perforated carved screens at the southern end of the room, and the windows are of rich stained glass. The books are arranged in carved oak book-cases, and these, with the two screens, and the grand chimney, executed in grey stone, present most successful examples of Gothic work. These public rooms of Taymouth Castle, and especially the Gallery and the Library, are exquisitely beautiful, and exhibit the finest possible taste in their decoration. The architectural part of the decoration is the work of Mr. Gillespie Graham of Orchill, and the paintings and other ornaments of that description, were all designed by Mr. Crase. They remind one more of the glories of the Alhambra Palace, when Spain was under the Moorish dominion, than any thing else that one can fancy. From the Library there is a passage through a concealed door into the Tapestry Chambers—two rooms fitted up with Beauvais tapestry, of great beauty. The subjects represented, are admirably designed, as well as executed with all the softness, richness, and freshness of painting. They are arranged in pannels, having stiles of polished satin wood. The ceilings are divided into pannels, in which is a gold *nielle* ornament, on a light buff ground, introducing crests and Breadalbane initials, with oak stiles and enriched cornices relieved with gold. The windows and shutters are of massive oak, with draperied pannelling, and on the doors are also introduced carvings and inlaid ornaments. The hangings to these rooms are silk brocade, of crimson laid on a bronze green ground, arranged with rich vallances and carved oak cornices. The furniture is of

walnut wood, some of it elaborately carved, and the carpets are of rich Arabesque design of the style of the 15th century. Over the doors are placed pictures of some of the Breadalbane family. Regarding these princely apartments of Taymouth Castle, it may be well said that whilst every one of them, taken separately, is perfectly harmonious in itself, a general harmony runs throughout the whole of them, that makes them perfectly charming.

The Gallery and the Library formed the Queen's private sitting apartments. The Queen's boudoir, dressing-room, bed-room, and Prince Albert's dressing-room, were *en suite* entering immediately from the northern side of the gallery. These are known by the name of the Chinese Rooms, from the fine China paper with which they are hung. The bed-room is large, lofty, and beautiful. The state-bed is in the old French style, framed of satin wood, enriched with highly finished carved mouldings and ornaments richly gilt. The pillars are twisted, and entwined with wreaths of the rose, thistle, and shamrock, and each supports the coronet of a marquess. The canopy is twelve feet in height, of an oval form, and splendidly carved and gilt. The drapery is of the richest white satin, lined with peach-blossom silk, and trimmed with deep gold bullion fringe. The tester is of silver tissue, with beautiful antique perforated and richly gilt carving laid over it, with the imperial crown and the Queen's cipher in the centre, and the coronets of all the various degrees diverging from it. The counterpane is of the same rich satin lining, and gold edging, and the mattresses, bolsters, and pillows, are covered with the same. Her Majesty never uses a feather bed. The sheets are of the finest linen, and the blankets of beautiful white cassimere, finished with white satin. Such is the detailed description of the bed—but it is quite impossible to convey any just idea of the chastity and elegance of its general effect. The toilette

table is covered with white satin, finished with gold rope and tassels, with fine lace thrown over it. On the toilette is a hand mirror, of an oval form, and of exquisite beauty and workmanship. The border is of fine gold, friezed, and studded with large Scottish pearls found at Taymouth, the handle and top are made of large and perfect topaz-yellow cairngorms, and the whole is surmounted with Lord Breadalbane's coronet and crest, wrought in fine gold. This exquisite *bijou* was executed by Messrs. Mackay and Cunningham of Edinburgh. The sitting room is fitted up with beautiful green silk damask hangings, with ottomans, inlaid tables, and every thing necessary to the comfort of the occupant. The dressing-rooms are in a similar style of refinement. These apartments were furnished by Mr. Trotter of Edinburgh, who also executed the whole of the oak carvings, done to complete the antique specimens already noticed in the Great Hall, the Library, the doors and dado of the Baron's Hall, doing credit to him as well as to Mr. Gillespie Graham, who designed their arrangement. As a stair led from the Queen's apartments to those of the Duchess of Norfolk, directly above, and as those of the dressers were below, Her Majesty had thus a little private palace of her own, altogether detached and shut off from the rest of the castle; and she had it always in her power to go out to walk by the window at the end of the Gallery, and the iron stair leading directly down to the lawn.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARRIVAL AT TAYMOUTH.

UPON the Queen's intended visit being certainly announced to the Marquess of Breadalbane, the simple inhabitants throughout his wide territories were excited to great and unusual speculation, by the ground officers of districts visiting all the cottages and hamlets where strong and active young men were to be found. Highland curiosity is great as well as natural, and never was it more excited than upon this occasion. Nor was it allayed when the first question asked was met by important looks, and mysterious shakes of the head, accompanying the reply that it was probable a gathering of the Clan Campbell would soon take place; and that Lord Breadalbane desired to know whether he could rely on their voluntary services, with kilt and claymore, whenever he might summon them by the pipes or the fiery cross. All without exception readily expressed their willingness to assemble round the black and yellow gironied *Brattach*, and from that moment all work was suspended—the harmless tools of

rustic labour were left to rust, and arms that had for years lain forgotten in remote corners of barns and outhouses, were carefully sought out—blacksmiths were called into requisition—broadswords were straightened and burnished up—all under the careful eye of some of those ancient patriarchs, who having served in the gallant corps of Breadalbane Fencibles, assumed the management of affairs, by acknowledged right, and cocked their bonnets with a due consciousness of their importance and experience in military matters. But what could be the object of this gathering of the clan in martial array? The Campbells had no feud in the country at that moment; then, what could the object be? They scratched their pates, stared at each other in silence, and listened with outstretched necks to the various conjectures that were offered for the solution of the question.

The people of a certain district were thus employed when they espied a grave looking person, whom they knew to be a schoolmaster, going leisurely along the road, on a shaggy shotten-necked shelty, and as he was sometimes in the habit of solving any doubts that arose among them, a circle was soon formed around him. Having been made acquainted with the subject of their difficulties, he leisurely unfolded and put on his spectacles, and drawing out of his pocket a newspaper somewhat soiled, he slowly read a short paragraph from it. Up went hats and bonnets into the air, and loud shouts of "Hurrah! the Banrigh is coming to the Highlands! hurrah! hurrah!" were soon heard resounding over the hill side. "But what hae they done to the bonny Leddy?" demanded an old woman, after the noise had somewhat subsided; "what hae they done till her, to gar her leave her ain house, and come sae far north to the Balloch?"—"Wha has been fashing her, Dominie?" demanded several angry voices, accompanied by looks showing that the wearers of them would draw the sword in her cause.—"Nothing, nobody, my good friends," answered

the dominie; "the Queen only wishes to see you, and will be here in a week to pay you a short visit, after which she will return home to London."—"And its vera kind o' her," said a buxom housewife, whose curiosity had led her to thrust herself amidst the deliberations of this council of war; "but could she no hae letten us ken sooner, that we might hae gotten time to make a' things clean and ready? The lasses will a' be wantin new goons and braw claise; an' I'm thinking that they will no hae o'er muckle time at the Castle, to send awa a' the Sassenach painters wha hae been there sae lang, wi' their brushes and pots, an' bit bukes o' gowd leaves they are stickin' against the wa's, and to put the chairs and tables right into a' the rooms again, forbye makin' preparations in the kitchen."—"Haud yer tongue, woman," said her husband; "preparations!—Is there no deer and grouse on the hills,—breachean in the loch,—sheep and stots in the pastures,—and plenty o' gude wine, whisky, and yill in the Balloch cellars?—An' the Banrigh comes to the Hielants, she maun be contentit wi' Hielant cheer and Hielant welcome; and I'se warrant ye she'll get baith in plenty, an' she would come this verra nicht."—This dialogue, obtained from an unquestionable authority, affords a better idea of the spirit of loyalty and affection for the Queen prevailing in the Highlands, than any graver disquisition could convey; and how far this man was right in his conjecture, that there would be no lack of food at Taymouth during the time of the Queen's visit, may be imagined from the fact, that about seven hundred and thirty persons were daily fed in and about the castle. One zealous Highland friend of the Marquess remarked, that "Breadalbane was certainly right to give his countenance to the Queen when she visited the north; but," added he, shaking his head, "it will cost him a hantel o' siller."

Now that the news of the Queen's approaching visit became pub-

licly known, nothing was to be seen on all sides but active and busy preparation, and the Highlanders laboured with a zeal which proved that, short as the notice had been, they were anxiously resolved to receive their young Sovereign in a manner worthy of her and of themselves. In the villages of Aberfeldy and Kenmore, the houses were white-washed, and ornamented with wreaths of heather and evergreens, and tasteful triumphal arches, with devices and mottoes, were erected, as well as on various parts of the roads in the Taymouth pleasure grounds, and especially on the bridge leading across the burn on the approach to the castle, and on that over the Tay at Kenmore, where there was a very grand one The cannon of the several batteries were examined, and put in efficient order, and men having been trained to serve them, they were put under the command of Captain MacDougall, R.N.—the chief of Ma Dougall and Lorne—to whose charge the flotilla of boats, with their crews, were also committed. An encampment of tents was pitched in that beautiful flat piece of grass within the fork formed by the river Tay and its junction with the burn, immediately opposite to the Star battery.

Few now had any rest, and trades-people were especially well worked. The tailors, in particular, were seen running hither and thither like startled hares, almost bereft of reason, from the difficulty they had in determining whom they should first serve, and to what they should first begin. Lowland drapery of all kinds was despised, and the demand for kilts was immense. The bustle was so excessive among the younger and middle-aged, and the news that the Queen was coming to Breadalbane so surprising, that the elders of the various districts could hardly assure themselves that they were awake.

Pipes were heard at a distance. The sounds approached ;—became gradually more distinct, and were finally recognised as the Clan March, " The Campbells are coming," which announced the arrival

of sixty stout athletic volunteers, from the far western isles, belonging to the Breadalbane estates. Again and again the same shrill notes were heard from different quarters of the compass, and other detachments of the clan appeared in view, and poured down the hills in every direction, marching towards Taymouth as to a common centre, from Glenurquhy, Lorne, Killin, Aberfeldy, Glenquaich, &c.,—all marshalled by their respective pipers. Two hundred volunteers were now picked out, and proud was each man of being selected to form a Highland guard of honour for the Queen. It had been perfectly understood that it should consist solely of men who volunteered their gratuitous services, and that they were to have no allowance, except for their personal expenses in their journey to and from Taymouth, and their board whilst there. Lord Breadalbane had at first in contemplation to have given each man a medal, struck expressly in commemoration of the occasion, but a desire having been manifested on their part, rather to retain and preserve their uniforms, his Lordship acceded to their wishes. The men were divided into companies, and officered by gentlemen of the clan. Drilling was actively prosecuted, and they very soon attained sufficient knowledge and expertness to enable them to form a compact and imposing battalion, the organization and equipment of which was completed by the distribution of the clothing prepared for them by order of the Marquess. Four of the companies, mustering 126 in all, were dressed in kilts and plaids of the green Breadalbane tartan, coats of rifle-green cloth, Rob Roy hose, blue bonnets, with the Campbell's crest, a boar's head, in silver, and their badge, a sprig of that well-known sweet-scented shrub called *Merica Gale*, or as it is commonly called, Highland Myrtle, a complete set of belts, buckles, and brooches, and a claymore. In addition to all these things, the grenadier company, forty strong,

had round Highland targes, studded with brass ornaments; and a body of twenty-four men, also dressed and equipped in the same way, were armed with Lochaber axes, halberds, and targes. The light company, thirty strong, was composed entirely of foresters and gamekeepers, who were somewhat differently dressed. Their kilts and coats were made of that small black and grey check, now known by the name of shepherd's tartan, and which is in fact nothing more than a degenerated Douglas tartan—Dhu-Glass—black and grey, which came to be common on the Borders, from the sway which that proud family had there, and which has been since transplanted into the Highlands, from the Lammermoors and Cheviots, with the Cheviot sheep, and the Border shepherds who came to take care of them. The hose and bonnets of the light company were also of a grey colour, but their plaids were of the same green Breadalbane tartan as those of the other companies. Besides the claymore, they were armed with rifles, slung across their backs. In addition to these, there were thirty sailors belonging to the flotilla on the lake, dressed in white trowsers and Breadalbane tartan frocks, and caps with gold bands. Being thus finally equipped, they were officered as follows :—

Colonel in Chief, The Marquess of Breadalbane.
Lieutenant-Colonel, William John Lamb Campbell of Glenfalloch.
Grenadiers, Captain Charles William Campbell of Boreland.
Light Company, Captain George Andrew Campbell of Edinample.
First Centre Company, Captain William Bowie Stewart Campbell of Clochfoldach.
Second Centre Company, Captain John Renton Campbell of Lamberton.
Third Centre Company, Captain Francis Garden Campbell of Glenlyon.
Lieutenant of Grenadiers, Captain William Campbell of Auch, late 38th Regiment.
Halberdiers and Lochaber-Axe Men, Sir Alexander Campbell of Barcaldine, Bart.
Adjutant, Major Campbell of Melfort.
Second Adjutant, Captain David Campbell, late 91st Regiment.

Principal Standard-Bearer, John Alexander Gavin Campbell, younger of Glenfalloch.
Military Secretary, J. W. De Satrustequi, Knight of St. Ferdinand.
Loch Tay Flotilla.—Commodore, Captain MacDougall of Lorne, R.N.
Second in Command, Lieutenant Campbell of Dalserf, R.N.
Flag-Lieutenant, Lieutenant Patrick Campbell, R.N.

They were then reviewed by Lord Breadalbane, who afterwards addressed them in an eloquent speech, explained the duties they had to perform, and expressed his lively satisfaction at their excellent appearance, and his thanks for their having come voluntarily to assist him in receiving the Queen in a manner worthy of the Highlands; and for the convincing proof they had thereby given him, that those feelings of loyalty to the Crown, and attachment to their chieftains, which animated their forefathers, continued as strong as ever in the glens and on the mountains of Scotland.

Although much had been done before the 7th of September, yet the morning sun of that day, which rose somewhat mistily at first, found every one at Taymouth fully occupied. The Marquess was planning and directing every thing; and both in and about the castle, and throughout the whole of the grounds, hundreds of workmen were busily employed in getting things into perfect order. Men were seen in different directions mounting ladders, loading the boughs of the trees with coloured lamps, and hanging thousands of them along the high wire fence running across the park at some distance in front of the castle, and arranging them in proper form on that steep line of bank already described as rising from the lawn to the westward of the building. Tents had been pitched on the open glade within the eastern gate, for the detachment of the 92d Highlanders. Particular posts and duties were assigned to individuals, yet the Marquess frequently appeared beside them, to make sure that his directions were strictly followed. From an early

hour in the morning, a vast multitude of people of all ranks, many of whom had come from great distances, continued to pour into the park, the gates of which had been thrown open to all classes. The major part of the tenantry, and of the inhabitants of the surrounding districts, were dressed in tartan, the gay and variegated hues of which contrasted agreeably with the more sober coloured garments of the strangers from the lowlands, most of whom, however, seemed to have adopted something of the kind; and where nothing better could be had, heather sprigs were stuck in their hats or bosoms, by way of enabling them to show some link of connection with the Highlands, howsoever slender. Early as these good people were upon the ground, they had no lack of pleasure or amusement, whilst walking about indulging in admiration of the beauty of the place, and the grandeur of the surrounding scenery—listening to the music of the band of the 92d regiment playing on the lawn, and watching the busy bustle of preparation. Meanwhile the Breadalbane banner, with its girony sable and or, was floating from the highest part of the western tower of the castle, where two Admiralty bargemen, in their gorgeous crimson dresses, and with their great silver badges on their arms, were all day stationed, like two ancient warders, to be in readiness to haul down the Breadalbane flag and hoist the Royal standard when the Queen should arrive. On the Gothic balcony, stretching along the front of the great central mass of the house, stood Captain MacDougall of Lorne, R.N., the chief of the MacDougalls, in his full Highland dress, and wearing the celebrated brooch of Lorne. He had in charge a Royal standard, and four flags of the old Breadalbane Fencibles were borne by Highlanders placed at regular intervals on the balcony, giving it an extremely rich appearance. A banner, 40 feet long by 36 feet broad, was flying on the top of Drummond hill, from a flag-staff made of the tallest pine that

could be procured, and yet, at that elevation, it looked like a pocket-handkerchief on the end of a walking-stick. On the highest points of the Braes of Taymouth, lofty flag-staffs had been erected, from which fluttered large standards, emblazoned with the family quarterings; the fort and batteries were also decorated with flags, and crowned with artillerymen. Amidst all this, the scene became every moment more animated. Gaily dressed ladies, and Highland gentlemen, in the splendid and jewelled garbs of their respective clans, were seen lounging along the shady avenues, the verdant mossy terraces, by the margin of the bright stream of the broad Tay, or standing in crowded groups within the velvet lawn, or, as they walked across it, startling the deer into retirement beneath the lofty and spreading trees. Highland lasses in their white dresses, tartan scarfs, and with snooded hair, were seen congregated in numbers on the bank to the westward of the castle, vainly endeavouring to attract the attention of their sweethearts, who, strutting about like peacocks in the pride of their dress, were too much occupied with themselves, and the greatness of the occasion, to be assailable by the glances thrown around them.

The different guards of honour were now arranged in a hollow square on the gravel, in front of the castle. The principal entrance hall itself was lined by that body of gigantic Highlanders armed with shields and huge Lochaber axes, commanded by Sir Alexander Campbell of Barcaldine, whose portly figure towered high above those Philistines. On each side of the arched doorway, and in a line with the ivy-covered arcades running along and covering the base of the building, were extended the targemen of the Breadalbane Highland Guard of Honour. Immediately opposite to the principal entrance, but at a considerable distance from it, and facing towards it, the detachment of the 92d Highlanders was stationed

with their colours, and on their right and left wings were the second and third companies of the Highland Guard, their lines being a little more advanced. The western face of the square was formed by the light company of foresters, with their rifles, and that opposite to them by the first centre company of the Highland Guard, who filled the ground as far as the carriage entrance to the gravel from the east; and between that and the castle, the space was occupied by a squadron of the Carabineers, that arrived about mid-day. Within the square, and a little in advance of the 92d Highlanders, twelve pipers, richly dressed in the full Highland costume, stood in two divisions, their pipes ornamented with streamers, and having embroidered flags, bearing the Breadalbane quarterings. Upon the grass of the lawn, at some distance behind the 92d, was placed the band of that regiment, surrounded still farther back by a large crescent, formed by the boatmen of the Loch Tay flotilla, dressed in frocks and caps of the family tartan, with white trousers, and bearing the banners of their boats. In rear of these there was a long line of Highlanders of different clans, dividing off the general mass of spectators from those of a higher rank. In the centre of the hollow square stood Lord Breadalbane, in a superb Highland dress of velvet tartan, covered with rich ornaments and jewels, and wearing on his head the graceful bonnet of a chieftain, surmounted by a heron's plume. He was attended by the Hon. Fox Maule, Campbell of Glenfalloch, and by several other gentlemen, doing the duties of staff-officers, all in richly ornamented Highland dresses. The rest of the officers of the Highland guard stood in line, three paces in advance of their respective companies, and alternating with the numerous standard-bearers, who supported silken banners, and swallow-tailed pennons of blue, white, yellow, and green, emblazoned with the quarterings and bearings of Breadalbane. At the head of

these was young Campbell of Glenfalloch, who bore the standard of the Marquess.

Early in the day Sir Neil Menzies of Menzies, Bart., as chief of his clan, appeared at the head of about thirty of his men, with six pipers playing before him. He was mounted on a white pony, and attended by his eldest son. The bright and gay red and white Menzies tartan had a fine effect, in contrast with the dark green of Breadalbane. They carried two banners, the one bearing the Menzies arms, and the other the words, "God Save the Queen,"—both were made of white satin. They had sprigs of heather in their bonnets, and they took up their position on each side of the entrance to the square of gravel, lining it for a long way eastward. Truly it was a grand and glorious sight to see so great an assemblage of these hardy sons of the mountains, magnificent looking men, all dressed and armed as their forefathers wont to be! And how gratifying was the thought that they were not congregated like eagles in the anticipation of slaughter, as was too generally the case in former times. They came, urged by the strongest feelings of loyalty, and of more than loyalty—of love to their Queen, generated in their minds, by the knowledge of her private and domestic virtues, which came home to the comprehension and the heart of the humblest Highlander, who, though perhaps careless to a fault about all those great abstract political questions dividing his Lowland brethren into Whig, Tory, and Radical, is a deep inquirer into every thing relating to the moral conduct of those by whom he is governed. Perhaps he was less so in some earlier periods of our history, when his loyalty to his true prince might have been impaired by too close a scrutiny; yet his composition is such, that the affectionate devotion of his heart is only to be fully secured by those whose exemplary domestic virtues are in harmony with his own.

A man was placed by Sir Neil Menzies on the hill of Dull, where there was a pile of wood for a bonfire, whence he could command a view of the Strath of Tay. He was furnished with a glass, and instructed to hoist a flag whenever the Queen came in sight. This hill was visible from the front of the castle at Taymouth, and hundreds of spectators stood for hours gazing on the black speck where the expected signal was to be given. Two o'clock came—three o'clock—four o'clock—and still no signal, and numerous were the speculations hazarded, while many declared that it was evident the man had neglected his duty, and that the Queen *must* be in sight.

Between four and five o'clock a carriage and four rattled up to the door, with Lord and Lady Kinnoull, and their daughter Lady Louisa Hay, who were overwhelmed with inquiries, producing the information that the Queen was at Dunkeld, and would be up in about an hour. Then came anxieties and fears, that Her Majesty might be too late for the scenery, the heavens having by this time so far altered, that the brilliant sunshine had given place to a dullish grey sky. At last, about five o'clock, to the joy of all, the signal was descried on the hill, and then all was quietness. The certainty of the Queen's speedy arrival, induced every one to take his own place, if he had one, or to look out for a good situation if he had not; and all now waited in the breathless silence of expectation. The Marchioness now descended to the entrance-hall to receive the Queen, her elegant and sylph-like figure pleasingly contrasting with the huge forms and swarthy features of the Lochaber-axemen who surrounded her.

At twenty minutes to six o'clock, a cheering, and then a bugle blast, in the direction of the great eastern gate, excited attention, and immediately afterwards the Queen's carriage was seen approaching with its escort, and, by Her Majesty's own command, at a

slow pace, that she might have leisure to contemplate the scene, which was indeed magnificent. The approach is partly covered by trees, so that the train of carriages and cavalry were at first only seen at intervals, but it crossed the bridge under the triumphal arch, and approached so slowly, that all present had a perfect view of the Queen. When the Royal carriage drew nigh, and the heads of the leaders had come within the square of gravel, the deep silence was broken by Lord Breadalbane's loud command—"Highlanders, prepare to salute!" With one simultaneous jerk, the sword arms were fully thrown forward, with the claymores held vertically, and with their points upwards. The carriage advanced towards the great door, and his Lordship gave the second command—"Salute!" at which every claymore, slowly describing a semicircle, presented itself with the point downwards, the Highlanders at the same time raising the edge of their left hands to their foreheads. The standards and pennons were lowered to the ground. The 91st regiment presented arms—their band playing "God Save the Queen!" The pipes struck up the Highland Salute, and the Marquess ran nimbly round the horses' heads to the right door of the carriage, to assist the Queen to alight. The Queen shook Lord Breadalbane warmly by the hand, as did also Prince Albert. Lady Breadalbane then stepped forward to make her obeisance, when Her Majesty saluted her in an affectionate manner. The Marquess then presented some sprigs of the Highland myrtle to the Queen, saying, "As your Majesty has done me the high honour of coming to Taymouth, may I beg that you will deign to accept from my hand the badge of the clan Campbell." This the Queen received most graciously, and Lady Breadalbane presented the same to the Prince. The Queen remained at the door for a few minutes, bowing to the distinguished persons who stood

uncovered on the Gothic balcony above, and graciously acknowledging the joyous acclamations of the assemblage in front, and exclaimed, "How grand this is!" And if the combination of the features of nature, the works of art, and the animation of human life, by which the Queen was surrounded, was enough to call forth such an expression of admiration from Her Majesty, whose eyes had been from infancy accustomed to grandeur, what must it have been to those of the masses who had never beheld any thing like it before, and to whom she herself was the great point of attraction!

The Queen now entered the castle, and at that moment the two Admiralty bargemen stood ready on the western tower to lower the Breadalbane flag from the flag-staff, and to hoist the Royal standard in its place, which was done amidst the loud cheers of a hearty welcome from Celt and Southron on the lawn, whilst the fort, high up among the towering woods in front, was blazing away in a royal salute, and the two batteries in the valley below were answering it, producing one continued roar of thunder all around the hills, which ran up the trough of Loch Tay, ruffling its pellucid mirror, and roused the distant echoes of Benlawers.

As the Queen passed between the files of the chosen halberdiers who lined the entrance hall, she turned and said, "What fine looking Highlanders!" Her Majesty then ascended the grand stair and entered the drawing-room, in which were assembled some of the most distinguished nobility. Among these were—the Duchess of Sutherland, with her daughter Lady Elizabeth Gower, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Marquess and Marchioness of Abercorn, the Marquess of Lorne, the Earl and Countess of Kinnoull and Lady Louisa Hay, the Earl of Morton, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Lauderdale, the Earl of Liverpool, Lord and Lady Belhaven, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Fox

Maule, and others. Her Majesty saluted the Duchess of Sutherland, and shook hands with Lady Elizabeth Gower, and the Duchess of Roxburghe; and having received the homage and compliments of the rest of the party, she went out on a platform, covered with crimson cloth, on the Gothic balcony, accompanied by Prince Albert, and attended by Lord and Lady Breadalbane and a numerous retinue. On the Queen's right stood the chief of MacDougall, with a royal standard in his hand, which floated over Her Majesty's head. At first the Queen had somewhat of an air of lassitude, but she had not looked for a moment at the splendid scene before her, until its animating effect filled her eyes with delight. The band and the pipers were still playing—the guns were still firing—the thunders of the mountains were still running their tremendous round, so that the cheers of the assembled multitude were scarcely heard, though the commotion made in the air, by the upheaving of caps and bonnets, and the whirling of handkerchiefs, scarfs, and shawls, was sufficiently apparent to testify the exuberant joy of those loyal sons and daughters of the mountains. Her Majesty seemed much affected, and bowed with the greatest cordiality of expression. And what a sight it was to see that magnificent array!—their arms glancing in the sober light of evening, which was already embrowning the wooded hills in front of the castle, from whose face successive flashes of the red artillery were pouring,—whilst their summits were half veiled by the curling smoke dispersing itself over them! The whole of this reception was considered by the Queen as the finest thing she had seen in Scotland. Returning into the drawing-room, Her Majesty retired to her private apartments, and having done so, she gave way to the natural impulse of her heart, and despatched a letter to her royal mother the Duchess of Kent.

The banquet was laid in the Baron's Hall, whose great Gothic win-

dow, rich in the portraits of Breadalbane ancestry, as well as in its heraldry, being illuminated from without, had a gorgeous effect. From the vaulted roof were suspended massive antique Gothic lanterns, throwing a rich and subdued light upon the royal table, laid for thirty covers, and loaded with a dazzling profusion of gold and silver plate. The sideboards and cabinets were all groaning beneath the weight of splendid gold and silver vases, cups, and salvers, richly chased and of the most elegant designs, and many of them of the most curious and elaborate workmanship. Every variety of the most delicate viands, and of the choicest wines and fruits, were served to the Royal party by a host of retainers in gorgeous liveries, whilst the band, and the pipers without, were alternately executing their various pieces of music. In addition to the Queen and Prince Albert, and their noble host and hostess, the Royal party this day consisted of—

The Duchess of Norfolk,
The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,
The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe,
The Duchess of Sutherland,
Lady Elizabeth Gower,
The Marquess and Marchioness of Abercorn,
The Marquess of Lorne,
The Earl of Liverpool,
The Earl of Morton,
The Earl of Aberdeen,
The Earl of Lauderdale,
The Earl and Countess of Kinnoull,
Lady Louisa Hay,
Sir Robert Peel,
Lord and Lady Belhaven,
The Hon. Sir Anthony Maitland,
The Hon. Miss Paget,
General Wemyss,
Colonel Bonverie,
Mr. George Edward Anson,
Sir James Clark.

The Queen was cheerful and happy, and condescended to talk very agreeably with those around her. In addition to the royal table, two others had been laid in different apartments, at which sat the officers of the Highland Guard, and the numerous visitors that filled the castle.

The Queen and the ladies having left the dining-room, and the Prince and the gentlemen having followed in a few minutes after, the other guests in the house joined the party in the drawing-room. The crowds who had continued to maintain their places without, were rendered unconscious of the transition from day to night, by the brilliant illumination which gradually produced its effects as the darkness came on, the gay lights of myriads of coloured lamps converting the twilight into noonday, and burning with increasing splendour, as the shadows of approaching night grew broader and deeper. It seemed as if a magician's wand had realized the fabled splendours of the Arabian Tales. The trunks of the trees were converted into picturesque and irregular columns of fire, and their branches became covered with clusters of sparkling rubies, emeralds, topazes, and diamonds, like the fairy fruit in the ideal gardens of the genii. The variegated lamps, hung along the wire-fence of the deer park in beautiful festoons, presented the appearance of an unsupported and aërial barrier of living fire. The architectural bank of turf which has been more than once mentioned, as being a little to the west of the front of the castle, but nearly opposite to that part containing the Queen's apartments, exhibited on its sloping front, in many-coloured lamps, and in the following form, the words—"Victoria,"—"Welcome,"—"Albert,"—and these, and the other figures and devices which strewed the lawn, looked like dew-drops touched by the beams of the sun, and scattered abroad by some fairy illusion. On the grassy slope of the face of the hill, the letters V. and A., with a crown between, of the most gigantic proportions, illumined all the trees and bushes surrounding that falling glade. The fort among the woods above, and the tall crenelled cylindrical tower, still higher up, were blazing with resplendent golden light. The fort was especially beautiful. It had about 40,000

lamps upon it, and it was metamorphosed into a Turkish pavilion, with the crescent on each wing; and a representation of the girony of eight pieces—or, and sable, produced by lamps—surmounted the centre. Ever and anon the flash of a gun gave additional though momentary splendour to the woods, and the boom of its report ran in sublime echoes around the whole sides of the valley. Above all, the whole tops of the northern hills were crowned with immense bonfires, of which countless numbers were visible in all quarters around the valley, so that the rugged outlines of the most distant mountains in the background were rendered visible by their own volcanic-looking flames. To all these blazing and sparkling wonders, the intense darkness of the night gave additional effect. The world has, no doubt, seen many such splendid illuminations, but it is very questionable if anything so truly magnificent, romantic, and fairy-like, ever was produced by the hands of man, or ever could be produced, except in some place possessing the same grandeur, and beauty, and aptitude of natural features as are to be found at Taymouth; and it requires no great boldness to affirm, that such a place is not always to be met with. To those who had the good fortune to be there at the time, it immeasurably outdid all those magic visions created in young imaginations by those writers of eastern tales, whose inventions are devoured with so much avidity. The mind, indeed, was almost bewildered with the sight of the reality, so that it is no wonder that the endeavour to convey some idea of it in mere words, should prove weak and inefficacious. But this was not all,—for precisely at ten o'clock, a regular salute from the battery announced the commencement of the fireworks. These were of the very highest style of excellence that the pyrotechnical art could produce. They were displayed from the abruptly sloping lawn that hangs towards the base of the hill,

directly across the park in front of the house. The flights of rockets were magnificent, shooting up in fiery phalanxes to mingle with the very stars, and to give momentary extinction to their brightness. There were green, blue, and red lights in abundance, and in every variety of design ; and at one time the fort had a transparent purple flame thrown over it, succeeded by a brilliant green light, that was like the work of some magician. All manner of curious and astonishing freaks and fancies were performed by fire, and most of the devices had some allusion to the Queen or Prince Albert, whose names were suddenly produced in fiery sparks of every possible hue. One splendid effect was created by the sudden evolution of a grand triumphal arch from the midst of a blaze of light, crowned by the words " Long live the Queen!" in large and brilliant letters, which produced deafening cheers from the spectators. There were many honest citizens of London present, who had seen the glories of Vauxhall, and who declared that they were all utterly extinguished by those of this single night at Taymouth ; and if this was the case with the few Londoners who were there, what must have been its effect on the unsophisticated Celts, many of whom had never left their own district? But it is a part of the character of a Highlander, as it is of that of the North American Indian, never to permit himself to be astonished at anything ; and there is a greatness in this self-control.

The Queen enjoyed much of this spectacle of matchless splendour from the windows of her own private apartments, after which Her Majesty returned to the drawing-room. Two large wooden platforms were then brought out in front of the castle. These were raised about a foot from the ground, to give them spring. At each corner, one of the Clan Campbell Highlanders supported a standard, and there too were placed colossal Celts, bearing torches, that threw a strange glaring light on the serried phalanx of tar-

tan figures surrounding three sides of the platforms, together with those forming the lane kept open as a communication with the great entrance. On these stages commenced a series of Highland reels, in which some of the most active dancers performed their wild and manly steps to the shrill and spirit-stirring notes of the bagpipes, their whole action being rendered more picturesque by the red glare flaring and flashing from the torches, and more interesting by the joyous shrieks of the performers and spectators. Lord Breadalbane and Mr. Fox Maule stood by directing and encouraging, and the torches were ordered to be held lower, for the purpose of showing off the steps. Whilst to those without the castle, the whole of its interior appeared in a blaze from the intensity of the light within it, which showed the great painted Gothic windows of its hall, in all their rich and harmonious tints, so it had the effect of dimming external objects to those looking out; and as the Queen began to take great interest in the dancing, she bid defiance to the damp and drizzling air—and a chair being placed on the platform, she went out on the balcony, with a cloak on her shoulders, and a small scarf thrown over her head. Although the platform was dry, it was raining slightly, and one of the ladies held a parasol over Her Majesty's head. But the balcony itself was wet, and some of those present thought that the Royal experiment was so hazardous, that they noticed it to Sir James Clark, the Queen's physician, who replied, that as long as Her Majesty's feet were kept dry, there was no danger. The appearance of the Queen on the balcony was hailed by deafening cheers, and a new spirit was infused into the scene. As the dancing went on, it was found that there was still a want of light on the stages, and large house lamps were carried out, which had the desired effect. One of these, however, was soon demolished, by a more than ordinarily

energetic fling from one of the dancers, but as no one suffered from this accident, it only produced a laugh. The performers made great efforts to excel, and they were watched with extraordinary interest by their fellows, who looked on. The rill Thullachan was danced with the greatest spirit, and one man who executed Gillum-Callum very neatly over the cross swords, was highly applauded. A very old man of the Clan Menzies, also danced extremely well, considering his age. After several reels by the men of the Highland corps, the Hon. Fox Maule, and some of the officers, filled the platform for one reel, and performed it with great spirit, energy, and grace, eliciting in a marked manner the smiles and approbation of Her Majesty, and loud cheers from the surrounding Highlanders.

The Queen was so much amused and interested by the whole

scene of the dancing, which was not only curious in itself, but extremely pictorial in its effects of light and shadow, that, notwithstanding the very disagreeable nature of the evening, she maintained her position on the balcony for about an hour. Her Majesty and the Prince watched the fine attitudes and the agile pirouettes of the performers, with surprise and admiration, as, transported with excitement, their animating shouts were re-echoed by loud acclamations from the spectators. The wet, which could not dim the lights, had no effect in damping the ardour of the dancers, and the broad glare spread over the wild countenances of those nearest to the stages, growing fainter as it receded among those behind, and leaving the dark masses of the great crowd still farther off, with no other illumination than such as partially fell on them from the house, or from the coloured lamps in the trees, imparted to the whole scene a most extraordinary and striking character. When the Queen was in the act of quitting the balcony, she was again loudly cheered. The Prince disappeared with Her Majesty, but he returned to the balcony, and continued to enjoy the lively scene below for some time longer.

The Queen and the Prince retired soon afterwards to their private apartments—the castle clock tolled the hour of midnight—and although the Highlanders were so well warmed with whisky, as to be loth to depart, they yet voluntarily dispersed immediately, entirely from an innate sense of propriety, and, as some of themselves said, "That their bonny Queen might sleep in undisturbed silence and tranquillity." Many of them, doubtless, were contented with the heather for their bed, and the heavens for their shelter. The duty of watching over the Queen's safety, which belonged to the 92d Highlanders, was, by Her Majesty's especial command, shared with the Breadalbane Guard; and their vigilant sentinels surrounded

the castle with so loyal a care, that even the officers, silently patrolling from time to time, had the pointed claymore presented to their breasts until they made themselves known.

Many were the whimsical scenes that occurred in Kenmore, Aberfeldy, and the hamlets and houses of the surrounding districts, from the crowds of strangers that besieged them for beds. Every floor was covered with shakedowns, and for each of these a charge of from ten shillings to a sovereign was made; and many were glad to content themselves with a chair to sit up in. The scramble for food next morning was no less than it had been for beds, and many who had never tasted porridge in their lives before, seized upon the wooden bicker that contained it, and were fain to gobble it up with the help of a horn spoon. It was pleasant to see, however, that all these inconveniences were borne with good humour, every one declaring that a sight of the glories of Taymouth would have been cheaply purchased by deprivations and hardships of tenfold greater magnitude. And, indeed, they were glories, such as, when taken together with the magnificence of the natural theatre where they were exhibited, are scarcely to be paralleled. The revelries at Kenilworth, in honour of Elizabeth, were sufficiently gorgeous; but rich as is the district in which they took place, it can no more be compared, in point of romantic effect, with that of the bold wooded mountains, the variegated plains, and the sparkling streams of Taymouth, than the homely countenance and ascetic expression of the Queen who was a guest there, can be thought of in comparison with the lovely face that shed its smiles this night on all within the noble castle of the Marquess and Marchioness of Breadalbane.

CHAPTER XIX.

TAYMOUTH.

PRINCE ALBERT having signified his intention of enjoying the sport of shooting, by having a battue of the woods of Taymouth, on Thursday the 8th of September, no one in or about the castle had ever before felt so deep an anxiety for fine weather as they did that morning, and all were disheartened when they beheld the sun rising among clouds. Lord Breadalbane, who was naturally more anxious than any one, was early astir, and roused his brother-in-law, Mr. Baillie of Jerviswoode, to aid him in making the necessary preparations. Meeting the Prince's secretary, Mr. Anson, in front of the house, he said to him, in allusion to the doubtful appearance of the sky, "The Prince don't mind a little rain,—eh, Anson?"—"Oh, no," replied Mr. Anson, "He won't mind a shower." Accordingly, soon after nine o'clock, ponies were brought to the door, and His Royal Highness, who had breakfasted with Her Majesty at eight o'clock, appeared in a black velvet shooting-jacket, shepherd's tartan trowsers,

a low-crowned grey hat, and cloth gaiter-boots, and having mounted, he rode off, attended by the Marquess and Mr. Anson. Taking the way to the eastern gate, they went about two miles along the Aberfeldy road, that they might begin by beating Tullochuille woods, and so come on westward through the covers of the southern hills. About thirty or forty foresters only were required at first. They were all fine athletic men, in Highland dresses of shepherd's tartan, and each with his powder-horn slung over his shoulder. They were under the command of Mr. Bowie Campbell of Clochfoldach. Mr. Baillie of Jerviswoode joined his noble brother-in-law in the woods, as did Sir Alexander Campbell of Barcaldine.

The Prince having dismounted, climbed the hill, and, attended by his own jäger, and Mr. Guthrie, head keeper to Lord Breadalbane, he took his post on a steep slope within the narrow part of an extensive plantation, whilst the foresters went on for a mile or two eastwards, in order to beat westwards in his direction. He had three double-barrelled rifles and fowling-pieces, which were loaded by his jäger, and successively handed to him as he required them, by Mr. Guthrie, who stood immediately behind him. It was raining; but, as Mr. Anson had predicted, the Prince made no account of the wet, being keenly bent upon his sport, which soon became extremely animating, the distant shouting of the beaters becoming every moment louder and nearer, till the roe-deer began to come bursting along, and, with three successive shots, His Royal Highness killed three very fine ones. The next station was on the western side of a ravine, in the extensive Croftmoraig hill plantation, through which runs a little brook, and there, though the wood was much younger, and consequently denser, the Prince, with great expertness of aim, shot different kinds of winged and ground game; and an owl, which was disturbed, having come in his way, was likewise speedily

numbered with the dead. The Prince had then a considerable extent of old fir wood to traverse, where he had some long shots at black game, particularly at a black-cock and a grey hen, both of which were killed at great distances. This is a favourite haunt of the capercailzie, two of which noble birds fell before the Prince's gun. The shooting scene was most interesting to the few who witnessed it, but it also produced a fine effect to those in the valley below, whither the shrill shouts of the people, and the smart reports from the Prince's rifle, came echoing from afar, whilst the smoke created by each shot rose out of the wood, and hung lightly over the trees in the damp air, mellowing the hues of the foliage. The beauty of all this was increased as the party came westward to the Braes of Taymouth, opposite to the castle, where His Royal Highness took up his third position, and had some good sport. But keenly as the Prince seemed to enjoy the pastime in which he was engaged, he allowed none of the magnificent prospects, that were every now and then bursting upon him through openings among the woods, to escape his notice, and he was continually expressing his admiration of them to his noble host. Climbing over the high moorland, and beating around the outside of the larch woods, the Prince killed three brace of grouse. Some time previous to this, Lord Breadalbane having thought that there were too few men out, called a Highlander, and said to him, "Run to the castle, and order fifty or a hundred men more to come up directly," a princely command that was obeyed with all manner of alacrity; and now that the whole body spread themselves out in line over the heather, they seemed like men rushing into action. The Prince, getting nimbly over a high wall, placed himself in a position, whither the beaters, inclosing a large circle of the wood, and gradually contracting it as they advanced in his direction, drove so many roe-deer towards him, that he killed nine without leaving the

spot. On his way down through the open ground, His Royal Highness observed a fine old black-cock, at about two hundred yards off, below a little knoll, and showed great skill as a sportsman by stalking him. Keeping the knoll between him and the bird, who sat on a hillock with his eye jealously watching the people above, the Prince crouched down, so as to conceal himself, and stealing slowly forward, until he got as near to the bird as he could, he picked him off with his rifle at a long shot.

Whilst descending the Braes of Taymouth, a prospect of remarkable grandeur burst upon the Prince's eyes, and he several times exclaimed to Lord Breadalbane, "That is really beautiful!" The noble castle was seen from this elevated position forming the central object in the lovely valley below, with the Royal banner floating from its battlements. Immediately behind it towered up the forest-covered face of the hill of Drummond. The numerous figures moving about the castle, and among the various glades running everywhere through the mazes of its woodland, gave animation to the scene—whilst the Tay was seen meandering through the green and tufted lawns, in its course from the broad sheet of its lake, that stretched away far westward, until lost amid the distant mountains, among which Benlawers and Benmore were most conspicuous. At the nether extremity of the lake, and close to the origin of the river, was the Ceaun-more, or Big-head—the peninsula, from the venerable groves of which the pretty church of Kenmore was seen peeping modestly forth—and the beautiful wooded island in the lake a little way above, with the ruins of its ancient priory, founded in 1122 by Alexander I., where his Queen Sybilla died, and where her remains are deposited.

The Prince proved himself to be a practised shot and a most active pedestrian. His last stand of this day was in the Tower Park, a little below the high tower inhabited by the head-keeper.

This is a picturesque spot, and the whole scene of the shooting here was finer than any of the others. A narrow road runs diagonally up the hanging side of the hill, where there is a circular opening in the wood, broken by irregular groups of trees. Near one of

these stood the Prince, commanding the pass, with his two attendants; whilst Lord Breadalbane and the other gentlemen placed themselves on the skirt of the wood at some distance in his rear, with those who carried the dead game. The beaters who were driving the wood from the eastward, forced so many roe-deer on before them at this place, and closed in so rapidly themselves, that men and roe-bucks became mixed up together in confusion. The Prince had repeatedly, during the day, manifested the most perfect coolness and self-command, having frequently raised

his gun to the object, and taken it down again, because he had reason to suspect that there might be a man in that direction. His Royal Highness's care in this particular delighted the Highlanders. At this last stand five roebucks appeared together at one moment, and the Marquess called out, " Shoot, sir !—fire, sir !" to which the Prince replied, without raising his gun, " No, I will not ; for, if I do, I may shoot a man." And immediately afterwards, when the animals came out in great numbers, he let them all escape, except such few individuals as he felt assured he might shoot without doing injury to any one. Imagine this glorious scene, a pretty piece of woodland in itself, with the Prince and his two attendants near a picturesque ash-tree, grouped with thorns and other smaller growths ; the Marquess, and the gentlemen that were with him, and the foresters with the game, forming a fine set of foreground figures. The roebucks, and ground game of all kinds, bursting from every part of the inclosing woods and brakes around—and the beaters, obscurely seen within the shadows of the deeper forest, or, singly catching the light as they advance into the looser parts of it—whilst the winged game were ever and anon skimming in wild alarm across the field of sky above—the wild halloos—the whistles—the clapping of hands—the occasional smart crack of the rifle—and you have a picture of the most striking and interesting description.

As the Prince in his homeward way crossed the public road that runs along the hill, he was recognised by a number of ladies and gentlemen, who were overjoyed at this favourable opportunity of beholding him, and he courteously acknowledged the marks of respect which they paid him. Entering by a door of the park wall leading in by the battery, the Prince came suddenly on one of the most perfect of the elevated views anywhere to be enjoyed about Taymouth ; for whilst more extensive prospects are to be obtained

from higher points, and, on the other hand, those of a more pictorial description may be had by going lower, yet there are few places about the grounds where the happy medium between the two extremes is so well preserved. The whole valley—its grand castle—its river—and its bounding hills—with the bridge, and far-withdrawing lake and distant mountains, are all seen without looking too much as from the heavens upon them. His Royal Highness expressed very great delight in the contemplation of this truly grand scene, and taking a short cut with Lord Breadalbane across the park, he got to the castle a little before two o'clock.

The Prince was out altogether about six hours, and the distance he walked may have been about six or eight miles. Under more favourable circumstances of weather, a much greater quantity of game might have been shown him. It was very amusing to hear some of the Cocknies, who had come five hundred miles to witness these stirring scenes, call this day's work *deer-stalking*, and magnify the fatigues and perils which the Prince had undergone, till the recital outdid anything that might have arisen out of real deer-stalking itself, or that has been recorded in Mr. Scrope's graphic descriptions of that royal sport. Had the time devoted to this Royal tour admitted of the Prince visiting the forest of the Black Mount, belonging to the Marquess, about fifty miles from Taymouth, he might then have partaken of deer-stalking in right good reality. That part of the Black Mount, or Corrichibah forest, which is strictly preserved for deer, contains above 35,000 acres. From the ancient family manuscript in the Taymouth library, called the Black Book, and from some other documents, it appears that this extensive district of wild mountain was preserved as a deer forest from very early times. If any of the Londoners, who witnessed the battue in the woods of the Braes of Taymouth, were to try deer-stalking in the

forest of the Black Mount, they would soon be made aware of the difference between the two kinds of sport, stalking being extremely arduous there from the very steep and rugged nature of the ground. Some years ago a poacher, who was pursuing the deer there, lost his footing, and was killed by falling over a rock.

Her Majesty, availing herself of an improvement in the weather towards mid-day, set out to walk, accompanied by the Duchess of Norfolk, and attended by a single footman in the Royal livery. Although Lord Breadalbane had thrown the grounds quite open to the public on the previous day, the strictest orders were now given to exclude every one, that the Queen might, if it so pleased Her Majesty, enjoy them in perfect privacy. So literal were the Highland gatekeepers in giving obedience to this command, that even after they had seen some of the gentlemen who were living at the castle pass out, they could scarcely be brought to readmit them, "as they had orders to let no one in who had not a card of a particular kind," and a near connexion of Lord Breadalbane required to exert considerable authority, before he could induce a gatekeeper to admit one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, and a lord of the bed-chamber. The Queen walked up the river's bank, until she came to the slopes of shaven turf, leading up to the Dairy, which stands on the flattened summit of a very beautiful little hill, clothed with trees and shrubbery of the richest luxuriance of growth. It is a lovely spot, and the building is worthy of the scene in which it is placed. It bears some resemblance in plan to the dairy cottages of the Swiss chalets, and is built entirely of dazzling white quartz rock. The western front commands one of the most beautiful views to be found anywhere in the grounds, and it is still more perfect when contemplated from the rustic balcony of the upper story of the building.

The Queen walked in by the first opening that offered itself, which happened to be the kitchen door. The damsels of the Dairy

were astonished to see so fine a lady, though they could hardly have guessed that it was the fair Sovereign of these mighty kingdoms. They showed Her Majesty the rooms, however, which are paved with tesselated marbles, and of a delightfully cool temperature. The milk was all laid out in nice brown Rockingham ware, and some of it in clean wooden milk dishes, which are much preferred by the dairy-maid. Many of the vessels are of fine raised china. These were all placed on a shelf running round the apartment. Her Majesty examined every thing, and made many enquiries, and expressed great pleasure and gratification with all she saw. With her own hand, she also essayed the operation of making butter, by turning the wooden handle of a beautiful little china churn, worked by very nice wooden machinery. The Queen asked for some oaten cake, but the dairymaids had nothing of the sort. They, however, produced some cakes of a more delicate description, which had been sent up to them as a *bonne bouche* from the castle, and they filled a glass with new milk for Her Majesty, of which she partook with great good

humour and satisfaction. The Queen carried away with her the simple hearts of the two dairymaids, who afterwards declared that she was as "humble a leddy as they had ever seen."

Upon quitting the dairy, the Queen walked through a bosky part of the approach, where the pheasants were seen strutting across the open green turf sloping down from the south side of the dairy, between thickets of shrubs, the metallic lustre of their plumage shining in the sun, whilst the active squirrels were frisking nimbly about, rushing up the stems of the trees on the smallest alarm, or springing actively from bough to bough, and peeping cunningly at Majesty from some snug sylvan citadel where they were themselves unseen.

The Queen pursued her walk along the western approach towards the gate opening into the square of the village of Kenmore. Mr. David Duff, the good parish clergyman, chanced to be walking in the grounds with two friends. Seeing two ladies coming slowly towards them, with a servant in the royal livery at some distance behind, they at once suspected that it was the Sovereign, and were speedily convinced, by the man waving his hand, to give them warning of the Royal personage who was approaching. Standing aside off the road, they respectfully uncovered, and the Queen most graciously acknowledged their homage. Her Majesty at this time was some twenty yards in advance of the Duchess. The road was wet and miry, in consequence of the rain that had fallen, but Her Majesty seemed to be little incommoded by this circumstance. Some time after she had passed, the servant came back to enquire if there was any path by which Her Majesty could return by the river-side. Such a path does exist, the access to it being over an aha! fence by a sort of drawbridge, but as the gentlemen had not remarked in passing, whether it was up or down, they felt somewhat nonplussed, and in their confusion they replied, that they

did not know. The Queen took a peep of the village through the iron grille, and then retraced her steps by the same way to the castle, having been out nearly two hours.

After Prince Albert's return from shooting, the Highlanders were seen approaching the castle, bearing the slaughtered game. First came twenty roebucks, each carried between two foresters; next followed men carrying two capercailzies, nine black game, and six grouse; and the procession was closed by others with twelve hares, one partridge, one wood pigeon, several rabbits, and the unhappy bird of night. These were all exhibited near the foot of the iron stair leading from the Queen's gallery, and never was there a finer subject for a picture than the whole of this scene, with the manly forms of the Highlanders *en groupe*, and the dead game on the ground. The Queen came down stairs to look at it, and a black-cock was afterwards sent for by Her Majesty, that she might have a closer inspection of it. The feathers of this bird were afterwards plucked by the officers of the Highland Guard, and worn as trophies in their bonnets.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, the weather being still fair, the Queen's carriages drew up at the door of the castle, and soon afterwards Her Majesty came down with the Prince, and they set out for a drive through the grounds. The Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Breadalbane, sat in the same carriage with the Queen and the Prince, and Lord Breadalbane rode in advance, for the purpose of directing the route. The Queen's carriage was preceded by two outriders, and followed by General Wemyss and Colonel Bouverie as equerries. The second carriage contained the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Marchioness of Abercorn, the Hon. Miss Paget, and the Earl of Morton; and the Duchesses of Roxburghe and Sutherland, the Countess of Kinnoull, and Lady Elizabeth Gower, were in a third. Lord Breadal-

bane led the Queen's carriage along the avenue to the Kenmore gate, where Her Majesty found all the roads outside of the park walls covered with multitudes of people, whose cheers were so loud, that they were heard at the castle, a distance of two miles. Turning down towards the bridge, the carriage stopped under the triumphal arch for a few moments, to allow Her Majesty to enjoy the magnificent view of the lake on the left hand, stretching away amid its hills for miles towards the west, with its wooded island and ruin, and the gay flotilla of boats and yachts—and to the right, the Tay hurrying in one broad unbroken stream, as if eager to enjoy his meandering course through those delightful grounds. Whilst the Queen was contemplating these lovely scenes, a Royal salute was fired from the flotilla, which greatly heightened the effect to the eye, and gratified the ear by awakening the grand music of the mountains. The spectacle was extremely animating. From the bridge the Marquess led the Queen's carriage by the garden, and by a new drive he had recently ordered to be made expressly for Her Majesty, for about a mile up the margin of the lake, whence they enjoyed occasional peeps of its surface, where the roebucks are often seen sipping the pure waters of the shallows, as they ripple gently towards the shore. The carriages turned up into the Killin public road, by which they came back to the gate leading into the park on the northern side of the river. Here the Queen entered the beautiful broad shaven-turf-terrace, following the course and windings of the Tay, on its right, whilst the open park stretches along on the left At first the terrace is little raised above the surface of the river, but it afterwards gently ascends to a point where stands a beautiful fac-simile of a fine old English cross, whence a rich and varied view is enjoyed, looking up the bed of the river towards the bridge and the village, with all their lovely accompanying features, serving to throw back the retiring

perspective of the blue lake with its wooded hills and misty mountains. The terrace is now raised a considerable height above the Tay, the steep bank being covered with very noble timber, and the drive bordered by bending lines of trees, throwing a complete shade over it. It preserves this character for about two miles, affording occasional peeps into the wider grounds on the south side of the river, where the castle stands, and sweeping round to the point fortified by the Crown battery, whence a view opens downwards into the little grassy holm of Inchadnie on the south side of the stream, occupied by the camp of the Highland Guard. Some little way beyond this, the Queen recrossed the river over the noble wooden bridge of Inchadnie, whence Her Majesty returned through a picturesque portion of the deer park, and by the bridge over the burn of Taymouth, enjoying during this latter part of her drive some extremely grand and pictorial views of the castle. This charming drive, of about an hour and a half, very much gratified the Queen. After Her Majesty was handed from her carriage by her noble host, she remained for some time talking with him at the entrance, admiring the fine stags' heads, with which it is so properly ornamented, and inquiring about their history.

Besides the Queen and Prince Albert, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Breadalbane, the Royal dinner-party this day consisted of the following individuals :—

The Duchess of Norfolk,
The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,
The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe,
The Duchess of Sutherland,
Lady Elizabeth Gower,
The Marquess and Marchioness of Abercorn,
The Marquess of Lorne,
The Hon. Miss Paget,
Lord and Lady Belhaven,
Sir John and Lady Elizabeth Pringle,
Sir Neil and the Hon. Lady Menzies,
Sir George Murray,
General Wemyss,
Colonel Bouverie,

The Earl of Aberdeen,	Mr. Baillie of Jerviswoode,
The Earl of Morton.	Mr. Charles Baillie.
The Earl of Mansfield,	Mr. George Edward Anson,
The Earl of Liverpool,	Sir James Clark.

The entertainment, to which the Queen sat down towards eight o'clock, was on the same scale of magnificence as on the previous day. Her Majesty was in excellent spirits, and conversed freely with those around her, and with much liveliness and intelligence. John Mackenzie, the Breadalbane piper, played on the balcony outside the windows during dinner. The healths of the Queen and Prince Albert were given as usual, after dinner, and the band played. As the Queen dislikes sitting long at table, she left the dining-room early, and the gentlemen arose about ten minutes after Her Majesty, so that all were in the drawing-room by a little after nine o'clock. The etiquette of the Court was kept up, and Sir Neil Menzies, Bart. of Castle-Menzies, and the Hon. Lady Menzies, were presented to the Queen during the evening, when Her Majesty was pleased to pay some compliments as to the beauty of their ancient residence, which she had very much admired. The officers of the 6th Carabineers, and of the 92d Highlanders, were also presented. In the course of the evening Mr. Wilson, the vocalist, who had been expressly engaged by Lord Breadalbane for this occasion, sang in the great hall. By the Queen's command, he had previously given in a list of some of those Scottish songs for which he is so much celebrated, from which Her Majesty selected "Lochaber no more," "The Lass o' Gowrie," "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," "Auld Robin Gray," "Will ye gang to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay?" and "The Flowers o' the Forest." Mr. Wilson sang all these with his usual powerful effect. No Jacobite song had been given in the list, but after "The Lass o' Gowrie," Her

Majesty commanded "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," and "Cam ye by Athol?" Besides these, Mr. Wilson was commanded to sing "John Anderson, my joe," and "The Laird o' Cockpen." The Queen was pleased to express herself highly gratified with Mr. Wilson's exertions. Her Majesty and the Prince retired about eleven o'clock to their private apartments, and after a little pianoforte music and singing, the rest of the company dispersed for the night.

CHAPTER XX.

TAYMOUTH.

REAT were the hopes of every one, from the promising appearance of the morning of Friday the 9th of September, that this day would prove propitious, and that the Queen would at length see the beauties of Taymouth under all the advantage of bright sunshine. But the clouds thickened, and by breakfast-time rain began to fall, and continued to do so more or less heavily till late in the day. This was most unfortunate, as it completely put a stop to all idea of a boating excursion on the loch, which had been in contemplation.

Prince Albert, however, was not to be deterred by the state of the weather from the enjoyment of the sport of shooting; and accordingly he mounted and set off for the moors of Kenmore hill, above and to the westward of the ground where he had been the day before. His Royal Highness was accompanied by Lord Breadalbane and Mr. Baillie of Jerviswoode. The Prince shot remarkably well, but the heather was so wet, and the day altogether so

unfavourable, that the grouse would not sit, and it was at the same time so calm, that the dogs could make nothing of the scent. With all these disadvantages, however, the Prince made up a very good bag for the short time he was out, having shot nine brace of grouse, six hares, and a snipe. His Royal Highness returned about two o'clock.

Meanwhile the Queen, in defiance of the unpromising morning, left her apartments by the private stair about ten o'clock, accompanied by the Duchess of Norfolk, and attended, as on the previous day, by a single royal footman, carrying umbrellas. She took the path leading to the long wire foot-bridge, crossing the Tay immediately opposite to the back of the castle. The walks ascend the steep bank on the north side of the river, and land on the grand terrace, around which Her Majesty had driven on the previous day. Having taken the road leading directly across this portion of the park to the base of Drummond hill, the Queen came to a gate giving direct access to the public road running along at the bottom of the hill. This gate is always locked, but immediately opposite to it, on the other side of the road, is situated a very pretty cottage, called the Rock Lodge, whence the gatekeeper, Mrs. MacNaughton, a stout active little woman of fifty, is always ready to issue, to open, not only that gate, but the gate close to her cottage, giving entrance to the extensive rides on Drummond

hill. Sitting within her lattice, this worthy woman observed two ladies approaching the gate, by the road leading from the river. Guessing them to be "some o' the grand folk frae the castle," she ran out, and though much struck with their appearance, she was even more astonished by the splendour of the dress of the footman who followed at a distance. She opened the gate, dropped her best curtsy, and allowed the ladies to pass. One of them, whom her Highland penetration very easily enabled her to discover was the highest in rank, expressed her admiration of the cottage and garden, and especially noticed the dahlias, of which Mrs. MacNaughton was peculiarly proud. The lady asked if her husband was a woodman, and as she walked before the cottage looking at the flowers, Mrs. MacNaughton gathered and presented a nosegay, which was accepted. What was the poor woman's astonishment and confusion, when, as the one lady turned to go away, the other gave her money, and told her that it was "from Her Majesty." She was thunderstruck! But the Highland character has in it a certain ease without presumption, enabling the individual to feel at home even under the most unusual circumstances. Collecting her ideas at once, she walked up to Her Majesty, and making her curtsy, she said to her with great warmth of manner, "The Queen's people are delighted to see the Queen in Scotland." It is not improbable that this plain but honest compliment from the worthy woman, gave as much gratification to Her Majesty, as any that had been paid to her during the whole of her progress. When the author of these pages questioned Mrs. MacNaughton about the Queen, "Oh," replied the good woman, with great emphasis, "she is a nice pretty leddy, and quite plain in her speech, just like mysell. It might not be for the good of the nation, but I could not help wishing that the Queen had the same liberty as Lord and Lady Breadalbane, and that she had nothing

to do to take her away from Taymouth, where I am sure she would have liked to have staid." It is curious to contemplate the high degree of eminence into which Mrs. MacNaughton has thus suddenly and accidentally risen. She is now a woman worth going to visit; and it is by no means an unreasonable prophecy, that pilgrimages will be made to her shrine from all parts of Perthshire, if not from the uttermost corners of Scotland, to see the woman who actually spoke with the Queen. Although there is not at present the slightest indication that her stock of the grains of common sense may ultimately be dispersed by the light winds of vanity, it must be confessed, that her husband is by no means to be envied, seeing that as he had not the good fortune to be blessed with the sunshine of Her Majesty's countenance, or to hear her voice, he must henceforth look upon himself as infinitely inferior to her whom he was wont to command. The Queen returned to the north terrace, and walking along it to the eastward, and so by the Star battery, and recrossing the river by the rustic wooden bridge of Inchadnie, so denominated from the vicarage of that name, the fragments of its ancient chapel having stood until very recently on the haugh opposite the Star battery, Her Majesty returned to the castle by the eastern approach about eleven o'clock, after having encountered a good deal of rain.

The Queen had this day leisure to examine the magnificent apartments of the castle, and she expressed her great admiration of their arrangement, as well as of the good taste of the decorations and furniture. Her Majesty having then signified her desire to see the Highlanders dance by daylight, the two portable stages were brought forward in front of the castle, and a most picturesque scene was again produced, for though it was not under the strange and wild effect of the torch and lamp light as before, yet the 92d regiment and the Highland Guard were there, prepared to receive

Prince Albert on his return from shooting, and an immense crowd of spectators soon assembled. The salute when the Prince arrived was very fine. But the rain afterwards came on so seriously, that the dancing was put off for a short time, in the hope that it might fair. Four o'clock came at last, and then it was resolved that the dancing should go on in defiance of the rain. A chair had been carried out to the platform on the balcony, over which Lord Breadalbane had thrown a deer skin, and Prince Albert had come forth more than once, in his anxiety to ascertain whether there might be any prospect of a cessation of the bad weather. At length the Queen appeared at the centre window of the drawing-room, and the salute was given, the pipes and the band playing as usual. But the rain obstinately continued, and Her Majesty, abandoning all idea of occupying the seat placed for her on the balcony, took her position inside of the window, and became immediately much interested in the spectacle that ensued.

Many of the Clan Menzies were mingled with the Campbells, and their red and white tartan sparkled amidst the green hues of Breadalbane. The reels played by the pipes on this occasion, were Lord Seaforth's rant, and Lady Seaforth's reel, the Clochgorum, the reel of Tulloch, Gillie-Callum, Barbara's Strathspey, and Monymusk. The knowledge that the Royal eyes were upon them was enough to make Highlanders do their best. But from the wet and slippery state of the boards, there were many awkward tumbles, much to the amusement of the spectators, as well as of the Queen and the Prince. One of the foresters, dressed in the shepherd's tartan, particularly distinguished himself. But that which appeared to please the Queen most, was the dancing of a fine handsome boy, son of John Mackenzie, piper to the Marquess. His movements were light, airy, and graceful, and young though he be, he can employ his fingers upon the pipes

with no less skill and adroitness than he uses his limbs upon the boards, when animated by the music he loves. A young Highlander of the Breadalbane Guard, gave great satisfaction by his performance of Gillie-Callum over the naked swords, and excited shouts of applause from the surrounding crowd, as well as great commendations from higher quarters. These sports went on in defiance of the rain for about an hour, and at their commencement, as well as at their termination, the cheers for the Queen were loyal and loud; and by no means the less so, that the Highlanders, as they took snuff together, jogged each other's elbows, and remarked, that "Her Majesty, God bless her, had on a tartan gown, which showed that she had a warm heart to the Hielants." But the Scottish feelings of the Queen were not confined to the tartan dress, or to the dancing of the Highlanders, for she showed a particular predilection for their martial pipe music. One or more pipers were frequently called upon to play round the castle, and on this occasion, a band of not less than five or six of them commenced and played round the whole building, more particularly dwelling near that part of it which contained Her Majesty's apartments, and this by her own especial command.

The sky at last showed some inclination to be propitious, and at about twenty minutes past five o'clock the sun shone out, and produced a genial glow over all the moistened features of nature, on which his slanting rays fell. The Royal carriage was instantly ordered, and the Queen hastened to occupy it. As Her Majesty was assisted into it by Lord Breadalbane, she was saluted by the troops and the Highland Guard. Prince Albert sat beside the Queen, and the Duchess of Sutherland and Duchess of Buccleuch opposite to the Royal pair. As during the drive of the previous day, Lord Breadalbane rode a little ahead to direct the way, and General Wemyss and Colonel Bouverie followed the carriage. The people

assembled were very numerous, and the Queen drove off slowly amidst the loudest cheering. The carriage took its way by the eastern approach and gate, whence it turned up westward by the public road, along the park wall, immediately by the back of the Fort, and so towards Kenmore. As the Queen's carriage crossed Kenmore bridge, all the boats were seen a little way below it. The crews tossed up their oars and cheered, after which they pulled through the arches of the bridge, and as the carriage took the Killin road along the northern bank, they rowed up the lake itself, keeping nearly abreast of it for several miles. Her Majesty had now a full opportunity of enjoying the shade of the woods, and the beautiful variety of the shores of Loch Tay, with views of the grand Benlawers, and the huge Benmore. Taking a road that branched off up the hill to the right, Lord Breadalbane led the Queen through some snug Highland farms, and so by a wide open pass under the western extremity of Drummond hill, towards Glenlyon. On getting into the strath of the Lyon, the Queen was gratified with a truly Highland scene—a fine bold-spirited river, dashing on in its full strength through a wide valley, cultivated in small farms, and pretty populously planted with Highland cottages, some of them of the most primitive description, the course of the stream itself sometimes confined and varied by knolls or by prominences, with fine groves in many places below, hanging woods on the steep slopes of the hills, and wild rocks shooting up singly here and there from their faces. Into this the river comes from the long narrow trough above, properly called Glenlyon, seen grandly retiring in perspective, till its upper extremity is entirely closed in by the lofty mountains rising over it. Immediately below the point where the valley expands, and on the north side of the river Lyon, are the little village and church of Fortingall, embosomed in a grove of trees. Its church-yard was once

famous for its yew tree, fifty-two feet in circumference, but it is now a ruin. Not far from the village, and on a spot around which the river makes a great sweep, there is a Roman camp, perhaps one of the farthest inland that has hitherto been observed. It encloses an area of about eighty acres, and the prætorium is still quite easily distinguished. The name of the parish is supposed to be derived from it—Feart-nin-gal, signifying "the works of the strangers."

Lord Breadalbane led the Queen down the south side of the Lyon, and by the northern base of the hill of Drummond. Here Her Majesty was considerably struck by the strange figures and dress of some of the Highland women, who came out to stare at the Royal party, from their low, smoky, drystone hovels. The scenery, as well as the condition of the farms, the peasantry, and the dwellings, improved as the Queen proceeded. The stream, lively in itself, had its margin fringed with grand oaks, which also covered, with a wild irregular wooding, the knolls and banks interspersed among the sloping pastures or cultivation. Farther down, a peep is enjoyed up the picturesque stream that hastens from the ruined castle of Garth down a rocky glen to join the Lyon, which afterwards passes through a narrow gorge into the wide valley of the Tay. Crossing some fertile fields, and leaving the ruins of the old castle of Combra to the left, the Queen was soon again within the private grounds of Taymouth, having made the complete circuit of Drummond hill. Her Majesty crossed the Inchadnie bridge to the southern bank of the river; and passing through the deer-park, under the closing shades of night, the Royal party returned to the castle by the same approach by which they had set out; and reached home about half-past seven o'clock. The banquet of this day was consequently later than usual.

Those who had the honour of dining with Her Majesty and Prince Albert, in addition to Lord and Lady Breadalbane, were—

The Duchess of Norfolk,
The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,
The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe,
The Duchess of Sutherland,
The Marquess and Marchioness of Abercorn,
The Earl of Lauderdale,
The Earl of Aberdeen,
The Earl of Morton,
The Earl of Liverpool,
Lord and Lady Kinnaird,
Lord and Lady Duncan,
Lord and Lady Ruthven,
Sir Robert Peel,
The Hon. Miss Paget,
The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Fox Maule,
Mr. and Mrs. William Russell,
Mr. Home Drummond,
General Wemyss,
Mr. George Edward Anson,
Major Hay.

The band and the pipes played alternately as before, but by the Queen's command, John Mackenzie, Lord Breadalbane's own piper, was brought in to play round the dinner-table, in the Baron's Hall, and Her Majesty expressed her great satisfaction with his performance, as well as her admiration of the fine martial appearance of the man. The blood of the Stuart running in Her Majesty's veins, made her readily imbibe a due regard and affection for the bagpipe. After returning to England, Mr. Anson received the royal command to write to Lord Breadalbane, to engage for Windsor, William Mackenzie, formerly a piper of the 42d regiment, whom the Queen had noticed at Taymouth as wearing a Waterloo medal. Strongly tempted as this man was by the offer thus made him, of the high honour of entering the royal service, he had the honest principle to tell his Lordship, that although he might be able to play well enough for a year or two, he felt himself so much on the decline, that he would not engage with the prospect of becoming so soon unserviceable. This was a fine trait of Highland character. His Lordship then sent for his own piper, John Mackenzie, and asked him if he knew of one in want of a situation. "What sort of a man would your lordship be wantin?" demanded John.—"Why," said Lord Breadalbane, "he must be a first-rate piper; and, moreover, he

must be a tall good looking man, like yourself."—"Od, my lord," replied John, "ye may seek a' Scotland, before ye find sic a man as that." A man, called Angus M'Kay, was found, however, and engaged accordingly. John Mackenzie has a house within the grounds of Taymouth, about a mile distant from the castle, on the south side of the river, and beyond those picturesque oak woods, already noticed as affording scenery such as Shakspeare describes in "As you like it." One morning, about a month after the Queen's departure, when John was on his way to play as usual at the castle, with his pipes under his arm, and as he had got about half way through an extensive level glade, having high and gently sloping banks, loosely covered with spreading oaks, sweeping round one side of it, and a path running under a line of cherry trees on the other, he was suddenly arrested by a noise behind him. On looking round, he was considerably alarmed to discover that a huge stag, which had been feeding in the plain at the head of his herd of hinds, had left them for the purpose of attacking him; and he beheld the furious animal, with his head down ready to charge him, and stamping with his fore-feet on the hard turf. John immediately seized a stone, and threw it at him, but this was of no avail, for the stag rushed at him with the utmost impetuosity, and wounded him in the thigh with one of his antlers. With great presence of mind, and promptitude of action, John threw himself down upon the stag, whilst his head was still near the ground, and abandoning his bagpipes, he laid hold with both his hands of one of the animal's horns, and pinned him with all his force to the earth. The conflict now became terrific. The stag's eyes glared at him—he snorted with rage—and exerting every muscle of his body, he made repeated efforts to free himself, and finding he could not succeed in doing so, he tried to turn over his head on the pointed pivots of the tines of the one horn, held by John

to the ground, that he might gore him with the other, and numerous were the narrow escapes he made from the fatal thrusts of its points, —and hard as he toiled to keep clear of them, he did not come off entirely free from their attacks. Fain would he have drawn his dirk to put an end to the affair, but that was impossible; for if he found it a very difficult matter to master the stag by means of both hands, he felt quite assured that the removal of one of them from the horn, even for an instant, would have been certain destruction to him. The greatest risk John ran, was from the sudden jerks which the stag gave to his head, by the concentration of all his powers, but in defiance of these the poor piper held with the clutch of grim death. Notwithstanding that the points of the horns were absolutely buried deep into the ground, by John's weight and pressure, the powerful animal contrived to toss him about, and to drag him along, ploughing up the sod in sharp irregular furrows, and bruising the piper's body to mummy. The breath of both stag and man began to come quick and heavily—but still the fearful struggle went on—still John fought to keep his advantage of the head—and still the stag toiled to get free, tossing the piper up at times, and shaking him hither and thither, and again hauling him for some yards over the grass. At last, after the conflict had endured for about twenty minutes or more, and that the stag had pulled the piper by an irregular zigzag course some seventy or eighty yards across the glade, from the spot where he had first assaulted him, both became so much exhausted, and John Mackenzie so especially done, that, partly believing that he might now relax his hold with impunity, but chiefly because he felt that it was impossible to hold much longer, he at once let go his gripe. The moment he had done so, the stag reared himself erect, and not even tarrying to look at John, he bounded like a flash of lightning across the glade, and up the bank on the opposite side of it, until he reached a knoll high up

among the trees, where he stood for a time, with his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out, panting and heaving, and staring at his antagonist with manifest alarm, lest in his turn he should be assailed, to prevent which he made one dash into a neighbouring thicket, and disappeared. The gallant piper, though thus victorious, was so bruised and weakened by loss of blood, that he was glad to pick up his pipes and return home, whither he contrived to crawl with some difficulty, and where he was confined to bed for some weeks before he perfectly recovered.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour at which Her Majesty sat down, so little time does the Royal dinner occupy that the whole party were assembled in the drawing-room soon after nine o'clock. This was the night on which there was to be a grand ball, and by the Queen's permission, Lady Breadalbane had invited the following individuals, in addition to the guests then in the castle :—

Earl of Mansfield,
Countess of Mansfield, and Ladies Elizabeth and Caroline Murray,
Hon. James Stanhope,
Lord and Lady Glenlyon,
Dowager Lady Glenlyon and Miss Murray, Hon. Captain Murray,
Hon. Miss Abercromby,
Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Drummond of Strathallan,
Hon. John Stuart,
Sir Neil and the Hon. Lady Menzies, Mr. and Miss Menzies,
Hon. Misses Norton,
Sir John and Lady Richardson of Pitfour,
Sir John, Lady, and Miss Mackenzie,
Sir Archibald, Lady, and Miss Campbell, Garth,
Major and Mrs. Moray Stirling,
Cluny Macpherson,
Mr. Davidson of Tulloch,
Mr. and Mrs. Smythe of Methven,
Mr. Crichton Stuart,
Mr. and Mrs. Colquhoun of Clathick,
Sir Alexander Campbell of Barcaldine,
Mr. Harrington, Mr. Lamb,
Mr. and Mrs. Garden Campbell, Mrs. Brigstock,
Mr., Mrs., and Miss Nairne of Dunsinane,
Mr. Belshes of Invermay, Colonel Belshes,
Mr. Grahame of Redgorton,
Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Glenfalloch, Mr. John Campbell,
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart of Ardvorloch,
Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Boreland,

Lady Moncrieffe, Sir Thomas, and Miss Moncrieffe,
Sir William and Lady Murray, Ochtertyre,
Mr. George Drummond Stewart,
Sir Adam and Miss Drummond, Megginch,
Sir David and Lady Dundas, Dunira,
Mr. and Lady Lucy Grant, Kilgraston,
Mr. Home Drummond, M.P.
Mr. and Mrs. Butter,
Mr. and Mrs. George Campbell, Edinample,
Captain MacDougall, R.N.
Mr. Menzies of Chesthill,
Major Hay, and Officers of 6th Carabineers,
Major Atherly, and Officers of the 92d Regt.
The Officers of the Breadalbane Guard,
Mr. L. Davidson,
Sheriff Currie,
Mr. Wyllie.

The illuminations of Wednesday evening were repeated with all their various devices; and although the number of people in the park was not so great as upon that occasion, there were still enough of figures moving about to give great animation, and the scenery, under the brilliant effect produced upon it by the myriads of many-coloured lamps, among the trees, on the ground, on the wire fence, and above all on the fort, was like faëry-land to those who came to the ball. The partial illuminations of the castle, too, added to the *tout ensemble*, and especially that of its painted windows, which were lighted up on the outside, as well as within.

The hour fixed for the ball in Lady Breadalbane's cards was ten o'clock; but many of the families invited came from great distances, and not being sufficiently aware of the Queen's punctuality, they calculated that it could not possibly begin so early. When the hour approached, the Queen said to Lady Breadalbane, "Now, let us have the dance." Not one of the country neighbours had arrived. There were, however, a sufficient number of people in the house to commence the ball, and accordingly Mr. Dewar, the well-known professor of music in Edinburgh, took his place in the window recess at the farther extremity of the grand hall. This magnificent apartment had its two glorious Gothic windows lighted up, so as to show their stained glass to the greatest possible

advantage, whilst its immense chandelier, and many other lights, blazed till the coats of mail, and the effigies of knights armed *cap-a-pie*, glittered with reflection—and each armorial bearing that appeared on the compartments of its lofty-groined vault, or waved on the silken banners that trembled from both sides throughout its whole length, with every motto they bore, might have been deciphered by the most imperfect vision,—whilst the rich carving of its gigantic chimney, as well as that surrounding the walls, and especially that of the two exquisite screens at the southern end of the apartment, was all brought into the most minute observation. Having ascertained that all was thus in readiness, Lord and Lady Breadalbane conducted the Queen thither from the drawing-room, and Her Majesty entered, leaning on the arm of Prince Albert. The Queen wore a white lace dress, with a velvet scarf of Royal Stuart tartan, and a small crown of diamonds on her brow. Her Majesty spent some time in admiring this splendid apartment under its present fascinating effect, which in truth was such as to have awakened recollections of the olden time during the purest periods of chivalry. After a few words addressed to Lord Breadalbane, expressive of her admiration of what she beheld, the Queen was ushered to an ottoman or sofa, on a raised dais, covered with crimson velvet, placed at the northern end of the hall, under a trophy of standards and pennons. Prince Albert was seated on Her Majesty's right hand. On each side were two or three chairs of state. On the right were Lady Breadalbane and the Duchess of Sutherland, and on the left, the Duchess of Buccleuch and the Duchess of Norfolk. The rest of the company stood at either side of the hall, leaving its floor perfectly free, and when all were assembled, it was indeed a ball for a Queen to preside over. Nothing could exceed the splendour and brilliancy of the scene; the rich glittering dresses of the ladies appearing prominently among the

varied costumes of the nobles and gentlemen, in court dresses, and embroidered uniforms, whilst the majority were attired in the most gorgeously accoutred Highland costumes.

After a few minutes had elapsed, the Queen gave her command for a quadrille. The Marquess immediately went to appoint two couples to dance at the sides, and this having been arranged, Her Majesty honoured him with her hand, having *vis-à-vis* Prince Albert and the Duchess of Buccleuch. The Marquess then gave the signal for the music to begin, but on Mr. Dewar striking up, the Queen, instead of commencing the quadrille, spoke to Lord Breadalbane—the music stopped;—his Lordship then left the Queen for a few moments, and Her Majesty's desire to spread happiness in the widest possible circle around her, was soon manifested by his quickly collecting six more couples to join the quadrille, which began on the music recommencing. The Queen danced beautifully, and with great spirit and grace, and it is to be hoped that Her Majesty's high example may cure the majority of her subjects of that melancholy species of musical somnambulism, which produces so very soporific an effect upon the spectators, and especially upon unfortunate chaperons. The quadrilles played were arranged for the occasion by Mr. Dewar, entirely from Scottish airs. At the conclusion of the dance, the Marquess conducted the Queen to her seat, and the centre of the room immediately cleared, as it always did after the dances while Her Majesty remained.

The next dance was a reel to the bagpipes, especially so commanded by the Queen. As this was general, there were not fewer than sixteen couples on the floor. Most of these went through the common reel, but some of them danced the reel of Tulloch, or, as it is more properly called, the Rill Thullochan. As this had not been generally danced, the Queen expressed her desire that it should

be executed by four gentlemen, and accordingly the Marquess of Abercorn, Mr. Fox Maule, Macpherson of Cluny, and Davidson of Tulloch, stood up to perform it. They danced it with as much spirit and activity as had been displayed in the forenoon by any of the Highlanders on the platform before the castle, but in better taste, and with infinitely more grace. The great perfection of Highland dancing is never to allow the knee to sink, and to keep the person erect, and these are requisites which, though attended to in the chieftain's hall, are very seldom thought of by the retainers. The Queen was delighted with this reel, and complimented the dancers. Her Majesty also very much admired the reel-dancing of Lord Breadalbane's sister, Lady Elizabeth Pringle.

The Queen then commanded a country-dance, and offered her hand to the Duke of Buccleuch, the Prince standing up with the Duchess of Sutherland. There were as many couples as the length of the floor would admit of. The Queen seemed to enjoy it very much, and laughed when she saw that some of the young ladies were not ready to take up the figure in time; indeed, Her Majesty had occasion to tap several of them on the shoulder to make them begin, and this she did without the least expression of displeasure. But still more was it a matter of shame, though, alas, the truth of history requires it to be told, that several of the gentlemen were not ready to present their hands to Her Majesty when she was dancing. But all this has originated in the excessive negligence and apathy which has been creeping into ball-rooms for some time back, to so great an extent, that neither ladies nor gentlemen now-a-days *can* when they *would*, just because they *would not* when they *could*. A most improper practice, moreover, prevails, that those who have gone down from the top to the bottom of a country-dance, utterly disregarding the happiness of others, walk off immediately, so that those whose

places were at the bottom, after patiently working their way up to the top, for the amusement of those who were placed above them, find that as couple after couple have thus successively disappeared, they are left alone, and condemned to sit down without dancing. Nothing can be more rude or selfish than such conduct, and it is to be hoped that the high example of the Queen may put a stop to it in future. After having danced down to the very bottom, Her Majesty continued in the dance, and stood always ready to join in the figure, until the very last couple had danced down. This was a truly royal feeling of consideration, most worthy of humble imitation, and much to be lauded, as manifesting the excellence of the heart from which it emanated.

This was the last dance in which the Queen and Prince joined. Her Majesty conversed with the distinguished individuals around her with great affability, though with all becoming dignity. At one period during the evening, when the dance had ceased, Lord Breadalbane approached the Queen, who was then in conversation with the Duchess of Sutherland, and asked Her Majesty's permission to present the officers of the Breadalbane Highland Body Guard himself. The Queen having kindly assented, Her Majesty arose, and the Marquess leading forward the officers, formally presented them in succession, and they were admitted to the honour of kissing hands. The Queen condescended to express herself highly pleased with the appearance and manners of the officers, and Her Majesty did Campbell of Glenfalloch, their lieutenant-colonel, the honour of holding conversation with him for more than five minutes. A number of the ladies and gentlemen who had not been previously presented, were brought forward for that purpose—the ladies by the Marchioness of Breadalbane, so authorised by the Queen. This was done at different times during the course of the evening. As might be ex-

peeted, some of those were not quite *au fait* as to the ceremonial. One gentleman who knelt with great energy upon both knees, was especially admired for his loyal devotion. A young lady who was about to be presented, retired in considerable confusion to her mother, who immediately removed her glove, the cause of her distress. The Queen observed this, and smiled, and on the young lady being brought forward a second time, Her Majesty, with great good feeling and kindness, spoke a few words of encouragement to her. Such a ball as this cannot often be seen. High and distinguished as were the individuals present, and splendid as were the dresses of the ladies, its superiority chiefly consisted in the magnificence and the ancient taste of the Grand Hall in which it was held, with the gorgeous Highland costumes of the Celtic guests; and, above all, in the thought that Queen Victoria was there in person, graciously witnessing the happiness of her loyal subjects, and doing all in her power to increase it.

Her Majesty retired at about a quarter after twelve o'clock. All present were filled with admiration of the manner in which she left the room. The company being arranged on either side of the hall, the Queen descended from her seat, bowed with mingled dignity and sweetness of expression to the company arranged to right and left, and then walked alone and slowly down the whole length of the floor, bowing on either side, till she reached the lower end of the hall, where turning round to Prince Albert, who had walked down one side of the hall behind Her Majesty, she took his arm, and disappeared through the veiled passage opening into the gallery and leading to the royal private apartments. The company then went off to supper, after which they danced till an early hour of the morning in another apartment, where there was no risk of the Queen being disturbed by the sound of the music.

CHAPTER XXI.

DEPARTURE FROM TAYMOUTH.

EARS may pass over the towers of Taymouth, ere its inhabitants shall be again awakened to sensations such as those which affected them on the morning of Saturday the 10th of September, when all were early astir. The sun rose gloriously in a cloudless sky, but much as every one desired fine weather on the Queen's account, the smiling heavens and the joyous features of the landscape, were but little in harmony with the feelings of the inmates of the castle, from the Marquess himself and his interesting Marchioness, down to the humblest of their retainers. The Queen was this day to depart. She, whose countenance had thrown its own sunshine so brilliantly over every thing, as to leave no one sensible that clouds or rain had ever attempted to mar their happiness—the Queen was to depart, and every soul was sunk in gloom at the thought that they must again return to the commonplaces of ordinary life. Sad, sad were their hearts; and it may be surmised that Her Majesty, too, had so far partaken of the in-

spiring draught of romantic feeling, so generally affecting all, as to make her wear something like a tinge of melancholy. Certain it is, that if the Royal arrangements had not been so made and settled as to render any alteration difficult, the Queen would have gladly postponed her departure from Taymouth until Monday, or even longer. But, as Sovereign of Britain, she is frequently compelled to sacrifice her own wishes and desires. The consideration which she manifested for the delicate health of Lady Breadalbane, and her endeavours upon all occasions to save her from fatigue—the readiness with which she entered into any plan formed for the Royal amusement—her kind expressions of satisfaction with all that was done—and the gracious cordiality of her manner to all who came into her presence—were observed and duly appreciated by every one in the castle. It is not surprising, then, that all these should have made so deep an impression on the minds of its noble owners, as not only to give the highest value in their eyes to the visit of the Queen to Taymouth, as a distinguished honour conferred on them, but also to fill their hearts with the most delightful recollections of it as a period of intense enjoyment.

That the Queen was desirous of carrying with her the freshest reminiscences of this charming place, was evident from the circumstance, that, amidst all the hurry of preparation for departure, she escaped from the great gallery, by the iron stair, at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, and taking Prince Albert's arm, she walked along the western approach hanging over the river, and so gained the grassy slopes leading up to the Dairy. Again were the damsels of this pretty cottage of milk-white and crystalline quartz taken by surprise. The view from the terrace on which the cottage stands, was this day so clear and sunshiny, and the mountains in the farthest distance were so well defined, that both the Queen and the Prince

were amply repaid for their activity. So inviting was the scene, that they climbed to the balcony to enjoy the prospect in still greater perfection, and there indeed it was exquisitely beautiful, and the Prince entered fully into all Her Majesty's admiration of it. The Queen and the Prince returned with so much expedition from this little morning excursion, that few people were aware they had ever been out of their apartments.

An occurrence of apparently small moment took place at Taymouth, which ought not to be forgotten. Mr. John Alston of Glasgow, is well known as the benefactor of the blind, from his embossed alphabet, in which he has printed the Bible and other books for their use, which they now read with great ease, by means of the mere touch of their finger points. Having also invented a mode of arranging coloured worsteds of all shades, so that those deprived of sight can take them out, and work them into patterns where the colours are introduced with the most delicate gradation, he felt desirous to bring it under the Royal notice. He accordingly requested Lady Belhaven to present to Her Majesty a beautiful hassock, made in this way at the Glasgow Blind Asylum. This her ladyship took an opportunity of doing; and it pleased the Queen so much, that she graciously accepted it, and gave orders for four more of the same kind. Her Majesty, moreover, sent a donation of ten guineas to the valuable institution, whence the hassock came.

The Marquess naturally felt desirous to have some memorial fixed in the soil of Taymouth, which should awaken interesting associations in future ages, with the occurrences of these memorable days. With this view his lordship made an humble request to the Queen, that she would plant a tree, to remain as a thriving and ever-increasing memorial of the Royal visit. He ordered an elegant little spade to be made of the finest steel, with a mahogany shaft, and having its

handle covered with crimson velvet, which is preserved at the dairy, with the date, "September 10th, 1842." This interesting ceremony, which the Queen undertook with the greatest cheerfulness, still remained to be carried into effect.

A portion of the Breadalbane Highland Guard of Honour having been that morning despatched to the western extremity of Loch Tay, to receive the Queen on her arrival there, the remainder stood drawn up opposite the grand entrance, with an air of silent gloom over their manly countenances. The Queen and Prince Albert now got into their carriage with Lady Breadalbane, and drove off, under the salutes of the guards, the fort, and the batteries. They proceeded towards the flower garden, a beautiful spot near the river to the east of the castle, where Lord Breadalbane assisted the Queen to alight, and the interesting operation immediately commenced in presence of the Duke of Buccleuch, Lords Liverpool, Aberdeen, Morton, and Kinnaird, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Fox Maule, and others, who stood around till the work was finished. Four holes having been already dug, at proper distances from each other, and the young plants, consisting of two oaks and two Scottish firs, from four to five feet high, having been prepared, an oak was put into one of the holes by the noble Marquess, assisted by his principal forester, Mr. Dewar. The Queen then took the neat little spade in her hands, and went about her work with great grace and alacrity. There was no make-believe in the matter. Finding herself encumbered by the parasol that hung to her wrist, she handed it to the Marquess—put her foot on the spade—shovelled the earth in very neatly all round—and then trod it firmly about the stem. The gardener could not have done the work more scientifically or expertly. After this Her Majesty proceeded to plant a fir tree with the same care and adroitness. Prince Albert then planted a fir and an oak, to both

of which he did every possible justice. That these trees were well and carefully planted, is best proved by the fact, that although

the season of the year was not quite that which old Evelyn, or even more modern writers on arboriculture, have recommended as the best for any such work, the Royal hands seem to have shed a blessing on the work, for at this moment the trees are so perfectly fresh and unchanged in their appearance, even in the minutest parts of their spray, as to ensure their bursting forth in full vigour of leaf. Seldom has a more interesting or gratifying scene been performed by any Royal personage. The surrounding landscape, too, was exquisitely beautiful,—the level and shaven turf—the plots of shrubs and flowers—the tall and umbrageous old sheltering trees in close vicinity, standing as if in the character of sponsors, solemnly

promising to protect these infant children of royalty from every rude blast. May Heaven prosper these young plants! and may they long endure, as living emblems of those tender scions, in whose welfare the great interests of a mighty nation are so deeply involved.

Lord Breadalbane had been kept in doubt, until an advanced hour in the morning, as to whether the voyage by water, or the land journey, ought to be considered as the most advisable for the Queen; but he had made preparation for either alternative. The Hon. Mrs. Fox Maule, and his Lordship's brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Baillie, had gone off early in a carriage and four, to see that every thing was properly arranged for the reception of Her Majesty, at the old family residence of Auchmore, situated on the southern side of the Dochart, just above its point of junction with the western extremity of Loch Tay. Their road lay by Kenmore Bridge, and by the north side of the lake, that being also the Queen's best route, in the event of Her Majesty going by land. Had the Queen gone by this way, Her Majesty would have seen the lake from a great variety of magnificent points, for it is never lost sight of, until the traveller approaches Killin, where the road runs at the base of the grand and most picturesque mountain cliffs of Craigcaillach, and behind and to the northward of the ruined castle and noble old place of Finlarig, once a retreat sacred to Druidical worship, and a very ancient seat of the Breadalbane family, where the importance and beauty of the site, as estimated by its barons of old, is proved by the great growth and antiquity of the trees with which its grounds have been so carefully and plentifully planted, having among them many of the finest old Spanish chestnuts any where to be met with. The family burial-place is here, and that, together with the remains of the castle, and the tree on which culprits, or those who happened to "displease the laird," were wont to be hanged—all stand on a beautiful wooded knoll, rising out of the

plain, through which the river Lochy, after leaving its own wild and romantic glen, hastens to join the Dochart. The scenery here is of the highest order of grandeur. The village of Killin itself is not large, but it is very picturesquely situated, on the peninsula between the two rivers, in the midst of an amphitheatre of rocky and wooded steeps. The bridge over the Dochart affords a fine scene—the broad stream above breaking over ten thousand rocky points, and inclosing a most romantic island below, occupied by the ancient burial-place of the MacNabs. In their anxious hope and anticipation that the Queen would come their way, the villagers of Killin had bestirred themselves to ornament their houses, which were whitewashed, and adorned with wreaths of flowers and heather, flags, and mottoes.

Auchmore lies about a mile eastward from Killin. All was in perfect order there, and ready for Her Majesty. It is an old-fashioned house, patched at different times, with a good deal of wood rising towards the southern hill. Within this is a square plot of grass, with gravelled walks and shrubberies, where the detachment of the Breadalbane Guard of Honour was posted. The house has one room of goodly size, with glass doors, and here preparations were made for Her Majesty's luncheon. A rich level plain, of mingled enclosure and plantation, lies between the house and the angle formed by the river Dochart and the head of Loch Tay. Over this the roe-bucks are frequently seen bounding, or feeding carelessly, as if aware that they have no cause to be afraid of man. Auchmore is a charming dwelling, of the shooting and fishing-lodge description, and was for some years the residence of the present Marquess before the death of the late Lord Breadalbane. It commands a beautiful and extensive view of the lake, Benlawers, the passes leading into Glen-Lochy and Glen-Dochart, the druidical groves of Finlarig, and the rugged and most picturesque rocks of Craigcaillach, rising from the woods imme-

diately behind that peaceful and picturesque place of sepulture of the chieftains of Glenurquhy and the lords of Breadalbane.

The place prepared for the Queen's landing, was a small boat harbour in the Dochart, so little way above the head of Loch Tay, that it is difficult to say whether the water is there river or lake. A beautiful sod fort is raised close to this haven, which had its guns all prepared, and a Royal standard ready to be hoisted. A crowd of people was assembled here, in the hope that the Queen would come by water. At the upper end of the creek a flight of steps, beautifully covered with heather, so as to resemble a Persian carpet, gave access to a rustic building, consisting of a roof with four gables, supported on pillars, decorated with heath, and Highland myrtle. A roadway leading to the house, was mown across the grass.

The interesting ceremony of planting the trees being over, and the weather continuing to be propitious, Lord Breadalbane hastened on foot to that part of the river Tay where the flotilla of boats was moored, about an hundred and fifty yards below the bridge of Kenmore. His Lordship had by this time been informed as to the Queen's determination. The terrace runs close along the margin of the river, having very noble trees on both sides. A flight of embarkation steps was prepared and covered with crimson cloth. The flotilla consisted of—1st, The Royal Barge, commanded and steered by Captain MacDougall, R.N., of Lorne, carvel-built, and for the occasion, by Mr. M'Nicholl of Greenock, 32 feet long, 6 feet 10 inches broad, 2 feet 9 inches deep, and eight or ten-oared. This beautiful craft has a deep gold moulding inside, with stem and stern-head beautifully carved and gilt, the lining painted in imitation of the Breadalbane tartan, the inside of the gunwales having a convex gold moulding in the centre, relieved on each side by blue and green. The seats for the rowers are covered with Bread-

albane tartan, of the finest woollen cloth, and the stern seat cushions with the same material, fringed with gold. The Royal seat or cushion, in the centre, is of the richest Breadalbane tartan velvet, surmounted with a beautiful and costly representation of the boar's head the Breadalbane crest, and the Scottish thistle in tapestry fringed with gold. The footstool is of the richest crimson velvet, trimmed with gold. The back board is beautifully carved and gilt, the cushion in the centre being stuffed with the finest down, and covered with crimson velvet, and the stern platform is laid with the finest Brussels carpet. The bows are ornamented with the Breadalbane crest and the coronet of a marquess. The awning or canopy is of Breadalbane tartan, of the finest spun silk, decorated in the most tasteful manner with festoons of roses, thistles, and mountain heather, and the awning rods are ornamented with rich gold knobs. The timbers are in one piece, finely rounded, and from the novel manner in which the boat is constructed, no nail-head, point, or rivet, is discernible throughout the whole interior of the boat. The row locks are of highly polished brass, and of a swivel description, adding materially to the general effect of the whole. There were at least fifty applicants for the honour of rowing the Queen in this splendid barge, but it was manned by eight picked boatmen from the slate-quarry island of Easdale, in the far western part of the Breadalbane territories—all first-rate hands at the oar, and having bonnets with gold bands, and Jersey frocks of Breadalbane tartan, with white trowsers, quite in harmony with the decorations;—it had also the Royal flag and two pipers in the bow. The barge lay close to the place of embarkation ready to receive the Queen. The second boat was the Loch Tay, steered by James Campbell of Dalserf, Lieutenant R.N. It is of the same model and dimensions as the Royal barge, but is fitted up in a less splendid manner. The

third boat was that sent down by the Admiralty from Woolwich dock-yard, with two Admiralty bargemen, in splendid liveries, for the purpose of carrying the Queen, but the Clyde boat was preferred from her superior build and finish. The Admiralty barge was about 30 feet long, 6½ feet broad, and 2½ feet deep, with 10 oars, and was distinguished by one of the plain Breadalbane flags. A story was current about Kenmore of a Highlander, who asked one of the Thames men belonging to this boat, whether the Queen was very beautiful. "Beautiful!" exclaimed the Englishman, "why, as to that you shall judge for yourself, when you see Her Majesty. But I'll tell thee what, friend—there's not another lady in all England has such a foot and ankle—no, nor in all Scotland neither!" The fourth was a barge "the Galley of Lorne," built in Greenock. The fifth was a Thames six-oared wherry, employed in towing the boat containing the regimental band, which so filled it that there was no room for rowers; these were steered by an Admiralty bargeman.

The Queen, Prince Albert, and Lady Breadalbane, left the castle of Taymouth in the Royal carriage, followed by their suite, amidst the thunder of the guns of the fort and batteries, and the last sad and parting salute of the Breadalbane Guard of Honour. As Her Majesty left the park by the Kenmore gate, there was still some doubt whether she intended to go by land or water, and all eyes were anxiously fixed on the carriage, until it arrived at the dubious point, where the matter was made certain by its turning in at the gate, and along the terrace leading to the little pier.

How the gallant and brawny men of Easdale, selected for the Royal barge, were envied by those of the other boats, when they saw that the Queen was really going by water! Whilst this was supposed to be very doubtful, they had received an ample supply of gratis and ironical advice from their kind friends, "to take care and

do their best, and to row well, and not to splash." But now that those friendly advisers saw that so great an honour was really to be enjoyed by them, they would have been willing to have died at the west end of the loch, to have been allowed to change places with them. Captain MacDougall himself was in attendance, dressed in the full Highland garb.

The Queen's carriage drove up with its near wheels within three feet of the carpet laid on the ground, and Captain MacDougall observing this, applied immediately to Lord Kinnaird, who was standing by, for the use of a tartan shawl he had in his hand, and instantly spread it on the ground for Her Majesty to step on. Lord Breadalbane then handed the Queen from the carriage, at a few minutes before eleven o'clock, and seated her in the boat, the whole of the crews having their oars up, the band playing "God Save the Queen," and a small detachment of the military presenting arms. Lord Breadalbane immediately got into the cockswain's seat behind, but Her Majesty insisted on his taking his place on her left. The Prince was on her right, and on his right sat the Duchess of Buccleuch, and on Lord Breadalbane's left the Duchess of Norfolk. The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lorne, and two others, took their places in "the galley of Lorne." The barge "Loch Tay" received the Duke of Buccleuch, Lords Liverpool and Morton, Lord and Lady Belhaven, and Lord and Lady Kinnaird. Lieutenant Campbell, R.N., who steered the boat, wore his full naval uniform, with a St. Jean d'Acre medal. The effect of this most interesting spectacle of the embarkation, as witnessed from a point a little below the pier, was extremely fine. The combination of objects forming the scene where it took place, is beautiful. A large grassy terrace runs along the southern bank of the river, embowered in magnificent trees, and within

it, nearer the bridge, some picturesque cottages, occupied by the gardener and others, are seen peeping from between their immense trunks. The opposite bank of the river is covered with timber of a similar description. Above it rises Drummond hill, with crags of the most picturesque character starting from the thick foliage of its woods. The bridge, about two hundred yards above, is seen uniting the two banks. On this occasion it was hung with garlands, and covered with people, and its grand triumphal arch was surmounted by the Royal banner of England. Beyond its five noble arches, the broad waters of the lake were seen sparkling like fretted crystal, together with the wooded island, and the melting distances. The Royal barge, proud of its precious freight, lay like some gorgeous bird upon the water, by the margin of the stream. The carriages, horses, and people were crowded along the green terrace, or half concealed by the tall stems of the trees. The other barges were nearing the side, and the boats with the band, scattered over the surface of the wide river, the whole forming one of the most beautiful and impressive pictures imaginable.

At the word of command, down went the oars of the Royal barge, and, as if instantaneously gifted with an intense spirit of life, off she darted with the swiftness of a dolphin. Her advance, followed by the other boats, was exceedingly fine; and as she shot through the centre arch, and was launched upon the pellucid surface of the lake, loud cheers arose from the multitudes covering the bridge, and the gravel beaches, on either side, above it. When their loyal acclamations died away, a certain air of quiet reigned over the scene for some time, adding infinitely to its grandeur, and giving to it the effect of a fairy dream.

After passing the bridge, the boats formed in line on each quarter of the Royal barge, which now came abreast of the wooded island

where Queen Sybilla, daughter of Henry I., reposes. If her spirit could have looked upon the passing spectacle, how wonderful to her would have been the contrast with those of the period in which she lived! A Royal salute was fired from the batteries, and from the

yachts anchored there, which were all decorated with flags. After these thunders had subsided, the sounds from the bands and the pipes on board of the flotilla were faintly heard, until they also died away; yet still it was lovely to look upon that broad and far-withdrawing lake, its sheet of water glittering with the gay flotilla, which continued its steady onward progress, whilst soft breezes curled over the surface, vying with the moving shadows in variety of effect; and perfect stillness prevailed amid the wooded steeps on either side, the mountains rising blue and majestic over

all. As the leading barge steered more toward the southern side, remarkable for the wild scenery of the falls of Acharn, the people, willing to keep their eyes, to the very last, on that speck which held their Queen, continued to gaze intently until it and the rest of the flotilla disappeared behind a wooded promontory.

Such was the effect of the scene to the spectators, but to those on board, especially in the Royal barge, it was most animating. The Queen seemed to be altogether absorbed in contemplation of the scenery through which she was so swiftly gliding, and ere the boat had turned the wooded point, so as to shut out the now distant spot where, happy herself, she had been for three days the cause of so much happiness to others, she turned round in her seat, and gave it one long last look, saying with great pathos of expression, "Adieu, Taymouth!"

As the Queen proceeded up the lake, she had the mountains of Benbreck and Mealghrianan on her left hand, whilst still farther on, Benlawers and Cairnaclouh were seen upon the right. But grander elevations arose in the far perspective, and beyond these Benmore was always predominant. The sky was so clear, that all the numerous summits were distinctly visible; and as the sunshine fell on the sides of the mountains, the broad shadows of the fleecy clouds flew rapidly across them. The Queen and the Prince fully enjoyed these changes of effect upon the scenery. Many questions were put by both. The Queen observing the plaid of the steersman hanging over the backboard, asked of what tartan it was. Lord Breadalbane told Her Majesty that it was the MacDougall tartan, and presented the wearer, at the same time mentioning his profession, and that he bore the celebrated Brooch of Lorne which belonged to Robert the Bruce. This led to a conversation on tartans, clans, and chiefs, a subject with which the Queen appeared to be

as familiar, as if she had lived all her life in the Highlands. Her Majesty's observations, and those of the Prince, did not escape the crew. Their ears were all erect to catch every word uttered. Smiles of delight were interchanged among them, as they perceived the interest which Her Majesty took in Highland matters. The Brooch of Lorne has been rendered classical by Sir Walter Scott in his Lord of the Isles; but as he never saw it, he describes it erroneously in his verses, and he gives a very inaccurate account of its history in his notes. It is not "the brooch of burning gold," which his poetical imagination would make it. It is of silver, of very curious form and ancient workmanship, and consists of a circular plate, about four inches in diameter, with a tongue like that of a common buckle on the under side. The margin of the upper side has a rim rising from it, with hollows cut in the edge at certain distances, like the embrasures in an embattled wall. From the circle within this rim, eight very delicately worked tapering cones start up at regular intervals to the height of an inch and a quarter, each having a large pearl in its apex. Concentric with these, there is an inner circle, also ornamented with carved work, within which there is a raised circular case occupying the whole disk of the brooch, and slightly overtopping the cones. The circle exterior to this case projects into eight semi-cylinders, relieving it from all appearance of heaviness. The upper part is also very elegantly carved, and the centre is filled by a very large unpolished gem. Nobody has yet been able to determine the nature of this central stone. The present proprietor had it examined some years ago by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge of London, but they could form no judgment regarding it, without its being polished, which, of course, he had too much antiquarian feeling to allow.

After the defeat which Robert Bruce experienced in Perthshire

from Edward I., soon after his coronation at Scone, he was endeavouring to make his way towards the West Highlands with a few followers, when, on the 11th of August 1306, he was encountered at a place, since called Dalrigh, (the King's field,) near Tyndrum, on the border of Argyllshire, by that powerful chief, or rather potentate, Allaster or Alexander MacDougall of Argyll, the ancestor of Captain MacDougall of Lorne. This hero was then in alliance with England; and being united by marriage to the daughter of the Red John Cumin, whom Bruce had recently slain in the Dominican convent at Dumfries, a fierce combat ensued between the two parties. Whilst Bruce was occupied in protecting the retreat of his men, he came into personal conflict with the great MacDougall, who was struck down by him, and might have been slain on the spot, had not two of his vassals, called MacKeoch, rescued him by seizing the monarch's plaid, and dragging him from above his adversary. Bruce cut both of them down with his battle-axe; but he was so closely pressed by the other followers of Lorne, that he was obliged to abandon his plaid, which was still clutched in the dying grasp of the MacKeochs, together with the brooch that had fastened it. This relic continued in the MacDougall family till the year 1647, when the castle of Goalen, in the island of Kerrera, having been taken, sacked, and burned by General Leslie's troops, Campbell of Inverawe possessed himself of the Brooch of Lorne. In that family it remained until about thirty-four years ago, when it passed into the hands of a cadet of that house, who, fully aware of its value, appointed it by his testament to be sold, and the proceeds divided among his younger children. It was accordingly sent to Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, to be exposed for sale, at the price of a thousand pounds. It is said that the late George IV., then Prince Regent, offered five hundred pounds for it. This sum was

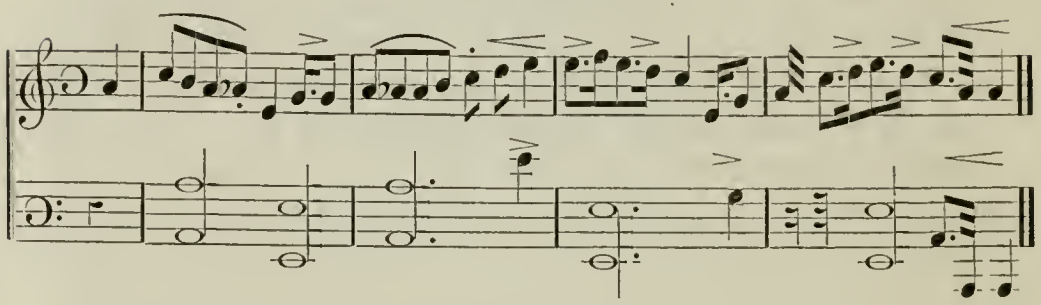
refused, and the brooch withdrawn. Ultimately, in the year 1825, the late General Campbell of Lochnell, being anxious to bestow some mark of grateful regard on his esteemed friend and neighbour MacDougall, purchased the brooch, and presented it to him through his chief, the late Duke of Argyll, at a social meeting of the land-holders of the county.

The Queen having taken the brooch in her hand, and examined it fully, asked about the centre stone, and said that "she supposed these were fresh water pearls," in which supposition Her Majesty was correct. The Marquess then produced some that had been found on his estate, in the streams running into Loch Awe, and the Queen having admired them, she did him the honour to accept of them. Her Majesty inquired if the water of the loch was good to drink, on which the Marquess produced his cuach, and the Queen tasted of Loch Tay. She expressed herself much pleased with the pipe music, and she thus so touched the hearts of the boatmen, that they smiled with delight, and stretched with a more powerful bend to their oars. As Her Majesty remarked upon the different tunes she had heard, she expressed her preference for the Hullachan, the reel of Tullochgorum, the Macintoshes' Lament, and There's nae luck aboot the hoose. The Duchess of Norfolk then repeated the first verse of the words of the last mentioned air.

"And are ye sure the news is true? and are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to talk o' wark? mak haste! set by your wheel!
Is this a time to talk o' wark, when Colin's at the door?
Gie me my cloak! I'll to the quay, and see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck aboot the hoose, there's nae luck ava',
There's little pleasure in the hoose, when our gudeman's awa."

The Marquess then asked the Queen if she would be pleased to hear a Gaelic song, and Her Majesty having assented, the crew

were desired to sing, which they did, one man bearing the burden, and the others joining in the chorus. When they had finished, the Queen commended their performance, and two other Gaelic songs were afterwards sung by Her Majesty's command. One of these may serve as a sample of the music, as well as of the words.

AN FEILE PREASACH.

LUINEAG.

An feile preasach tlachd mo ruin
Osan nach tig faisg do'n ghlun,
Cota breacain n'am ball dluth,
Sa bhonaid dhubhghorm thogarrach.

ORAN.

Mo ghaol fein an teide las
Cuachach, cileach, n'an dluth bhas
Shuibhliun leat na sleibhte cas
'Sgun rachinn bras gu obeir leat.
An feile preasach, &c.

Feile cuachanach n'an eang
Dealg na ghualin suas gun fheall,
Crios ga ghlasadh las neotheann
Is e gach am cho baganta.
An feile preasach, &c.

'Se mo ghaol an teide dluth
Sann ort fein a dheireadh cliuth
Mur sind, 'sbuaidh larich 'sgach cuis
'Sgun deaninn turn gun eagal leat.
An feile preasach, &c.

'Smor a banns 'an feile cuaicht
No casog d'on aodach luaight,
No brigis no'n cuibhrichean cruaidh
'Sgum be'n droch nair a thogadh mid!
An feile preasach, &c.

Feile lasanta sguab chruim,
A chuireadh misneach sna suinn
Nam cruadail no cruaidh shnaim,
A thogadh cuing sa leagadh i
An feile preasach, &c.

'Sged a bhithin anns a bheinn
Re fad seachdain 'smi leam fhein
Fuachd na hoidhch 'cha dean orm bend
'Smo bhreacan fhein co chaideireach
An feile preasach, &c.

'Sgun tig biodag ort gun tair
Sgian is fore an fochair dha,
A chuilduidh, chlaisich, a chinn bharn :
A chriunnchenn, chairgnich, ghrad bhuillich.
An feile preasach, &c.

'Snuair 'theid na gaisgich air ghleus,
Gaidhil bhras a sracadh bheum ;
Piob ga spealpadh 'sanail reidh,
Ta cuir seid is fadadh riu.

An feile preasach thachd mo ruin,
Osan nach tig faisg d'on ghlun,
Cota breacain n'am ball dluth
'Sa bhonaid dhubhghorm thogarrach.*

Both music and words may appear rude enough when placed on the desk of a grand pianoforte ; but it must be borne in mind, that to do them justice they require to be performed with a yet grander accompaniment than any such instrument can afford—the boat—and the sinewy Highlanders stretching their oars till they make her quiver throughout all her timbers as she dances over the wide surface of the lake—and the surrounding features of nature on a scale, and in a key and tone altogether harmonizing with these native notes of the untaught mountaineer. Every thing is good is its place, and although these notes and words may be considered unfit for polished circles, it is very questionable whether any music savouring of the drawing-room, would be so well adapted to an excursion on a Highland loch, as that of which a specimen is here given.

During the course of the voyage up Loch Tay, which is in itself fifteen miles long, the flotilla frequently crossed and recrossed the lake, for the purpose of enabling the Queen more perfectly to enjoy

* For a translation of the words of this song, see Appendix.

certain parts of the lovely shores, where the richness of cultivation is everywhere blended with the most romantic wildness of nature; as well as to catch better views of the different hills and waterfalls, and of particular portions of local scenery, with all which Her Majesty was extremely delighted. At one time it became rather chill, and Lord Breadalbane suggested to the Queen the propriety of putting on a cloak, but this she declined as unnecessary; and although upwards of three hours on the water, she did not seem to be in the least fatigued.

The grandeur of the mountains surrounding the upper part of the lake, seemed to make a strong impression on the Queen. She inquired as to the position of Auchmore, and very much admired the fine combination of Highland features that made up the scene.

For some time before the flotilla entered the mouth of the river Dochart, a flag was seen waving in the midst of the rich flat ground, forming the immediate western boundary of the sheet of water. It was close on the south side of the Dochart, and crowds of people were descried around it. As the fleet drew nearer, a momentary flash

appeared, and then came the *boom* of the first gun from the battery, which had begun to fire its Royal salute thus early, that the smoke might have time fully to dissipate before the Queen should reach the landing-place. The crew stretched to their oars, and gave good way, in order to bring Her Majesty handsomely up the Dochart to a point where a multitude of eyes were on the stretch to behold her—most, if not all of them, for the first time in their lives. At length the landing-place was neared, and as they were hauling in the boat, Lord Breadalbane expressed his anxiety to have it placed as close as possible, upon which the Queen showed her nautical experience, by saying "Oh, she is far enough a-head!"

Opposite the Fort lay the Earl of Sefton in his boat, with his Countess, Earl Craven, and some others on board, and there were various other boats containing persons of distinction. The people collected around the landing-place behaved themselves with a remarkable degree of decorum. Anxious as they all were to see the Queen, there was no crushing, or pushing forward.

When the Royal barge came alongside, Her Majesty was received by Lady Breadalbane, who had arrived some time before, by the same route that Mrs. Maule had taken in the morning. The Queen and Prince Albert on landing, got immediately into one of the Royal carriages in waiting for them, and Lady Breadalbane took her place with them. Her Majesty observing that there was a delay in starting, was led to ask "Why do we stop?" One of the attendants instantly replied, "For His Royal Highness's cloak." On which the Queen said, "Oh! wait for that." When the Prince's cloak came, the carriage drove off to Auchmore, attended by an escort of the Carabineers.

The Royal party remained somewhat less than an hour at Auchmore, and had luncheon, to which no less than thirty persons sat down at

the Queen's table. Her Majesty and the Prince seemed surprised at the magnificence of the entertainment produced before them in this remote place. His Royal Highness remarked, that it seemed as if they could go nowhere without being followed by the hospitalities of Taymouth. The scene in front of the house when the Queen took her departure was very striking and picturesque. The space was small, and the Breadalbane Guard of Honour, drawn up in martial array, with the pipes playing the salute, had an imposing effect. The crowd of spectators was likewise very considerable. When the carriages drove to the door, the Queen and the Prince bidding a most cordial farewell to their noble hostess, took their places, and the band striking up "God Save the Queen," and the detachment of the Breadalbane Guard of Honour having given their last salute, they drove away towards Killin, amidst the enthusiastic cheering of all present, leaving sadness behind them. The Marquess of Breadalbane immediately mounted, and rode off to escort the Queen to the boundary of his property.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOURNEY TO DRUMMOND CASTLE.

REFLECTING with intense feeling on the charms and hospitalities of the romantic district to which they were now bidding adieu, the Queen and Prince Albert passed under a triumphal arch, and leaving the village of Killin to the right, they proceeded up the wide but sterile valley of the Dochart. There is a great degree of wildness in the tumbling river, and the general outlines of the mountains have an air of grandeur, but the most imposing feature in the scene is the huge Benmore, which the traveller has full in front for some miles whilst going up Glen-Dochart. When the road leaves that glen and turns southwards up a long dull hill, the whole mass of the mountain is seen to the right, and when the eye is thrown back, from the summit, towards the left, it embraces the distant scenery of Killin, Auchmore, Benlawers, and a long stretch of the lovely Loch Tay.

Passing a small nameless Loch, the traveller immediately afterwards begins to go down a rapid descent into Glen-Ogil, a very

wild scene, with an angry boisterous stream tumbling down by the side of the steep, narrow, and winding road, and with lofty and most picturesque cliffs shooting up overhead. This romantic glen at length opens out on the upper part of Locherne, backed by a very grand group of hills, finely broken and massed, and surmounted by the lofty summits of Stuck-a-chrom and Benvoirlich. The slopes rising immediately out of the lake are enriched with the woods and cultivated grounds around the old castle of Edinample, and the place of Ardvoirlich. At the mouth of Glen-Ogil the Queen passed under a triumphal arch, and arrived at the small Inn of Locherne-Head, where fresh horses were in readiness. Her Majesty's journey from Killin thus far was solitary enough, but here the whole natives of the adjacent glens had assembled, and whilst they were blessed by enjoying a full view of the Queen and the Prince during the few minutes they staid here, the Royal pair were gratified by their loyal demonstrations.

Cottage in Glen-Ogle

Being again *en route*, the Royal carriage proceeded by the road leading down the northern side of Locherne, its sheet of water stretching from the inn of Locherne-Head nearly due east for eight miles, with a width of one mile. At Tynedalloch a stream comes down from the pastoral Glenbeck, opening to the left, where a triumphal arch indicated to the Queen that she was about to leave the extensive territories of the Marquess of Breadalbane. His Lordship here took leave of the Royal pair, but before doing so,

Mr. James Robertson, a native of Locherne-Head, and factor for his Lordship at Easdale, was put into the rumble of the Royal carriage, at Her Majesty's desire, that he might furnish her with information by the way.

The drive along Locherne is extremely beautiful, the road winding along its sloping shores, now buried in the thick oak copsewoods which have taller trees shooting up among them—now and then crossing little ravines, down which brawling burns and brooks find their way to the lake,—whilst ever and anon the eye catches a momentary glimpse of some little waterfall, glittering among the foliage, creating in the traveller a longing desire to explore their fairy intricacies. The mountain tops on this side are chiefly those of the large ridge of Craigeach, "the Eagle's craig." The scenery along the southern shore is of the same captivating character. The mountain faces are loftier and more abrupt in slope, those rising immediately out of the lake being Benour, Mealfuarcoish, and Biron, whilst between the first two of these, a long and very grand glen is seen stretching

from Ardvoirlich, up among lofty steeps, till it is shut in by the mighty Benvoirlich itself.

On the northern side of the lake, the scenery improves as the traveller advances, and between the burn of Glentarken and the small village of Portmore, at the end of the lake, it is in many parts so truly magnificent, that the Queen and Prince Albert stood up in the carriage to admire it. Huge, bare, isolated rocks heave up their picturesque and giant forms from among the woods, every moment producing most interesting pictures. Mr. Robertson pointed out Ardvoirlich to the Queen, and informed the Prince that Lady Willoughby de Eresby's deer forest of Glenartney lay behind the mountains on the southern side of Locherne. This led to many questions from the Prince regarding deer and the forest, and Mr. Robertson took the liberty of recommending it highly as a place for that sport, and His Royal Highness seemed to be pleased with the information. At the foot of Locherne Mr. Robertson drew the Royal attention to the view thence enjoyed up the whole stretch of the lake, on which the carriage was ordered to halt, and the Queen and the Prince sat for some time in the fixed contemplation of the beautiful prospect, bounded by the western hills. The royal pair were much interested in learning that the grave of the celebrated Rob Roy is in the vale of Balquhidder among those hills, about five miles to the westward of Locherne-Head.

In the valley, not far from the end of the lake, is the holy well of St. Fillan, the ancient Popish saint of Breadalbane, around which sick people were wont to be carried three times, in order to be cured. It was also common to drink of its water, and bathe in it for sanatory purposes. The rock on the summit of the hill above it, is said to have "*formed of itself*" a chair for the saint to sit in.

The ceremony employed to cure lumbago is curious. The patient—for patient he must certainly be—ascends the hill, sits in the chair, and then, having lain down on his back, he is pulled by the legs to the bottom. The village here had its decorations and arches, and a crowd of people was assembled, who received the Queen with enthusiastic loyalty.

Soon after the river Erne bursts from the lake, it runs through a circular part of the valley, surrounded by most picturesque mountains, of every form, varied by deep glens, and richly wooded—whilst the vast area within the circle is diversified by numerous isolated rocks, some of them towering to a great height, and all of them of the most fantastic shapes. The valley continues of the same character, the woods extending till the house and grounds of Dunira open upon the left. This was the seat of the late Lord Viscount Melville, to whose memory a monument is erected on a neighbouring hill. Here were triumphal arches; and Sir David Dundas, Baronet, the present proprietor of this fine place, met the Queen at the boundary of his estate, accompanied by his tenantry, well mounted, and rode with Her Majesty throughout the remainder of this day's journey. The Royal carriages changed horses at Comrie, and as Mr. Robertson was there modestly retiring among the crowd, the royal couple called him back, and desired him to repeat to Lord Breadalbane how sensible they were of his kindness.

Comrie has its name from Comb-ruidh, signifying "the confluence of the streams," the rivers Lednock and Ruchill here joining the Erne. The village was decorated with three triumphal arches, and many of the houses were hung with evergreens. The valley widens towards the south, opposite to the village, and on the plain in that direction, there are the distinct remains of two Roman camps, joined together by an *agger*. One of these is 402 paces long, and 392

broad. This is supposed to have been the plain on which the great battle was fought between Agricola and Galgacus. The Ruchill has its origin in the wild, bare, and savage deer-forest of Glenartney, belonging to Lady Willoughby de Eresby. Comrie, and the large district around it, has always been remarkable for the numerous earthquakes by which it is affected, not a year passing without several instances of these occurring.

This upper part of Stratherne is thickly planted with gentlemen's residences. After passing the bridge over the Lednock, the Queen was received at the western boundary of the estate of Lawers, by the tenantry of Mrs. Williamson, the proprietrix, well-mounted, who escorted her Majesty so far as her road lay through the property. Triumphal arches were erected at the western and eastern lodges. As the Queen passed the mansion-house, flags were hoisted, and a royal salute was fired from two pieces of ordnance. The first gun was discharged by Mrs. Williamson herself. Lawers house is a large building to the left of the road, delightfully situated amidst extensive woods of very fine growth, in the widest part of the rich and romantic valley between Locherne and Crieff. It is elevated on an extensive terrace, from which the ground falls gently toward the river Erne, here a clear and rapid stream. Beyond the terrace, and running at a right angle from it, there is a wide and noble vista, lined on each side by magnificent old oaks, extending quite across the valley to its southern hills, where the Crag of Dunlarvie presents a fine object as it rises covered with wood, backed by the hills of Strowan. To the north of the house the grounds swell gradually into the hills, which are covered to the top with trees, except in some places, where the naked rocks are seen partially rising above them, and the sombre green of a great number of very venerable Scottish firs contrast finely with the lighter foliage. Beyond this, the monu-

ment crowning the hill of Tom-a-Chastel, once the ancient seat of the Earls of Stratherne, was an object of interest to the Royal pair as being that erected to the memory of the gallant Sir David Baird. At Clathick, Mr. Colquhoun's; and at Strowan, Mr. Graham Stirling's, there were triumphal arches. The Queen next received a royal salute from Sir William Keith Murray, Bart., whose beautiful residence, the classic Ochtertyre, was the next fine place in Her Majesty's route. Here a small stream running through the valley, is happily expanded into a noble sheet of artificial water. The extensive park, superbly wooded, slopes towards this on every side. The house stands on a fine terrace, on the more abrupt northern face, behind which the hills tower out of the wood. Sir William Keith Murray received the Queen, at the head of his tenantry, and accompanied Her Majesty onward, and Mr. Graham Stirling also increased the escort.

Beyond Ochtertyre the pretty stream of the Turret, coming down from the left, is crossed by a bridge. Here Lord Willoughby de Eresby met the Queen at the head of a party of his tenantry, and people of his name, all mounted, and attired in waistcoats and plaids of Drummond tartan, and prepared to escort her Majesty to Drummond Castle. These bold yeomen were fine looking men, and their horses and attire were such, that any peer might have been proud to have ridden at their head. Many of them had come great distances, from remote properties belonging to their noble landlord. One venerable man, of between seventy and eighty years, who sat erect as a rod upon his horse, upon being complimented for his zeal in having ridden so far in obedience to Lord Willoughby's invitation, replied—"I'm far prouder to come than his Lordship could be to ax me—for summer and winter may pass for mony generations, before we are again called out to guard the Queen in Stratherne."

The town of Crieff consists of a number of streets, hanging on the side of a hill, and commanding a most extensive view both up into the narrower portion of Stratherne, and across that wider part which may be called a plain—with the extensive woods of Drummond Castle rising out of it, and the fine old tower of the village church of Muthill. In this latter place, as well as in Crieff—and indeed throughout the whole country and hamlets around—labour had been for that day altogether suspended. The Sunday apparel was donned—and whilst the full blown beauties of the village were eagerly intent upon "busking themselves brawly" within doors, the younger nymphs were seen beneath every tree or bush where ran a rivulet or rill, performing their ablutions, and "kaming their raven or gowden locks" with the help of mirrors of nature's own providing.

Three beautiful triumphal arches were erected. That at the west end of the town, where the Queen was first to enter, bearing the motto, "Queen of our Highland hearts! welcome Victoria." The second was at the Bridge of Erne; and the third at the entrance of that beautiful and stately avenue, through which the great public road leads in one straight line for three miles to Muthill. These were constructed of wooden frame work, covered with heather, adorned with flowers, and surmounted by crowns. Every farm-stead and cottage which could possibly be seen from the road, had something on it to show the loyalty and zeal of the inmates; and many were the banners that floated on the breeze. By ten o'clock carriages were seen hurrying to and fro in all directions. Immense crowds of people, from all quarters, had flocked into the village of Crieff; and a body of Special Constables were placed for the purpose of keeping Burrell-street clear, that being in the direct line of the Queen's route; and some troopers of the 6th Dragoons were placed at the bridge to prevent any vehicles from passing after a

certain hour. Lady Baird Preston, widow of the gallant Sir David Baird, assembled about eighty well mounted tenants round a banner bearing the motto, "The Queen and Prince Albert, God bless them!" and took up a position with her carriage in a field to the south of the bridge, where she waited at their head in readiness to receive the Queen. The girls of her Ladyship's school at Madderty, were also there, all neatly dressed. After expectation had been stretched to the utmost, the sound of the guns firing the royal salute at Ochtertyre announced Her Majesty's approach to the immense assemblage of people at Crieff. The day, which had been hitherto so beautiful, now seemed to threaten to close unfavourably. It was a quarter past six o'clock, and the rain began to descend somewhat heavily, and consequently the alarm spread that the Queen would have her carriage closed; but Her Majesty, anticipating the wishes of the people, resolved to keep it open, and was contented with such shelter from the wet as could be afforded by a parasol. On came the Queen, and the cheering was tumultuously enthusiastic. These loyal demonstrations were graciously acknowledged—the carriage stopped on the bridge, and again Her Majesty bowed around. But the rain fell heavily—the carriage was necessarily closed—and the fair vision, for which the people had so long waited, swept quickly onwards to the gate of Drummond Castle, leaving these honest hearts glowing with affection and delight.

The long and magnificent avenue forming the public road to Muthil, passes the grand entrance gate to Drummond Castle, at rather more than two miles from Crieff. There the Queen turned into the grounds at a right angle, and thence a straight avenue of nearly two miles long, and bordered on either side with rows of old trees, runs directly westward up a gently rising ridge, terminating in the rock upon which the ancient castle was built, and where its

remains, together with the mansion of later date, now stand. This site is extremely grand, overlooking the greater part of the low country of Stratherne, and commanding fine views of the whole park and grounds, everywhere thickly clothed and sheltered with wood, as well as of the minor hills that bound it, and the more distant mountains. The grounds slope away from it on both sides, particularly to the north, where they run far down into a broad valley, having a large and magnificent artificial sheet of water in it, so constructed as to accommodate itself to the elevations, rocks, and woods beyond it, and all the other surrounding features of nature so perfectly, that no one unacquainted with its history, could believe that it owed its existence to the art of man. It is full of animated nature, too, for swans, and all kinds of waterfowl, are seen sporting over its surface. The surrounding park is well stocked with deer.

The old "Keep" of Drummond, still remaining, was built by the first Lord Drummond, in the reign of James IV. He was Lord Justice-General of Scotland in 1489, and his robes of office still exist in Drummond Castle. He was father of William Drummond, beheaded in Stirling Castle, for burning the church of Monyvaird. That the lords of the castle of Drummond were sufficiently powerful for life and death, is shown by a curious extract from the Council-Book of Perth, dated 29th April 1706.—"Whilk day the provost represented to the council, that the town is at ane loss by the want of ane executioner, and that he has caused apply ane noble lord, James Lord Drummond, for Donald M'Carie, his lordship's executioner at Crieff. And that he is informed that his lordship is pleased to allow the town the use of his executioner, upon the magistrats and council their granting of the oblidgement underwritten. Therefore the magistrats and council Doe hereby bind and oblidge them and their successors in office, that the said noble lord, James Lord Drummond,

shall have the use of the said Donald M'Carie upon all occasions when required, for serving his lop^{s} or his friends within Perthshire. And if it shall please the said noble lord to have the said Donald M'Carie back again from the town of Perth at any time during the s^{d} Donald his lifetime, then and in that caise the sd^{s} magistrats and council Doe hereby bind and oblidge them and their successors in office, to deliver back the s^{d} Donald M'Carie to the said James Lord Drummond upon Demand."

The castle was nearly demolished during Cromwell's campaign; but its remains were strengthened, and it was garrisoned in 1715 by the King's troops. One of the most interesting passages in its history, is that of Jane Gordon, Duchess of Perth, who, in 1745, had the greater part of the old walls nearly levelled to the foundation, by King her mason, to prevent its being seized upon and garrisoned by the government, against the cause which she espoused. William King, who is the fourth generation of the same family of masons to the Drummonds, is master mason to Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby at this moment.

The entrance to the castle, as it presently stands, turns suddenly up to the left from the approach; it then passes through an arch into an outer court, and thence by an archway, underneath the ancient part of the castle, into an inner court, the eastern side of which is occupied by the more modern edifice. The whole breadth of the summit of the rock, therefore, is thus occupied by the area of the buildings and court-yards. The steep bank to the north is thickly wooded, and that to the south is formed into architectural terraces, with flights of steps communicating between them, and leading down to a lovely valley, where the most beautiful Italian garden that can possibly be imagined is spread out under the eye, like a piece of rich embroidery. Shel-

tered on its northern side by the rock, and the terraces and buildings of the castle, it is defended from the winds blowing from every other quarter by lofty trees. To the south there is a brook, beyond which a wide avenue runs up the grounds, there rising gently into the park. This exquisitely beautiful spot is of an oblong form, and contains about ten acres, exclusive of the shrubbery walks. Like the villa gardens of Italy, it is adorned with statues and vases. Two broad walks of fine turf run diagonally across it from the north-west to the south-east angle, and from the north-east to the south-west angle, intersecting one another in the centre of the garden, and thus throwing the general plan of it into a Saint Andrew's cross. There are walks running along its four sides, and three are carried across its breadth, one of them passing through its centre. Besides these, there are many other smaller walks, and the varied parterres are laid out with all that mystical ingenuity which constitutes the perfection of this quaint architectural style. There are few more pleasing objects than this garden, when all its flowers and plants are in their richest bloom, and the alleys and wider portions of shaven turf are carpeted with their brightest green, and the whole is surveyed at a glance from one of the upper terraces. It was originally made by John, second Earl of Perth, who joined the association in behalf of Charles I. at Cumbernauld, in 1641—was fined in the sum of £5000 by Cromwell's act of grace and pardon—and died on the 11th June 1662. His arms, and that of his Countess, are on the old dial, together with a long Latin inscription. When the estate was restored to Lady Willoughby de Eresby's father, the late Lord Perth, the gardens were in a most dilapidated state. His lordship unfortunately cut down all the fine old yews, but the present noble proprietors restored the terraces and balustrades, and made the green walks according to the plan of the Saint Andrew's

cross, and Lord Willoughby put up all the marbles as they now appear.

The grounds near Drummond Castle were planted by James, fourth Earl of Perth, in the quaint old style of landscape gardening, so as to form a dial, the castle being the central point. This was the nobleman who was made Chancellor of Scotland after the fall of the Duke of Lauderdale, and who, after various vicissitudes, went abroad, and was created Duke of Perth by the exiled James VII., when he was living at St. Germains. He had very grand ideas; for, not contented with these extensive operations within his park, he contemplated carrying out his plans for miles over the surrounding country. He actually began an avenue of four rows of trees to reach from Drummond Castle to Perth, a distance of nearly twenty miles. Having sketched out this magnificent idea entirely upon the map, and without stooping to inquire into the paltry consideration as to whether any other person's property might interfere with his plan, he carried it out in the same noble spirit, and planted his trees straight forward without asking any of those vulgar questions which never are, and never ought to be considered by those who have to do with matters of taste. Some of his neighbours, who viewed the thing in a much more common-place and matter-of-fact way, demurred considerably to his "aye stickin' in a tree" in their land, and consequently they so worried him with their senseless interference, that he was compelled at last, by utter disgust, to give up his mighty scheme. The comparatively little which he was allowed to execute, has so beautified the face of the country, that it is probable some of the descendants of those who interrupted him, may now wish that he had never been interfered with. The present grandeur of the grounds of Drummond Castle very much depends on the gigantic, though perhaps formal

skeleton of ancient gardening, which extends from the rock on which the castle stands, two miles in every direction, from the centre to the extremity of the park, which has been converted, by the addition of more modern plantations, into those wild, and intricate grounds, now so charming, and so much animated by groups of cattle and herds of deer; whilst the site of the castle itself—overlooked by the Grampians, and commanding far and wide all the rural richness of Stratherne and Strathallan—is rarely to be paralleled in any country.

It has been already said, that the eastern side of the inner court-yard of the castle is occupied by the modern edifice. The other front, looking to the east, is an irregular range of building, erected in patches, and at distant intervals, and enclosing two sides of a square, tastefully laid out as a lawn, with shrubberies and flower-beds, over which a prospect of singular variety and loveliness is to be enjoyed towards the east. As the accommodations of this part of the castle are extremely limited, a temporary pavilion, 80 feet long by 35 wide, was erected for a banquetting hall, on the fourth side of the square. This was fitted up in a style of great splendour. The walls were hung with red and yellow drapery; and the roof was blue, thickly covered with golden stars. It was supported by twenty columns, supporting a deep and massy cornice, all painted in most successful imitation of a richly grained marble. The walls were embellished with a variety of devices, among which the most conspicuous were the armorial bearings of Drummond—three bars wavy, gules, with the baton bearing savages, as supporters, standing on a green hill semee of caltrops—with the motto "gang warily;" and the arms of the Willoughby—or, fretty azure. Among the many other ornaments, the imperial crown, executed in brilliant dahlias, and the letters V. and A. were prominent objects.

It was much to be regretted that the evening was so far advanced

before the Queen approached the castle. The avenue was lined by 500 of the tenantry mounted, and an immense number on foot. Those belonging to the house of Perth flanked the north side of the road, whilst those of Lord Viscount Strathallan, and the other members of the clan Drummond, were drawn up in the same way on its southern side. Farther on, the line of approach was crowded with the families of the numerous inhabitants on the estates. But owing to the carriage being shut against the rain, those who were assembled could not see their Queen; and although many of them were even doubtful as to which carriage Her Majesty occupied, their anxious curiosity was accompanied by loud and loyal demonstrations.

It was seven o'clock before the Queen reached the castle, when, preceded by Lord Willoughby de Eresby on horseback, Her Majesty turned in through the outer court, and thence under the old archway into the inner court. There a semicircle was formed, composed of the clansmen of Drummond—the Highland tenantry and their sons being all dressed in the Drummond tartan, and variously accoutred. Some were armed as riflemen, some with sword and target, and some as Highland men-at-arms, with huge battle-axes. As the Drummond estates spread extensively over the Lowland as well as Highland districts in this neighbourhood, and as Lady Willoughby was aware, that whilst in the olden time the Highanders mustered to a man round the Earl of Perth's standard, only one man had then turned out from the Lowland part of his estates, her ladyship upon the present occasion was resolved that the shibboleth of Gaelic should be put to every individual who proposed to wear the dress of the mountains, so as to ensure that all of them should be genuine Celts, speaking the language in its fullest purity. One part of the space on the left of the doorway was occupied by a detachment of the 42d Regiment as a Guard of Honour. The band of the Carabineers

was there also. The fine body of Drummond Highlanders was commanded by the Hon. Alberic Drummond Willoughby, Master of Drummond, dressed in a full Highland garb, the accoutrements of which were presented to his noble father by the Drummond tenantry, on the occasion of the visit of George IV. to Scotland; and the exceeding richness and splendour of the ornaments, may be conceived, when it is mentioned that they cost £1200. In his bonnet he had a button or brooch, composed of diamonds and sapphires, similarly worn by his ancestor, the Duke of Perth. With the Master of Drummond, were the Hon. William Drummond, Master of Strathallan, Major Drummond of Strageath, Mr. Harvey Drummond, and Captain Drummond of Megginch. Mr. Campbell of Monzie was also there, in a splendid Highland dress of green hunting tartan. But amongst these there were men, who, though humble in rank, must not be left unnoticed. Comrie, the landlord of the inn of the village of that name, was there, who claimed his right to be standard-bearer to Lady Willoughby, because his grandfather had rescued the banner of the Duke of Perth on the field of Culloden, which so gratified the Chief of the Drummonds, that his Lordship said, "For this your bread shall be baken, Comrie." The venerable representative of that hero, this day wore the identical claymore with which his grandfather slew several of the enemy in defence of his master's banner. Two of his sons attended upon him, each armed with a huge two-handed sword, to one of which was attached some interesting traditions touching the execution it did at Bannockburn. The two pipers, who stood near the Comries, were Hamish M'Pherson, who had golden wings and epaulettes, and Edward Stewart, with silver wings—the latter of whom distinguished himself at the memorable action at Acre. Their pipes were gay with silken banners and many-coloured streamers. Mr. King, already men-

tioned as the fourth master mason of the Drummond family, stood in the full tartan dress, in the midst of a group of gentry, on the rock on which the castle is founded, looking as venerable as the building itself, and hale and hearty, as he said he was, "though only eighty-nine." Even this party, so elevated in position, and overlooking the entrance to the castle, saw little more than the outlines of the Queen and Prince Albert as they alighted at the entrance. Her Majesty drove rapidly up to the porch, which was simply adorned with heath; —the Guard of Honour presented arms—the clan saluted—the pipes played—and the band performed "God Save the Queen!" On alighting, Her Majesty was received by Lady Willoughby de Eresby, whom she cordially embraced. Notwithstanding her long journey of fifty miles, the Queen looked remarkably well. Her Majesty and the Prince immediately proceeded to their apartments to dress for dinner.

At the Royal Banquet there were present—

The Queen and Prince Albert,

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,
The Duchess of Norfolk,
The Duchess of Sutherland,
Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower,
The Hon. Miss Paget,
The Earl of Morton,
The Earl of Aberdeen,
The Earl of Liverpool,
The Earl of Mansfield,
Lord and Lady Ruthven,
Sir Robert Peel,
General Wemyss,
Colonel Bouverie,
Sir James Clark,
Mr. George Edward Anson,
The Duc de Richelieu,
Lord Ossulston,
Lord Strathallan,
The Hon. the Master of Strathallan,
Mr. Home Drummond,
Mr. E. Drummond,
Sir George Murray,
Sir David and Lady Dundas,
Captain Dunsmure, and Lieutenant Campbell, 42d Reg., the Officers on Guard.

And the Family—consisting of—

Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby,
The Hon. Miss Willoughby, and
The Hon. Alberic Drummond Willoughby,
Lord and Lady Carington, and
Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Heathcote.

The display of plate was rich and splendid, being an assemblage resulting from the accumulation for ages by the different noble families now united in the house of Willoughby de Eresby. Many parts of it were interesting from the history connected with them; some of the most gorgeous of those were presents made at coronations to the Dukes of Ancaster, Lord Great Chamberlains of England, ancestors of the present Lord Willoughby de Eresby, who now holds the same office. But those which, in historical interest and antiquity as well as in value, far surpassed every thing else of the kind, were a gold basin and ewer, with two cups and covers, and a salt-cellar—all of which were presented to the Drummond family by Annabella Drummond, daughter of Sir John Drummond of this family, who was married in 1357 to the eldest son of the High Steward of Scotland, afterwards in 1390 King of Scotland, as Robert III. As Queen Annabella died in 1401, we may suppose this present to have been made to her family soon after her marriage. They are of fine workmanship, but bear no inscription. The basin and ewer have the waves of the sea introduced on them, probably in reference to the arms. The cup has a man's head engraven in the bottom of it, and in the other there is a woman's head—these are supposed to be the portraits of Robert and Annabella. The salt-cellar has a man in armour at the top. These precious relics must be now nearly five centuries old, during all which time they have been preserved in defiance of the many misfortunes that occurred, at different periods, to the Drummonds of Perth, in the course of their most eventful history. The bed in which Her Majesty Queen Victoria slept on this occasion, was the throne of Her Royal ancestor, George I., which came to the Duke of Ancaster as his right, after the coronation of that monarch; and the apartment in which Prince Albert dressed was that where Prince Charles slept when he was at

Drummond Castle. At the time that George IV. was in Scotland, Mr. Pepper, an old Roman Catholic priest, showed Lady Willoughby a scar on his hand, produced by a wound received from the Prince's spur, by going too near his horse when he was reviewing the Duke of Perth's Regiment on the Fairy Green, now forming part of the Park at Drummond Castle. It may be mentioned, that Queen Mary of Scotland was frequently at Drummond Castle, and used to hunt occasionally in Glenartney. In later times, it was visited by *Monsieur*, afterwards Charles X. of France, and the Duc de Berri, who spent a day at Drummond Castle on their way to Blair.

Between nine and ten o'clock, on the morning of Sunday the 11th September, the Queen and Prince Albert walked for above an hour in the beautiful flower garden, with which Her Majesty was very much delighted. Whilst the Queen and Prince were standing at the old dial in the middle of the garden, Her Majesty's terrier gave tongue. The Prince immediately turned round and asked Mr. Macdonald, the gardener, what it was the terrier was after—and on being told that it was a rabbit,—"Ah," said the Prince, "rabbits are bad gardeners."

About twelve o'clock, the Queen and the Prince, attended by their suite, had prayers read in the drawing-room, by the Rev. John Douglas Giles, Vicar of Swinstead, in Lincolnshire, who afterwards preached to them. The Royal party again walked in the flower garden in the afternoon. The carriage was at the door by command at three o'clock, for a drive; but the lowering state of the clouds, which soon afterwards poured out their contents pretty heavily, put a stop to all ideas of further locomotion. The party who had the honour of dining with the Queen and Prince Albert, in addition to Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby, and their son and daughter, consisted of—

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,
The Duchess of Norfolk,
The Duc de Richelieu,
The Marquess and Marchioness of Abercorn,
The Hon. Miss Paget,
The Earls of Morton, Mansfield, Aberdeen, and Liverpool,
The Earl and Countess of Kinnoull, and Lady Louisa Hay,
Lord and Lady Carington,
Lord Ossulston,
Sir Robert Peel,
General Wemyss,
Colonel Bouverie,
Sir James Clark,
Mr. Anson,
Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Heathcote,
The Hon. John Stuart,
Lieut.-Col. Jackson, Carabineers,
Major Murray,
Captain Dunsmure, 42d Regiment,
Lieut. Campbell, 42d Regiment,
The Rev. John Douglas Giles.
Major Moray Stirling of Abercairney.

The officers of the Guard of Honour were presented to Her Majesty in the evening, and had the honour of kissing hands.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEER-STALKING IN GLENARTNEY.

CLEAR and beautiful was the dawn of morning on Monday, the 12th of September, betokening weather perfectly delightful for carrying into effect the deer-stalking expedition to the forest of Glenartney, which Lord Willoughby de Eresby had planned for the amusement of his royal guest, Prince Albert.

Glenartney has been already alluded to when passing down Strath-erne by Comrie, the river Ruchill there joining the Erne, having its origin in the forest. Let not the Cockney suppose that the word forest necessarily implies a district covered with noble oaks, chestnuts, or trees of any other description. The first meaning of the word may have been that of a wooded country, but in our old times it was applied to a large extent of surface, whether wooded or not, set apart by royal edict for the wild beasts and fowls of chase, certain laws being established within its precincts. A forest, as the word was strictly taken in early times, could not be in the hands of any one but the king; but, in later periods, forests have

become the property of subjects, or have been created by them, though without being protected by forest laws. The Royal forest in the Isle of Wight, in which there is not a tree, is not the only English example still remaining of the view here taken of this old meaning of the word. Where the soil was rich, such a tract of country, so appropriated, naturally became woodland, and in this way the original meaning of the word may have again become applicable. From this cause, the forests long appropriated in Scotland as a range for red-deer, may have some woods about their lower outskirts, as that of Braemar, and some others; but, in general, they are altogether devoid of trees, or even bushes, the defences of the stag consisting in the wild nature of the ground—its bareness, which allows him to see strange objects at the distance of several miles from the spot where he and his hinds may be feeding —and in the strongholds of the steep and lofty mountains, in the seamed parts of which are found those large hollows, sloping outwards, surrounded on three sides by high and frequently inaccessible, and often shivered precipices, called, in deer-stalking language, by their Gaelic name of corries, in which the deer delight to dwell, and from which they issue to bound upwards to the breezy ridges of the mountains for better outlook, or to follow the rills that issue from them downwards to better pasture below. He who in painting an ideal picture of a Highland forest, therefore, should select a portion of the noble oak scenery of the New Forest, or of Windsor, for his study from nature, would commit a most lamentable error.

The forest of Glenartney has on its north and western borders the high mountains of Stuck-a-chrom, Benvoirlich, and their associates, rising out of the southern side of Locherne. The deer have it thus in their power to occupy some lofty positions, and the intricacies produced by the lower supports of these mountains are such as to give

them great advantages. The forest abounds in streams, having rich vegetation on their banks, and its whole surface is naturally good deer pasture. In the words of old Donald Cameron, Lord Willoughby's head forester, who has now been in Glenartney upwards of forty years, "The nature of the ground is good and healthy, interspersed with heath and *rashes*, and natural grass, and it is beautiful to the eye of a traveller,"—that is, to the eye of a traveller who, like Donald, has all his life been looking after deer—or to the eye of the enthusiastic traveller, who loves to look upon nature in some of her wildest forms;—but for the eye that loves the deep repose of nature, beneath the giant limbs of oaks, whose thickset tops, spreading over roods of ground, produce an ever-enduring shade throughout the whole of the grand aisles of that leafy edifice, supported by their huge and knotted stems, save where a transient sunbeam may break through some accidental opening above to chequer the solemn ground—such a scene as Glenartney would be absolute barrenness. Like the greater part of Scotland, it was probably at one period covered with trees, as Sir Walter Scott, in his beautiful poem of Lord Ronald's Coronach, supposes, from the simile he employs for the chieftain whose lament he is pouring out—

> "Och-hone-a-rie'! Och-hone-a-rie'!
> The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
> And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree—
> We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!"

It had been announced by Lord Willoughby, that Mr. Campbell of Monzie, one of the most active deer-stalkers in Scotland, and one who is well acquainted with every foot of the forest of Glenartney, should accompany Prince Albert to the forest, for the purpose of taking him up to a deer. The Prince and Lord Wil-

loughby set out in an open carriage and four for the lodge of Dalclathick, at six o'clock in the morning, attended by His Royal Highness's jäger. The distance to the lodge is ten miles, and on reaching it at seven o'clock, they found Mr. Campbell of Monzie, and Donald Cameron, faithful to *tryst*.

The moment the open carriage stopped, the Prince laid his hand on its side, and vaulted lightly out upon the ground. Advancing towards Monzie with the utmost affability, he said, "Mr. Campbell, I understand you are to show me the forest, and how to kill a deer." Monzie replied, he had been informed that he was to have that honour. He trusted that the Prince would excuse that free-masonry which was essential in deer-stalking, as it was hopeless to attempt to succeed without it, and that for himself he was not one of the court, courtly, and would require the indulgence of His Royal Highness. The Prince assured him, that he would place himself entirely under his guidance, and that he would follow it implicitly. He then put some questions about the weather—asked whether it was favourable for the sport, and inquired whether his dress, which was a grey Glengarry bonnet, with a shooting-coat and trowsers of the same colour, would do for deer-stalking; and on Monzie assuring him that it was in all respects perfect, he proposed starting immediately for the mountains of the forest, which were seen rising in huge and lofty masses at some miles' distance towards the north. A Highland pony was in readiness, which he mounted. Lord Willoughby and Mr. Campbell both offered to carry his rifle, but this he would by no means allow, and he instantly slung it over his own back, saying, "I am riding, and you are walking;" and from thenceforward the Prince continued to carry it himself during the whole day. Lord Willoughby had arranged that the party should include no one but the individuals already mentioned, as nothing is more destructive to deer-stalking than being followed

by "*a tail.*" It happened, from some accident, that Monzie did not bring any hounds with him.

The party now went rapidly up the side of the forest burn, and after a considerable walk Monzie discovered a large herd of deer on the brow of Coir'-eangain, or the Hindsback-corry. The Prince's eye glistened with delight; and certainly never were deer beheld to greater advantage, for the morning sun now shone fully upon them; and there is no position in which those antlered denizens of the mountains appear so gloriously, as when thus seen on a breezy brow, high above the hunter's eye, with their coats glistening under as bright a sun as then shone upon them, and with so clear a sky behind—all these circumstances tending to make them look as aërial as those not very deeply learned in the mysteries of deer-stalking frequently find them to be.

As it was manifestly impossible to stalk these deer directly from hence, they hastened up the march burn, with the intention of getting to a pass to the northward of the base of Coir'-eangain, with the hope that they might move thither. But they were so wild, and the ground so smooth, that they changed their position, and went too high up the hill to enable the deer-stalkers to effect their object as at first planned. They were now, therefore, compelled to change their stratégie, and to make a hasty detour by Leathad-na-Sgéith, or the Wing Brae, so as to endeavour to meet the herd as they were in the act of crossing from Coir'-eangain into Coir'-gairian. To effect this, they had to go round the foot of Coir'-eangain, and then to climb to the summit of the highest ridge of mountains extending round the forest. This involved the necessity of a smart and arduous walk of an hour.

After they had gone about half-way up the mountain, the Prince dismounted for the day. The party then moved on in Indian files, and in deep silence, though at a very rapid pace, towards the brow of

the hill above Coir'-coinean (Coir'-coin-fhirm, White Hound Corry.) The deer made a slight check there, and appeared disposed to break at another part of the hill, but finally they set their heads straight for Coir'-coinean. It then became a race whether deer or deer-stalkers should get thither first—and after a great deal of toil and fatigue, it terminated considerably in favour of the deer; for just as the Prince got to the point whence the shot is usually obtained, the hindmost of the herd were dropping out of sight into Coir'-coinean. But Prince Albert seized his rifle, and though the deer nearest to him could not have been at a less distance than 150 yards, and bounding at full speed, he fired, and wounded it. It was afterwards found within a few hundred yards of the place where the shot was fired; but at that moment circumstances were too exciting to allow them to look for it, as they expected that some of those in advance would hear the report, and move. The Prince, indeed, not aware that his shot had been fatal, was doomed, whilst his rifle was reloading, to experience that feeling of mingled delight and regret to which every deer-stalker is exposed, when beholding the glorious spectacle of a noble herd sweeping rapidly into the gloomy shadow of the glen below, the serenity of his passing thoughts being at the same time disturbed by the consciousness that one of them "hath ta'en a hurt;" and that, after all, his hope of getting him is but small indeed; for every one who has followed this princely sport, must know full well, that nothing short of *instant* death, which is but rarely produced, can secure the immediate possession of a deer. The view from the summit above Leathad-na-Sgéith, is one of the grandest in the whole forest, for, at the foot of the deep Coir'-coinean, the yet more profound and much more rugged Glen-Coinean opens to the eye, and carries it on through a long perspective of barren wildness and magnificence, one huge form suc-

ceeding another, till the flight of human vision rests on the snow-clad summit of Benvoirlich. The contemplation of this wild Highland scene, with the dusky deer darting away far off in the glen, called forth a burst of admiration from the Prince worthy of the most enthusiastic mountaineer, and which would have gratified any true Highland heart.

Again the party proceeded with great expedition, in the hope of meeting some deer which they saw before them, near Stuc-na-càbaig, or the cheese cliff. When they had almost reached the top of the Stron, it became necessary to advance more leisurely, and with some degree of caution, and having got to a place a little way from the brow of the hill, they began to move forward on their knees, as there was reason to hope that the deer were at no great distance. As it was absolutely essential that silence should be preserved, Monzie whispered to the old forester, "Hold the Prince back, Donald, whilst I creep to the brow, to see where the deer are."—"Hoo am I to do that?" replied Donald Cameron. "Just lay hold of his arm, if the deer come forward, until it is time to fire."—"Haud the Prince!" said Donald, with a degree of astonishment which, forty years' deer-stalker as he was, had nearly deprived him of his presence of mind,—"Haud the Prince! I'll no do that. Ye maun just grip him yoursel, Monzie, and *I'll* look ower the broo." Monzie was obliged to consent to old Donald's arrangement, and, to ensure success, was compelled to take the necessary liberty with the Prince's arm. The herd did not come forward, but turned back round the hill. Indeed, the wind was so unsteady, and shifted so often during that day, that the deer were wilder, and much more difficult to approach than Monzie, or even old Donald himself, had ever before seen them. But throughout all the vicissitudes of the sport to which the Prince was exposed, whilst

he was quite as eager as any other young deer-stalker, he exhibited a patience and good humour under disappointment which few old ones have ever possessed—and well indeed were these qualities tried during that day. Shortly after this, they descried a single deer standing by himself on a brow, considerably in advance, and somewhat below them. The Prince had by this time shown so much promptly-acquired knowledge of the work, that his conductor was anxious he should stalk this deer by himself, and His Royal Highness was equally desirous to make the attempt. Off he set, therefore, entirely alone, creeping and wading on his hands and knees through a long succession of wet moss hags—sinking deep into their black chaos—now unseen, and then again appearing—until at length, when he had been for some time out of sight, the smoke of his rifle curled up from behind a knoll—its smart crack was heard—and although it turned out that the deer had gone off, it was afterwards retrieved.

The party then proceeded to the Stron-nam-breidhleag, or Cranberry Snout. Just before reaching it, the Prince fired at a deer, and broke its leg. It has already been said that they had no deer-hounds with them, but one of the under foresters having joined them a little before this, they left him to look after and watch the movements of the wounded animal, and hurried forward to the brow of a hill at the back of the Stron, as they saw a herd making for a pass in a small rocky burn before them. They were pushing on in Indian files, and in double quick time, through some deep moss hags, the Prince walking as if he had been a native of these mountains, when Monzie suddenly descried the points of a horn appearing over a brow below. Thus immediately perceiving that the herd had changed its course, he had just time to seize the Prince's arm with his left hand, and to reach the nearest part of old Donald's ancient person with the toe of his right foot—such liberties being considered as

quite complimentary in deer-stalking, and at all times extremely gratifying, as conveying the pleasing intelligence that there are deer in sight. The Prince and Monzie squatted like hares in their forms, and down went Donald on his back, partly from the kick, and partly from instinctive feeling; but it was this last that twitched up his features into that exquisite grin of happiness with which his countenance was moved, as he lay on his back among the heather. All three were thus concealed from the deer, and the herd continued to draw slowly over the brow where they first appeared, and passed round the hill. Now came that glorious and exciting moment in deer-stalking, when the prospect of having your most sanguine hopes crowned with success is immediate, and where, at the same time, the smallest untoward accident may altogether blast them. The Prince eagerly demanded—"What am I to do?"—"Up! Up!" cried Monzie. "Nothing for it now, but a rush down that moss hag—never mind the wet!" But he might have spared the latter advice; for before the words were well uttered, the Prince was deep in the mysteries of that sable compound of vegetable matter, to explain the nature of which so many large volumes have been written, both by philosophical and practical men. Down, down, they sped—sometimes running in that most painful of all positions, with the legs straight, and the back bent till the face almost touches the ground—and sometimes ploughing through the black bog on hands and knees, utterly regardless of future personal appearance, as well as of those awkward salutations which their limbs met with from knaggy roots of antediluvian trees deeply concealed in the soft and sinking matter. The deer was all they thought of. And they just succeeded; for by thus slanting the hill, they were enabled to arrive at a point precisely as the herd was crossing their line of advance at some little distance below them. The Prince had

only time to discharge one barrel before the herd disappeared from his sight. By that peculiar sound, which is so gratifying to the ear of a deer-stalker, it was known that the ball had told, and some hair was observed to be *dusted* out of the point of the shoulder. His Royal Highness thought he had missed, and seemed somewhat incredulous when Monzie told him where he had seen the ball hit. But all doubt upon the question was speedily removed, for while they were reloading the rifle, Donald trotted onwards a few hundred yards, and came to a sudden stop, and, with his eyes fixed on the ground, like a pointer on game, began to fumble for his skian-dhu. "Ha!" exclaimed the Prince, "He stops!—He takes out his knife! —It is dead!" And dead indeed it was; for on going up to it, there it lay with a hole through the point of the shoulder, just as Monzie had said. "Ah!" exclaimed the Prince, "it is a hind. I am *so* sorry that it is not a stag; for I promised the teeth of the first I killed to the Queen!" The teeth, which are considered by the superstitious as a charm against the evil eye, are likewise preserved as trophies by deer-stalkers, and various little ornaments are made of them, such as beautiful studs or buttons. It must be observed, that this was the first deer that had dropped to hand, though those previously fired at were afterwards retrieved.

They now fell back round the hill into Coir'-dhu, where much time was lost in waiting in vain for deer. Although every "dodge" was tried, there was no getting them to move towards the pass. "Have you killed many deer?" demanded the Prince of Monzie, "for I hear you are a great deer-stalker." Monzie replied, that he had shot about forty last year. "Ah!" said the Prince, jocularly, "that is the reason they will not come to me; for they know you are with me." They did come at last, however—but so irregularly, and they rattled so rapidly down a hill, that his chance was

a very poor one. He fired, notwithstanding, and again that short deafened sound, which it is as impossible for an experienced hunter to mistake, as it is to describe, announced that the deer was hit, and he was accordingly found some hundred yards below.

The day being considerably advanced, they now turned their faces homeward, as Prince Albert was most anxious to accompany Her Majesty in her drive. In their way they tried for another deer at the back of Leathad-na-Sgéith; but the herd having been previously disturbed, they found it impossible either to stalk or to drive them, as they are wont to do on such occasions, the animals kept continually wheeling round and round in a constant succession of evolutions, such as deer alone can accomplish. Every effort was made by the deer-stalkers, but without success, as, in spite of all their exertions, the herd broke away through a pass leading over the very summit of the mountain, and as the Prince was stationed at the bottom of the hill, he was disappointed of a shot;—and thus ended the chase.

Prince Albert would not wait for the pony to be brought to him, but proceeded on foot to the lodge at Dalclathick, where luncheon was prepared. His Royal Highness pressed Lord Willoughby and Mr. Campbell to sit down with him, and on their declining to do so, he filled three glasses of champagne, and presenting one to each, drank the third himself to their healths, thanking them at the same time for the excellent sport he had enjoyed. Though Lord Willoughby de Eresby did not always go with the Prince directly up to the places where he expected to have shots, yet he followed His Royal Highness the whole day with a rifle in his hand. The Prince and Lord Willoughby got into the carriage, and drove off to Drummond Castle, which they reached by three o'clock. This day's slaughter produced two stags and three hinds, the trophies of which were all collected and sent to Windsor.

The Queen went out with one of her ladies to walk in the flower garden this morning between ten and eleven o'clock. The sentry

keeping the gate did not know Her Majesty, and refused to let her pass, saying, that his orders were to admit no one but the Queen or her suite. On his persisting in his refusal, Her Majesty is reported to have said to him with an air which was not to be mistaken—"But what if *the Queen* commands you to open the gate?" —Struck by Her Majesty's appearance, words, and manner, the truth flashed upon the man at once, and the gate was immediately opened by him in reverential silence. The Queen also went into the park from the target gate, on the east side of the garden, and returned by the west gate, and, accompanied by the Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Willoughby, she inspected in the inner court-yard,

the Highlanders of the Guard of Honour of the 42d regiment, and the Drummond Highland Guard, and after having gone through their ranks, and examined their dresses and accoutrements, and ancient arms, she declared herself much pleased with their martial appearance. Her Majesty was pleased graciously to notice a fine little boy, son of Major Drummond, one of the officers of the Drummond Guard, who was fully equipped, and the miniature Highlander was honoured by the Queen's permission to salute her hand. The Queen amused herself for some time afterwards with Lord Willoughby's Highland terriers, which are of a remarkably fine breed, making herself mistress of all their names, both in Gaelic and English.

Prince Albert having returned from the forest of Glenartney, and the afternoon being splendid, the royal equipages were ordered after luncheon at about four o'clock. The Queen and the Prince were accompanied in their carriage by the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Willoughby de Eresby, and it was followed by the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Hon. Miss Paget, in another carriage. The Master of Drummond, General Wemyss, Colonel Bouverie, and Sir James Clark, accompanied the Royal party on horseback. The people expected that the Queen would drive out today, and accordingly they had lined the road from the great gate of the park all the way to Crieff; and having waited most patiently, they were at length well rewarded by seeing their Sovereign to great advantage, the carriage being quite open, and they testified their joy by their loyal cheers. The inhabitants of Crieff were similarly gratified, the Queen having driven entirely through the town, as if to make up for the disappointment which many had experienced from the lateness of the hour at which Her Majesty had arrived on Saturday.

An old woman on one of Lady Baird's estates, about nine miles from Crieff, was left a splendid gown by way of legacy, many years

ago. She considered it as a treasure only to be worn on some very grand occasion, and during all that time none of sufficient importance in her eyes had ever occurred, and she could never be induced to put it on; but the moment she heard of Her Majesty's approach, she brought forth the strange antiquated garment from the deep "*kist*," in which it had so long lain immured—dressed herself in it—walked to Crieff, old as she was—and appeared there, to the wonder of all, like the ghost of Queen Elizabeth's grand tire-woman. The gown is again laid up in lavender. But she vows, that if she is spared till Her Majesty returns to Scotland, as she hopes, next year, she will again incur the same expenditure of gown and person.

The Queen first proceeded from Crieff to Fern Tower, the seat of Lady Baird Preston, widow of the gallant Sir David Baird. The house is situated in a fine park, looking over the extensive plain of Stratherne, and hanging on the southern side of the isolated hill called the Knock of Crieff, with its thick woods forming the background to the building. The Royal standard had been floating from

the top of the tower ever since Her Majesty's arrival in Scotland. On the carriage drawing up at the door, the Queen looked her watch, and said to Prince Albert, "We have not time to go in." Lady Baird came out, and whilst in conversation with her, the Queen said, "This is a delightful situation of yours, Lady Baird—and what a beautiful and extensive view!" Her Majesty's stop at Fern Tower was about twelve or fifteen minutes, after which she drove off through the grounds towards Abercairney.

The approach to Abercairney leads from the gate down the edge of a pretty wooded ravine, and in proceeding through the park, the wide extent of Stratherne expands from beneath the higher ground on which the house is situated. The edifice is on a magnificent scale, of the Tudor style of architecture, richly decorated, and it exhibits a fine bold irregular outline. It stands on an elevated terrace, well backed by woods. The principal entrance is on the east side, under

a lofty *porte cochère*, conducting through a vestibule into a magnificent hall, and thence by the eastern gallery into the great gallery. This is a truly noble part of the interior, which extends almost the whole length of the house from east to west, lighted by stained glass windows, with rich armorial bearings, and having a groined ceiling, and an inlaid floor of mahogany and wainscoat. It is superbly furnished, and contains a great variety of fine marbles, vases, statuary, and antique bronzes. This gallery affords access to the public rooms and great staircase. The drawing-rooms and library are of large dimensions, and have folding doors of communication, and these, as well as the dining-room, billiard-room, entrance-hall, and great staircase, are finished in the richest florid Gothic. The lawn in front slopes down to a piece of artificial water, and the park is very large, finely varied in surface, and adorned with stately trees. The view from the house commands a wide and well wooded extent of rich country, including Fern Tower to the westward, and Drummond Castle, some miles farther off, with the picturesque village and tower of Muthil—the plain being bounded on the south by the beautiful green Ochil range, and to the west by the Grampians, amongst which the lofty summit of Benvoirlich is the most conspicuous.

As it was understood that the Queen would probably visit Abercairney, the Royal standard was hoisted on the highest tower. As the principal entrance was obstructed at the time by the building of the *porte cochère*, the centre window of the library was used as an entrance for the occasion. This window opens on a platform and flight of steps leading down to the terrace in front, whence a temporary passage of wood was laid to the outer terrace wall, with steps up to it from the approach. These, and the wooden platform, were covered with crimson cloth, reaching all the way to the library. The numerous tenantry on the estate, on horseback and on foot,

along with thousands from the adjacent country, assembled before the house, and the Royal carriage drove up amidst their loud and joyous cheers. Major Moray Stirling, proprietor of the mansion, and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas of Strathendry, in the absence of the Hon. Mrs. Moray Stirling, then in England on account of her health, received the Queen and Prince Albert, and conducted them from the carriage to the house. The Queen went through the principal apartments, with which she was highly pleased. She admired some beautiful furniture from the palazzo of Cardinal Fesch—particularly noticed some of the antique bronzes—and expressed herself much delighted with the whole appearance of the house, grounds, and extensive prospect they command. Her Majesty spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Home Drummond, and inquired kindly for their son, an officer of the Life Guards, who had been at some of her parties, and who was now in bad health. The Queen did not sit down, being in haste to return to Drummond Castle to dinner, this being the night of the ball. The Royal party resumed their carriages, and Her Majesty departed amidst loud cheering.

Soon after leaving the grounds of Abercairney, the Queen entered the grounds of Monzie by the eastern gate. She then drove down by the winding approach, through the sloping park, which fills a wide and extensive valley, bounded on its southern side by the wooded front of the Knock of Crieff, and having the Monzie hills rising to the north, the *tout ensemble* being in itself extremely grand and striking. On minuter inspection, it is found to contain ten thousand minor beauties, every turn of the lively little stream by which it is watered producing some lovely or interesting local composition of wood and water, and picturesque bank, calculated to fix down the artist who can be contented with studying nature when dressed in wild though simple attire. The mansion is spacious,

and immediately behind it a few of the oldest and largest larches in Scotland stand in a line. It is gratifying to think, that this valuable

tree, about a century ago viewed in Great Britain as a greenhouse plant, and at first planted singly as extremely rare, is now spread over our Scottish hills, and that in many parts of the country it has become so domesticated and naturalised, as to have ripened its seed, and covered great extents of waste ground with its self-sown progeny. The Queen sent to inquire whether Monzie was at home; and finding that he had not yet returned, she drove down through the valley, following the beautiful windings of the stream to the western gate, and thence towards the Bridge of Turret.

There the Royal carriage entered the eastern gate of Ochtertyre, and from the hill in the park, its lovely grounds, sloping everywhere towards the artificial lake—the house standing on a

terrace amidst the groves of the northern hills—with the distant mountains of the Glenartney forest happily closing in the view,—opened at once before the royal eyes. The Queen drove through

the park, and by the southern lodge, and Crieff, to Drummond Castle, which she reached about seven o'clock.

After the Queen's arrival, Her Majesty asked Lady Willoughby where Monzie was. To which her Ladyship replied, that he had not yet returned. "But I am sure," replied Her Majesty, "that I saw Monzie in the Castle-yard." Lady Willoughby herself went to inquire—found Monzie accordingly, and introduced him to the Royal presence. The Prince inquired whether a certain wounded deer had been found, and again thanked Monzie for the exertion he had made to give him sport, Her Majesty at the same time graciously bowing her acknowledgments.

The Royal dinner party consisted of—

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT,

Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,
Duchess of Norfolk,
Duc de Richelieu,
Marquess and Marchioness of Abercorn,
Earl and Countess of Sefton,
Earl and Countess of Craven,
Earl and Countess of Kinnoull,
Lady Louisa Hay,
Earl of Morton,
Earl of Liverpool,
Earl of Aberdeen,
Earl of Mansfield,
Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby,
Hon. Miss Willoughby,
Hon. Alberic Drummond Willoughby,
Lord and Lady Carington,
Lord and Lady Kinnaird,
Lord and Lady Belhaven,
Lord Ossulston,
Hon. Miss Paget,
Mr. and Hon. Mrs. Heathcote,
Sir Robert Peel,
General Wemyss, and Colonel Bouverie,
Sir James Clark, and Mr. Anson,
Mr. Campbell of Monzie,
Mr. Gilmour,
Captain Dunsmure, 42d Regiment, and
The Hon. Capt. Jocelyn of the Carabineers.

The band of the Carabineers attended during dinner, and played some fine pieces of music.

After the party had retired from the banquetting hall, the table was cleared away, and a magnificent dancing-room was at once produced—though, from its limited dimensions, the number invited to the ball was necessarily select. In addition to those forming the dinner party, the following were present :—

Lord and Lady Ruthven,
Sir David and Lady Dundas,
Viscount Strathallan,
The Master of Strathallan,
Sir George Murray,
Miss Murray,
Miss Preston,
Major Moray Stirling,
Mr. and Mrs. Graham,
Mr. Graham Stirling,
Major Græme,
Mr. C. Græme,
The Hon. John Stuart,
The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Drummond,
Major Drummond, Strageath,
Sir William and Lady Keith Murray,
Admiral Sir Adam Drummond,
Miss Drummond,
Lieutenant Campbell, Mr. Douglas Abercromby, and Mr. Barnett, Officers of the 42d Regiment,
Mr. Walker Drummond.

The greater number of the gentlemen appeared in the Highland costume, and the Master of Drummond wore a dress of the clan tartan, the splendour of which was peculiarly admired. The Queen was attired in a pale pink dress of rich Spittalfields silk, trimmed *en tablier* with magnificent Brussels lace, and quillings of ribbon, with a splendid coronet of diamonds and white flowers. Her Majesty wore the Order of St. Andrew. The ball opened with a reel, by the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Abercorn, the Master of Drummond, and Monzie, which delighted the Queen and Prince Albert. After it was over, His Royal Highness beckoned Monzie to come to him, and said, "Are you not tired?" To which Monzie replied, "No—not at all, your Highness." Upon which the Prince turned to the Queen, and said—"There,—you have seen him dance,—you see how he dances,—and yet he has been with me all day on those wild hills—and he says he is not tired.—It is wonderful!" A country-dance was then commanded by the Queen, who honoured the Master of Drummond by standing up with him; her graceful dancing was admired by every one, and her scrupulous attention to the strict rules of the dance, charmed all present. As at Taymouth, the Queen, after dancing to the bottom, continued to stand up till she had again reached her proper place at the top, showing the utmost courtesy to every one. The ball went on with much spirit, and several people were presented during the course of the evening. The Queen and the Prince retired about eleven o'clock, and here, too, the grace with which Her Majesty bowed to every one as she passed through the company in retiring, was the general theme of admiration. After the ball there was a splendid supper.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEPARTURE FROM DRUMMOND CASTLE.

On Tuesday the 13th of September, the morning was beautiful. At half-past nine o'clock, the Queen and Prince Albert, with their suite, took their departure from Drummond Castle, the Guard of Honour of the 42d regiment, and the Drummond Guard, saluting Her Majesty as they did on her arrival. Lord Willoughby de Eresby and the Master of Strathallan attended the royal carriage as far as Ardoch on horseback. The Queen's travelling dress was of the Royal Stuart tartan, with two deep flounces. She wore a white transparent cottage bonnet, with a blonde veil and small white feathers, and a cashmere shawl of a scarlet ground, with gold-coloured palms, of remarkable beauty and fineness of texture. The Prince was dressed in a plain blue surtout, black hat, and checked trowsers. The Queen took the way to the village of Muthil, where a triumphal arch had been prepared, and as Her Majesty drove slowly through the place, the loyal curiosity of the multitude was com-

pletely gratified, and she was received with enthusiastic cheering. At about a mile from this village the road to Stirling leaves the valley of the Erne, and here at the gate of Culdees, and nearly on the confines of Lord Viscount Strathallan's property, there was an elegant triumphal arch, constructed of heather, and having a red-deer and roebuck on either side. Beside the arch was a rustic bower, in which Lady Strathallan, although in very delicate health, was waiting with her family, to offer their homage. The Queen was here gratified with a scene calculated to recall home recollections. The two grandchildren of Lord and Lady Strathallan were held up to the Royal carriage, and presented Her Majesty with bouquets of the choicest flowers. The Queen seemed greatly moved, and, her thoughts probably turning to Windsor, she kissed the lovely infants with great tenderness. The triumphal arch bore this touching legend:—"Adieu, fair daughter of Stratherne!" in allusion to the second title of Her Majesty's lamented father. Culdees is a fine old place, having a pretty glen, with a lively stream and ancient trees. Beyond this the country rises, and few objects of interest present themselves till the road passes, on the left, the gate and lodge of Orchill, belonging to Mr. Gillespie Graham. Immediately opposite to it, are the remains of one of the small Roman outposts, belonging to the great camp at Ardoch, in very perfect preservation. A Roman banner was here displayed in most appropriate taste, and the proprietor and his family were stationed before the gate to pay their compliments to the Queen, which she graciously acknowledged.

The Royal attention was next directed to the camp at Ardoch, to the left of the road, the most complete and entire specimen of Roman fortification in Scotland, or perhaps in Great Britain. Its situation is remarkably well chosen, having on its south-eastern side a deep morass of great extent. On the west it is partly defended

by the steep banks of the water of Knaick, about forty or fifty feet in perpendicular height, so that one ditch only remains visible here, though it is not improbable that there may have been more originally. As the north-eastern side is the most exposed, it is guarded by five rows of ditches, still perfect, and running parallel to one another. On the north side are the same number of lines and ditches; and three or four of these artificial defences are still to be traced on the southern side, though very much obliterated. The four entrances, crossing the lines at right angles, are most distinct. The area is of an oblong form, 140 yards by 125, within the innermost lines. The prætorium is a regular square, rising above the level of the camp, but not placed in the centre; it measures exactly twenty yards on each side. This great work is supposed to have owed its creation to Agricola, who formed it for the Roman legions, there being other two large encampments adjoining it, for the cavalry and auxiliaries, embracing about 130 acres of ground, so that the whole thus afforded accommodation for all the forces that fought under that emperor in the great battle near the Grampians. By the time the Queen approached, the rain was falling pretty heavily, so that the carriage was closed. Major Moray Stirling, the proprietor of these interesting remains, had an archway constructed at the entrance of the camp, covered with heather and green boughs, and having a banner with the Roman eagle displayed on each side of it, and a great number of the neighbouring gentlemen, and tenantry on the estate, had assembled there to greet Her Majesty. The Royal party arrived about ten o'clock, but the wet prevented the Queen from quitting the carriage, from which, however, she enjoyed a very tolerable view of the ancient works, rendered more intelligible from a plan of them which was handed to her. Prince Albert got out of the carriage, and walked over

the whole encampment, attended by Major Moray Stirling. The moment he entered the gate, the Royal standard was hoisted in the camp. He expressed himself highly gratified with all he saw, and paid the proprietor some well-merited compliments on the excellent state of preservation in which he found these interesting remains. The Royal pair were loudly cheered by a large concourse of people on their arrival and departure.

The Queen's route lay down the valley of the Knaick, having the fine old place and grounds of Ardoch on the left. After crossing the river Allan, the horses were changed at Greenloaning, and the Royal carriage swept rapidly on to Dunblane. In her way thither the Queen enjoyed a distant view of the old castle of Doune, built by the Earls of Menteith at a period beyond all record. It was seized by the crown in the middle of the 15th century, and remained annexed to it until the year 1502, when it was settled on Margaret, daughter of Henry VIII. of England, on her marriage with James IV., King of Scotland. In 1528, she married as her second husband Henry Lord Methven, after which she disposed of it to James Stewart, a younger brother of her husband, ancestor of the noble family of Moray, in whose hands it now remains.

Dunblane is a small town, prettily situated on the Allan water, which here becomes very beautiful. The cathedral and the Bishop's palace are picturesque and interesting ruins. It is worth recording, that the celebrated Bishop Leighton was consecrated to this See in 1662, and among many other charitable legacies, he left his library to the cathedral for the behoof of the diocese. The inhabitants of this ancient place received their Queen with every demonstration of loyalty. A flag was hoisted on the top of the grey tower of the cathedral, and its flapping disturbed the colony of daws inhabiting its more elevated regions, whilst the bells added to their discomfiture by be-

ginning to ring at an early hour. A very handsome arch was erected by Mr. Stirling of Kippendavie, on his property at the entrance to the town, surmounted by a large floral crown, with "God Save the Queen" beneath it. At the gateway of Holme Hill, the residence of Miss Murray, there was a tasteful arch, with a crown and the letters V. A. formed of flowers, with two handsome flags. At Anchorfield, several Union-Jacks were displayed, and a large banner, having "God Save the Queen" in gold letters, with the rose, thistle, and shamrock in the centre. The Glasgow Union Bank Office was much ornamented with evergreens, flowers, and appropriate devices, and similar decorations appeared in various other quarters. A large party of special constables, wearing rosettes of royal purple, lined the street, and precautions were taken to keep the road on both sides clear of people. The Queen was received with loud cheering as she passed through the town. A discharge of rockets from Holme Hill Castle announced Her Majesty's approach to the authorities of Stirlingshire.

Rising the hill from Dunblane, the Queen caught a glimpse of the house of Kippenross, prettily situated amidst hanging woods on the left bank of the river; and she then had on her right the park wall and grounds of Keir, the splendid residence of Mr. Stirling. Near this Her Majesty was gratified by the very interesting spectacle of the whole of the people and children employed in the great Deanston cotton-works, to the number of 1500, most of them with flags and pennons in their hands, who had been marched hither, and drawn up in the field on the left of the road, the men on one flank, and the women on the other, with the word "industry" on their banners, and their band of music in the centre. As the field is considerably elevated above the road, they were displayed to great advantage, in their nice clean dresses and healthy looks. Mr. Stirling of Keir had

a very magnificent arch of evergreens, with the motto, "Farewell to Perthshire, Scotland's Queen." He waited on horseback to receive Her Majesty at the grand entrance to his residence.

At the border line of the counties the Queen was met by Mr. Murray of Polmaise, Vice-Lieutenant of Stirlingshire, attended by Mr. Sheriff Handyside, Sir Michael Bruce of Stenhouse, Bart., Sir Gilbert Stirling of Larbert, Bart., Sir Henry Stewart Seton, Bart. of Allanton and Touch, Mr. Forbes of Callander, M.P. for the county, and Mr. Johnston of Alva, in their lieutenancy uniforms; Mr. Maitland, in the Royal Archers' uniform, and many gentlemen of the county; and when the Queen's carriage came up, the whole took their places, and started off after Her Majesty. The Stirling troop of the old yeomanry, in plain clothes, turned out under Mr. Smith of Deanston, and lined the road from Keir onwards, each man falling in as the carriage passed him, and galloping after it.

On passing the handsome church of Lecropt, the rich plain of Stirling opens at once, with the Airthrey grounds—the Abbey or Abbot's Craig—and, above all, the town of Stirling, with its castle beetling over the abrupt and romantic cliffs at its western extremity —backed by the distant rising grounds to the southward. Sweeping down the hill towards the Bridge of Allan, the Queen enjoyed a beautiful view up the wooded course of that river. There were three arches here, one at the inn, one at the turnpike gate, and one at the reading-room, which last had a gilded bee-hive suspended from it, and a bee with golden body and silver wings, and this quaint parody on Watt, "How doth our good Queen bee improve each shining hour." Soon after passing through this village, the Queen came upon the property of Lord Abercromby, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and son of the gallant Sir Ralph, who died so gloriously in Egypt. The western entrance to Airthrey Castle, one of the

most beautiful places in Scotland, opens from a large trumpet-mouth recess, on each side of which a grand triumphal arch was erected by Lord Abercromby. The first was composed of two living silver firs, 46 feet high, lifted by the roots and planted on the spot, and cleared of all their branches 18 feet from the ground. Four trees were lashed around each of their stems so as to make them about six feet in diameter. Between these a very perfect arch was thrown at 28 feet from the ground, and the whole was surmounted by a crown, and entirely covered with evergreens, the pillars having a web of red cloth twisted spirally around each of them. The second arch was made of trees 38 feet high, and constructed somewhat in the same form as the other, with this difference, that on it were the letters V. A., with a triangular piece of work over the arch, crowned by the Prince of Wales' feathers. This arch was richly decorated with flowers, and had spiral rolls of white cloth round it. In front of the gate, stood the carriage of the Lord-Lieutenant, —and in it the venerable Lord Abercromby, who, invalid as he was, and in defiance of all consequences, had made it a point with his medical attendant that he should be permitted to go thus far to uncover his grey hairs in loyal homage to his youthful sovereign. Alas! that much revered head now reposes in the tomb of his ancestors; but his memory is imperishably embalmed in the affectionate and grateful remembrance of the thousands who benefited by his charity and benevolence, and by that wide circle of friends who partook of his boundless hospitality. The business of his life was unremittingly to invent and execute the kindest Christian acts to all mankind. No wonder, then, that his grave was moistened by the tears of genuine sorrow—or that the humble writer of this work, who had the happiness of enjoying his closest friendship, should now require the indulgence of his readers for thus yielding to the feelings

of his heart. The remains of Lord Abercromby were deposited in the church of Tullibody.

After passing through the Airthrey arches, the Queen was royally saluted by a small park of guns placed on an eminence within his Lordship's grounds, which never ceased firing till Her Majesty reached the town of Stirling.

On went the Queen and her followers, by the hamlet of Causeway Head, where her escort was joined by Mr. Tait, Sheriff of Kinross and Clackmannan. Turning thence directly across the plain, Stirling and its castle rose grandly before her, like one of the picturesque hill towns of Italy. In its general features the castle is somewhat like that of Edinburgh. The sides of the road here were crowded with carriages and people, and amongst others, Mr. Kinross, the Queen's coachmaker, had a machine, decked with flowers and evergreens, which held above seventy people. The immediate approach to Stirling is by the new bridge over the river Forth, about an hundred yards below the very antique structure which formerly yielded the only passage. The yet more ancient bridge, of the time when Sir William Wallace defeated the English army of 50,000 men, under Cressingham, in 1297, was of timber, and stood half a mile farther up, at Kildean. It is well known that Wallace, feigning to retreat, kept about 10,000 men, masqued behind the Abbey Craig, until most of the enemy had crossed, and, having left the main beam of the bridge half sawn through—a signal was given by the blast of a horn—a wedge was removed, and the bridge fell. The slaughter of the English was tremendous, and the victory complete. Happy may we consider ourselves that those days of cruel contest between the two countries are now at an end, by their union under the crown which her present Majesty wears. Mr. Wright of the Broom, now resident in the neighbourhood of Stirling, who claims to be the

lineal descendant of the wright who performed that singular piece of service for Wallace, was present cheering Victoria on this occasion.

The merry bells of Stirling had been ringing all day, and as the Queen's carriage appeared on the bridge a royal salute was fired from the Castle, in reply to the proud announcement which the Airthrey guns had first had the honour of making of Her Majesty's approach to this ancient stronghold of her ancestors. Mr. Ramsay of Barnton, had four thorough-bred bay horses ready at the north end of the bridge, to be attached to Her Majesty's carriage, richly caparisoned with silver-mounted harness, having crimson and silver rosettes and pad-cloths. Here the Royal vehicle was fully opened, and by this time the horsemen in attendance had increased to about two hundred.

The main road runs directly towards the lower end of the town, whilst another turns off to the right, by Saint Mary's-wynd, into the high central part of Broad-street. At the entrance to this road, a massive and rather elegant triumphal arch had been erected by the magistrates, composed of heather, evergreens, and boughs of trees, and resting at either side on neat castellated turrets, under which were paintings of the Queen and Prince Albert. In the centre were the Royal arms of Scotland, with the word "Welcome" underneath,—and above all was a large floral crown, with a flag bearing the arms of the town. Four neatly dressed boys were stationed on various parts of the structure, waving small flags, likewise bearing the word "Welcome." Underneath the arch was the barrier, and outside of it were erected two platforms. On that to the right stood Provost Galbraith, with the Magistrates in court dresses, and the clergy of all denominations in their gowns and bands, with the burgh schoolmasters; and that opposite was filled with ladies and gentlemen. The road beyond the arch was lined by

the members of the guildry, with the Dean at their head, and Mr. Lucas bearing the standard of this very ancient and respectable body. The Dean wore the gold chain and medal belonging to his office, and a very old ring, set with precious stones, originally given to be worn by that functionary, by the monarch who created them a corporate body. It bears this inscription—" Yis for ye Deine of ye Geild of Stirling." Next to the guildry were stationed the seven incorporated trades, headed by Mr. William Grant, their deacon-convener. The standard, composed of blue and crimson silk, and known by the name of " the blue blanket," was borne by James Thomson. It was presented to them by Mary of Scotland, when confirming a charter granted them by Alexander III., to be used at their " weapon-schawings," when called upon for the defence of their sovereign, and at the same time she gave a white silk sash, which was that day worn by the convener; also the curious halberd borne by the deacon of the weavers.

As the Royal carriage approached, the assembled multitude waved their hats and shawls, and rent the air with their loud acclamations. On reaching the triumphal arch, the Queen ordered the postilions to stop, and the Provost advancing towards the carriage, followed by the Magistrates, made his obeisance, and addressed Her Majesty as follows :—

" May it please your Most Gracious Majesty,

" As Provost of Stirling, I beg leave to approach your Majesty with sentiments of the most profound respect, and in the name of the Magistrates and Town-Council of your Majesty's Royal Burgh of Stirling, together with the whole of the inhabitants, to offer our sincere and heartfelt welcome to this part of your Majesty's dominions in Scotland, and to assure your Majesty of our devoted loyalty and

attachment to your royal person and government. We hope your Majesty has received pleasure and gratification in the short tour you have made through this part of your hereditary dominions of Scotland, and that at no very distant period you will be graciously pleased again to visit this country, and favour your Scottish subjects with another opportunity of testifying their attachment and veneration to your Majesty's royal person and government. We sincerely pray that the Almighty may long spare your precious life to reign and rule over this great nation." The Chamberlain then advanced with the silver keys of the town, of ancient and curious make, borne upon a crimson velvet cushion, which the Provost presented to the Queen, as he proceeded to say—" And now give me leave, with the most profound respect and devotion, to place at your Majesty's disposal the keys of your ancient Royal Burgh of Stirling."

To this the Queen was graciously pleased to reply—

" We are assured that they cannot be in better hands, and it affords us much pleasure again to return them to your keeping."

The Provost then addressed himself to Prince Albert, and said—

" May it please your Royal Highness,

" I beg most respectfully to address your Royal Highness, in the name of the citizens, town-council, and magistrates of Stirling, to offer our hearty welcome to your Royal Highness to Scotland. We duly appreciate the condescension you have manifested in accepting the freedom of the town, and we shall be delighted to reflect that your Royal Highness's name is added to the roll of the burgesses of Stirling. The many virtues which adorn your character, and the very great amenity of your manners, has endeared

your Royal Highness to the hearts of all Her Majesty's loving and loyal subjects. Permit me, in the name of those whom I have the honour to represent, to wish your Highness good health, and every happiness that this world can afford. And now, allow me to place in your hands a box containing the freedom of the Royal Burgh of Stirling."

His Royal Highness Prince Albert was pleased to reply—

"I am very proud of the honour you have now conferred upon me, and request that you will present to the Magistrates and Town-Council my best thanks for this mark of their esteem."

The Provost then again addressed the Queen, who turned towards him with the same dignity, mingled with sweetness, which she had hitherto all along preserved. "Permit me one word of your Majesty —I had the honour to serve, for twenty-four years, under your Majesty's lamented father, his late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent,"— The feelings of a daughter came upon the Queen—her eyes glistened, and filled with interest, which increased as the Provost went on—"And," continued he, "it gives me peculiar pleasure, that, as Provost of this town, I should now have the honour of receiving your Majesty, under the immediate command of whose revered father I served in Nova Scotia, and was for thirteen years the adjutant of his regiment, during the whole of which time I had the honour to enjoy much of his patronage, countenance, and favour." The Queen replied with great feeling—"It gives me great gratification to find, as Provost of this Burgh, one who served so long under my revered father."

The burgess ticket presented to Prince Albert was inclosed in a

silver box, placed within another box, formed of a portion of oak from the old house in Mar-place, once the residence of the celebrated Scottish historian and poet, George Buchanan, and taken down a few years ago.

The Provost having obtained Her Majesty's permission to precede her through the Burgh, he and his Magistrates entered their splendid equipages, emblazoned with the arms of the town, and, preceded by the Newhouse band, advanced in front of the Queen, amidst continued cheering. Immediately in rear of the Royal cortege came the Miltown band, with the members of the guildry, and the seven incorporated trades. Passing by the end of Cowan-street, the procession moved up Bridge-street, where many of the houses were decorated with flags and evergreens, and Her Majesty proceeded amidst the loyal shouts of the people, who took advantage of every point of elevation to gain a better view. Her Majesty here passed a very antique house on the right, which, notwithstanding a date of 1632 on it, is manifestly of much older standing. It is called Queen Mary's house, and tradition says that it was occupied by her. Barriers and police were prudently placed above this, where St. Mary's-wynd becomes so narrow, as with difficulty to admit of one carriage at a time. The fronts of the houses projected close to the Queen's carriage, so that Her Majesty might have shaken hands with the well dressed persons who were the temporary occupants of the windows of these mean old tenements. This street comes at right angles into the lower end of Broad-street, which is like a great market-place, having its highly inclined area flanked on all sides by tall and venerable fronts of very ancient houses. These were all so decorated with paintings, evergreens, and floral designs, that it would be as vain to attempt to enumerate them, as to particularize the thousands who filled the street and

the windows, who gave one universal burst of cheering as soon as the Queen appeared from the narrow way, so loud, and so prolonged, that the walls of old Stirling have not for many a day heard the like. Her Majesty was obviously not less surprised than delighted, and bowed repeatedly, with a smiling countenance, to both sides of the street. Following the steep and winding way leading to the esplanade, the Queen soon arrived at the gate of the castle, where the crowds were immense. She was much struck with the appearance of the 42d Highlanders, drawn up there, and Prince Albert expressed to Colonel MacDougall, their commanding officer, his admiration of their appearance and dress, and particularly noticed their bonnets.

The Queen was here received by the deputy-governor of the castle, whom she recognised, saying as he came forward, "Sir Archibald Christie, I believe." As Her Majesty alighted on the scarlet cloth laid for her, the gallant veteran, who wears the highly honourable scars of terrific wounds received in the service of his sovereign, made his obeisance, and said, that he was proud to have the honour of receiving Her Majesty in one of the ancient palaces of her ancestors. The Queen's recognition of this brave old officer was most gracious, and such as, whilst it highly honoured him, displayed the kindness of her heart. The Prince was pleased to give him a hearty shake by the hand. With the deputy-governor there was also present Sir George Murray, colonel of the 42d regiment, then forming the garrison. The Queen took the Prince's arm, and attended by Sir Archibald on the left, they slowly crossed the drawbridge into the castle, where Her Majesty was saluted by a guard of honour. After graciously acknowledging the salute, the Queen looked round, and observing that the gate had been shut, and that the ladies of her suite had been excluded, she called

Lord Liverpool towards her, and with a countenance sparkling with animation and benignity, pointed out the mistake, and said, "Lord Liverpool, this must not be," and accordingly his lordship hastened to remedy the error; but before he reached the gate, the ladies had been admitted. The batteries were laid with crimson cloth, in expectation that the Queen might have visited them, but want of time prevented Her Majesty from going thither to look at one of the most wonderful prospects in her dominions, which, however, would have been but indifferently seen through the haze then prevailing.

In a clear day the eye looks down from this vast height upon the broad and extensive plain of Stirling, stretching away far to the eastward, bounded on its northern side by the grand range of the green Ochils, with all their woods and villages, giving variety and interest to their slopes—nearest to the eye, the fine form of Dumyot rising from them, with the craggy and richly embowered precipices on which it rests—and the varied park and grounds of Airthrey Castle, seen undulating beyond the fine isolated hill of the Abbey Craig, here presenting its bold basaltic cliffs towards the spectator. Immediately under the Castle-hill are seen the old and new bridges, with the broad majestic river winding through the deep and fertile soil in wide circles, almost converting the intermediate spaces into islands, producing the most beautiful intermixture of land with the water, which is only distinguished in certain more distant spots receding from the eye, by the stray catches of light reflected from it, ever varying from one point to another, and occasionally illuminating the whole expanse of the far-withdrawing Forth, covered with sails, together with the town of Alloa and its shipping, six miles distant from Stirling by land, but no less than twenty-four by the windings of the river. Let those who never had the

good fortune to see this view, endeavour by their fancy to enrich the picture here attempted to be described, by adding to it its hedge-rows, groups of trees, and buildings—its Lombardy poplars starting up spirally here and there—the venerable tower of Cambuskenneth Abbey rising from the scattered groves—the woods of Stewarthall, Polmaise, and Dunmore Park, on the southern side of the plain—those of Tullibody, Alloa, Kennet, and Tulliallan on the other—with the picturesque tower of Clackmannan rising on its prominent eminence; and let the moving panorama of steamers and sloops be introduced working in different directions among the cornfields, with their prows directed now to one point of the compass, and again to that directly opposite to it, as they thread through the links of this most puzzling chain of inland navigation, and a scene will be produced in their minds, which, though very deficient in magnificence, may yet bear some faint resemblance to the original. When the atmosphere is bright, the eye travels all over the distant shores of the Firth, till it rests on the Castle of Edinburgh, between thirty and forty miles off. Nor is the prospect devoid of historical recollections. The very ancient name of Striveling, or the place of strife, indicating that this was a great theatre of frequent contention from the earliest times—and situated as it was, intermediate between the four great kingdoms of North Umbria and Cumbria on the south, and the Scots and Picts on the north, it was no wonder that it should have honestly earned this name,—in proof of which no less than twelve important battle-fields may be seen from the walls.

Having gone through the deep archway leading into the first court, the Queen passed by the northern side of the palace, erected by James V., so richly and grotesquely carved with figures, and entered the great upper court-yard. Sir Archibald Christie pointed out the interesting ancient buildings surrounding its four sides,

all of them pregnant with historical recollections. Here James II. was born. James III. had a peculiar attachment to Stirling Castle, and here much of his time was spent with his low and unworthy favourites, to the exclusion and consequent disgust of his nobility and barons. He built that large hall, 120 feet long, in the edifice on the north side of the square, for the meetings of parliament. He also erected the Chapel Royal, in which James VI. was baptized with grand ceremonies, and which was afterwards demolished by that monarch himself, in order to build, for the baptism of his son Prince Henry in 1508, that chapel in the west side of the square, now the armoury, where on that occasion the superb ceremonial was performed, so fully described by Nisbet and others. At the banquet which took place in the grand hall of the palace on that occasion, a huge chariot entered, attended by people allegorically dressed, and after that "a most sumptuous, artificial, and well-proportioned ship" was moved in, "the length of her keel eighteen feet, and her breadth eight feet," and the sea she stood upon was twenty-four feet. "Her motion was so artificially devised within herself, that none could perceive what brought her in. She was curiously painted, and was freighted with parts of the banquet, in gilt and azure crystal dishes. Her masts were red—her cordage silk—her blocks were gilt—her sails were of double white taffeta, and she carried thirty-six brass guns, and a number of people in allegorical costumes,—and yet, extravagantly rich as she was in construction, she was but one small item amidst the multitudinous glories of this costly pageant. The eastern side of the square is formed by the western front of the palace of James V., covered like the other sides of the building with grotesque carving. The southern side and south-western angle are filled by the ancient palace of kings who reigned before the Stuart dynasty. The Queen and Prince listened

with great interest to Sir Archibald Christie's information regarding the history of these various structures.

On arriving at the governor's house, Lady Christie—now alas! no more—was at the foot of the steps to receive the Queen, attended by her two daughters, and also by Colonel Tytler, the fort-major, and Mr. Peddie, his deputy, the Countess of Mar, the Hon. Miss Abercromby, the Hon. Mrs. Lefroy, Miss Murray, daughter of Sir George Murray, Lady Seton Stewart, and the Misses Seton Stewart. The Queen entered the house, and went up stairs and visited the room where James II., after having tried in vain to exhort William, Earl of Douglas, to sever himself from his alliance with the Earl of Ross, and Lindsay Earl of Crawford, well known as Earl Beardie, by which they agreed to take part in all each others' quarrels, even against the King himself,—and finding that Douglas received his remonstrances with haughty obstinacy, at last lost his temper, and drawing his dagger and exclaiming, "By Heaven, my Lord! if *you* will not break the league, *this* shall"—he stabbed him to the heart. Douglas was instantly finished by Sir Patrick Gray and others in attendance on the King, and his body was thrown out of the window, underneath which it received a hasty grave, where his skeleton was found about 40 years ago. The Queen admired the old carved roof of the room which bears the name of James I.

Having then gone out to visit the governor's garden, filling the triangular space behind the house, the Queen climbed the ramparts, where a banquette or stand was placed against the wall for her use, but unfortunately a warm haze so filled the atmosphere, that the grand prospect thence afforded, could not be very perfectly enjoyed. This upper part of the vale of Stirling, stretching away far to the westward, is watered by the three rivers Teith, Allan, and Forth—and flanked by fine ranges of hills on either side. It is full of noble

residences, and other interesting objects, among which may be mentioned Craigforth, with its lovely isolated eminence of rock and wood rising picturesquely from the valley—the ancient house and place of Touch Seton, the property of Lady Seton Stewart, from which a flag then floated in the breeze, and which nestles in a corner of the southern hills amidst extensive woods—Keir, and Blair-Drummond, with their richly timbered parks and grounds;—and Doune Castle, once the residence of Queen Mary. Of several of these, and particularly of Doune, the Queen did enjoy views displayed by the partial outburst of temporary fits of sunshine. When the sky is clear, the eye refuses to confine itself to these nearer objects, but stretching out athwart the rich surface of the plain, it dwells with sublime delight on the grand chain of the Grampians bounding the view, where Benlomond, Benledi, Benvoirlich, Stuck-a-chrom, Benmore, and many other magnificent mountains of the first class, rise pre-eminent. Of the historical recollections connected with this prospect, the most prominent were those suggested by the scene immediately under the Queen's eyes, where stood the ancient bridge of Stirling, and the field of battle between Wallace and Cressingham. Imperfect as the view was, the Queen and the Prince enjoyed it exceedingly. Looking to the north, and almost close under the walls, the situation where the young chevalier erected his batteries against the castle was pointed out by Sir Archibald. The Queen and the Prince showed their intimate acquaintance with the history belonging to the country around them, by the questions they put, and the numerous remarks they made. Having led Her Majesty round to the southern part of the rampart, Sir Archibald pointed out to her the spot where stands the celebrated Bored Stone, in which the Royal Scottish standard was set up previous to the battle of Bannockburn, and where Mr.

Murray of Polmaise had, on this auspicious day, ordered a flag to be placed. In the hurry of narration, Sir Archibald Christie, having been previously speaking of the battle of Stirling Bridge, by mistake mentioned the Bored Stone as that in which *Wallace* had erected his standard previous to the battle of Bannockburn, on which Her Majesty immediately said, with a sweet playful smile—"Bruce, Sir Archibald." The Queen looked with great interest directly down, on "*the Knott*," which is a beautiful architecturally formed green mound, surrounded by benches of turf—standing in the middle of what was once the royal gardens, and which is still the property of the Crown. Here, in ancient times, rural galas were held by the Sovereign and Court, and the remains of a canal exist, on which they sailed in barges. The Queen was pleased to give orders that these relics should be carefully preserved, and it is to be hoped that Her Majesty may issue her royal mandate for their perfect restoration and

preservation. In the Castle-hill, immediately over these gardens, is the hollow called "the Valley," of considerable extent, where the

tournaments were held, having on its south side a small rocky pyramidal mount, called "the Ladies' Hill," where the fair ones of the Court were wont to sit, anxiously watching the feats of their knights.

On the Queen's return to the governor's house, Lady Christie was graciously permitted by Her Majesty to present to her the Countess of Mar, whom the Queen kissed, and Lady Seton Stewart, who had the honour of kissing Her Majesty's hand. The mind of the Queen, well stored as it is with historical facts, must have been somewhat struck by the circumstance of her meeting with a Countess of Mar in the very place where that family had borne almost regal sway, and one of whose predecessors had received the infant Prince Henry at his baptism here,—and that in Lady Seton she beheld a Stewart, lineally descended from Alexander, sixth Lord High Steward of Scotland, great-grandfather of Robert II., the first prince of the Stuart line, and who, as a Seton of Touch Seton, is the lineal representative of the hereditary armour-bearer and squire of the body of the Scottish sovereign.

A luncheon was prepared for the Queen and the Royal party, together with a desert, doing the highest honour to Stirlingshire; but as Her Majesty's time would not admit of her sitting down, she with great condescension commanded some very superb grapes to be selected for her, and put into the carriage. The Queen treated the venerable soldier, Sir Archibald Christie, and his lady, with the kindest and most amiable consideration. It is painful to record the severe loss which this brave old officer has sustained by the recent death of the amiable Lady Christie. As the Queen came out leaning on the Prince's arm, Sir Archibald directed her attention to an old chair, placed on the top of the flight of steps leading to the door, which had a piece of white satin attached to it, with an inscription telling that it was the identical chair on which James V. sat, when

having been benighted out hunting, and separated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage in a moor, at the foot of the Ochils, near Alloa, where he was kindly received. Donaldson, the *gudeman*, desired his *gudewife* to fetch, for the unknown stranger's supper, the hen that roosted nearest to the cock, which is always the plumpest. The King, highly pleased with his night's lodging and hospitable entertainment, requested that the first time his host should come to Stirling, he would call at the castle, and inquire for the gudeman of Ballengeich. Donaldson did so soon afterwards, when his astonishment at finding that the King had been his guest, afforded no small amusement to the merry monarch and his courtiers; and to carry on the pleasantry, he was thenceforward designated by James by the title of King of the Moors, which descended from father to son. They continued in possession of the identical spot, the property of Erskine (now Earl) of Mar, till very lately. John Donaldson, the last monarch of the moors, died at Ballochleam, in Stirlingshire, twenty-eight years ago, aged ninety-three. He took the greatest possible care of the chair honoured as a seat by the King, affirming, that whilst he lived no harm should come to it. The Queen, smiling to Sir Archibald, carried off the satin cloth on which the history was inscribed.

Having entered the armoury, Sir Archibald directed the Queen's attention to an old pulpit, from which John Knox had preached. Her Majesty graciously permitted Miss Fanny Christie to give her some sketches of the leading objects seen from the windows and terrace. The advanced hour prevented the Queen from visiting the nursery-room of James VI., and the school-room, where he was taught by the celebrated George Buchanan. At the outside of the portal gate, Sir Archibald drew the Queen's attention to the bomb-proof barrack-room, beneath the ramparts, after which

Her Majesty recrossed the drawbridge, and taking leave of the governor, and the ladies and gentlemen of the garrison, she got into her carriage, which went off at a slow pace with the drags on, through the double line of soldiers, with arms presented as on her entrance, and amidst loud shouts and waving of handkerchiefs from the immense crowds on the esplanade, and preceded as before by the carriages of the Provost and Magistrates. As the Queen was coming up to the castle, one of the Royal grooms said to a gentleman, "Pray, sir, do we come down this way again? for I never saw so steep a street as this."—"No," replied the gentleman, "not altogether; but you won't find that the street you have yet to see will be much better in that respect." And certainly he spoke truly, for there are not many steeper descents through a town in any part of the world. In leaving the esplanade for the Castle-wynd, the Queen passed immediately above the hollow in which are to be found the few mean and curious looking houses which have the name of Ballingeich, whence James V. adopted his title of disguise for his rambles. On the left hand side of the wynd itself stands that large and interesting old house, now the military hospital, built in 1633 by Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, secretary to Charles I., which afterwards came into the Argyll family, and was the residence of John Duke of Argyll in 1715. At the head of the broad High-street, stands that very curious old building, called Marr's Work, begun in 1572 by the Earl of Mar when Regent, but never finished. Over one of the doors are these lines—

"The moir I stande on oppin hitht,
My favlts moir svbject are to sitht."

And over another door are the following—

"I praiy al loikaris on this bigin,
Wi' genteil eie to mark thair ligin."

Two flags floated from the top of this building. The ancient Gothic church, with its beautiful old tower, is a little way off the street to the right. The spectacle which the Queen enjoyed on her way down through Broad-street was extremely striking. The Town-hall, a fine antique looking building on the right, had a large painting of Her Majesty on one wing, with the well-chosen motto, "Welcome the Queen who rejoices in the happiness of her people!" On the other, there was a painting of the Prince, with the words, "Hail Royal Albert! may your union with the Queen be lasting as it is happy!" The whole was enriched with laurels, and the tower and spire were decorated with flags. But one of the best imagined mottoes was observed on the wide front of that very old house, with large windows, facing up the street, once the residence of Henry Lord Darnley, and now the sheriff-clerk's office. The device was a crown, with V. A., and the following apt quotation, slightly altered from Scott's Lady of the Lake—

> "Slowly down the steep descent,
> Fair *Scotland's Queen* and nobles went,
> While all along the crowded way,
> Was jubilee and loud huzza!"

But it would be quite impossible to particularize the decorations, which were endless in number and variety, not a house being without some display.

Turning out of the lower end of Broad-street by the narrow Bow-street, the Queen might have expected that the next move of the horses would be up some turnpike-stair, so little does it resemble a passage for carriages. Here the houses were absolutely draped with tartan flags. Turning into Baker-street, the way became very precipitous, and the view down the vista before the carriage was

singularly striking, the eye being carried through the perspective of houses, all decorated and filled with human faces, who cheered loudly as the Queen passed by, and this continued throughout Baker-street and King-street. Amongst numerous beautiful decorations, those on Drummond's Agricultural Museum were the most remarkable, and in extremely good taste. The front of the building is tall and handsome. A beautiful drapery of wreaths, composed of heath and ears of corn, hung from a star in the centre of the cornice, with a floral crown suspended from it. Over the cornice there was a subsoil plough, surmounted by a wheat sheaf and three flags, those at the sides sloping outwards. Before the central window there was a very large floral crown, composed of dahlias, roses, and asters, surmounted by a wreath of *arbor vitæ*. The crown was supported by a sheaf on each side, and on the windows to left and right were the initials V. and A., executed in flowers. The minor additions to these more prominent features were elegant and tasteful. The Queen particularly remarked this decorated front, and applied to a gentleman who was riding by the carriage, for information as to what the building was.

The procession having turned into the level Port-street, at the bottom of the steep descent, proceeded towards the south, and at the Burgh-gate-barrier there was an elegant erection composed of evergreens, spanning the whole width of the way with three arches. On the top of that in the centre was "Victoria," surmounted by a richly gilded Scottish star and crown. On the cornice were figures of the Queen and Prince Albert. On different parts of this handsome structure were placed beautiful boys in the Highland garb, with claymores in their hands, and others in blue jackets and straw hats, with satin hatbands of Victoria tartan. On passing through this arch at one o'clock, the magistrates, town-council, guildry, and others, took

leave of the Queen, and Her Majesty, accompanied by the Vice-Lieutenants, Sheriff Handyside, Mr. Forbes, member for the county, and the numerous gentlemen and yeomen who were ready waiting on the county side of the arch to escort her, dashed off at a rapid pace, amidst deafening cheers from the assembled multitude, and the thunder of the castle guns. In the afternoon, 400 of the poor people were supplied with pies and bread and cheese, and a pint of strong ale each; and Mr. Ramsay of Barnton gave an ox, which was roasted whole in the valley, and distributed in portions to all who came for it.

Having cleared the town, and passed under the grand trees of the avenue of approach to Stirling, and so by the villas extending towards the country, the road still lined with crowds of shouting people, the Queen came to the village of St. Ninians, about two miles from Stirling. It is remarkable for its pretty little tower, to which a church did belong, till it was blown up by accident in 1746, by the Highland army,—for the extreme narrowness, and up and down, and winding of its main street,—and for its vicinity to that grand field of ancient Scottish glory, Bannockburn. The scene of that momentous battle lies about half a mile to the south of St. Ninians, and the ground is still such as to render the historical description of it quite intelligible. The spot below the town, where the skirmish occurred between Randolph and Clifford, on the evening previous to the battle, is also well known. Beaton's Mill, where the wounded James III. was put to death, after his defeat, 18th June 1488, still exists in this parish.

As the great Falkirk sheep and cattle Tryst was holding at this time, it required considerable management to get the way kept clear, the continued stream of these animals being generally so immense, that travellers prefer going several miles round to avoid them; but the proclamations issued by the authorities were rigidly

and cheerfully adhered to, and not a sheep or an ox was to be seen on the road. Had this been otherwise, the blocking up of the strait passage through St. Ninians, might have detained the Queen for hours; but from the excellence of the arrangements, its steep, hollow, and narrow street was altogether unencumbered, save by a string of respectable people on each side of the way, who served to carry on the cheers that everywhere accompanied the progress of Her Majesty. One little occurrence here may be worth notice: A person in one of the windows dropped a folded piece of paper into the Royal carriage, which fell on the Queen's knee unperceived by Her Majesty. The Prince, without saying a word, picked it up, and threw it over the side of the carriage, very properly providing in this way against the chance of its containing any thing offensive. It afterwards turned out to be a piece of poetry in honour of Her Majesty's visit. The whole houses were white-washed, and festooned with evergreens—the windows were full of curious and happy faces—and ornamented arches were placed at both ends of the town; indeed these material demonstrations of loyalty were so numerous all along the route, as not to be easily counted.

This road is most delightful, from the charming prospects it affords to the traveller. Every now and then extensive views are enjoyed, of the rich plain of the Carse of Stirling, to which the eye finds its way over cultivated slopes, between varied knolls and groves, and groups of picturesque trees, the light frequently catching on the distant meanderings of the Forth, or its estuary, with the town and shipping of Alloa, and all its surrounding features, and the grand Ochils stretching from Dumyot eastwards. From certain points, if the traveller will only turn round to look towards it—Stirling is seen rising boldly and embattled from the peaceful and variegated plain, with the Abbey Craig, and the other objects near it—and,

above all, the magnificent chain of the western Highland Alps closing in the extreme distance. A few minutes spent in gazing upon such prospects as these will hardly be considered as sacrificed.

The village of Bannockburn had five very tasteful arches, and numerous parties were stationed at particular points, with bands of music and flags, the cheering being everywhere loud and joyous, and the Queen's acknowledgments most gracious. The coal miners of West Plain, in their best holiday clothes, marched down in a body to Sauchenford to meet Her Majesty, and greeted her with the most loyal acclamations. The Torwood toll-bar had an arch across the road formed of oak and laurel, interspersed with fine flowers and mountain-ash berries. Mr. Stirling of Glenbervie welcomed Her Majesty with every possible demonstration of loyalty. A triumphal arch of laurel was carried across the road, and fastened at either end to two gigantic oaks, old denizens of the ancient and classical forest of Torwood, the retreat of the heroic Wallace, which once covered great part of the neighbouring district, and fragments of which are still to be traced. A banner was displayed above the arch, bearing the word "Welcome," in large characters, whilst the letters V. A., executed in dahlias, were hung from the arch. Mrs. Stirling and family were stationed near it, waiting for the Queen's approach, surrounded by their domestics, and more than an hundred labourers on the estate; whilst Mr. Stirling himself, at the head of twelve stalwart ploughmen, dressed in neat livery, and mounted on fine looking farm horses, met Her Majesty at the march of the property, and escorted her for some distance along the road. The gate to Larbert-house, the residence of Sir Gilbert Stirling, Bart., since deceased, was ornamented with a laurel arch and a large flag. The pretty village of Larbert, with its handsome church, standing on the brow of the hill overlooking the classical valley of the Carron, exhibited a laurel arch. The

road passes through the village of Camelon, not far from which is the site of the ancient Roman station of that name, and the great wall of Antoninus, which ran from the Forth to the Clyde, vulgarly known by the name of Graham's-dyke. The loyal people here had erected three arches, and they received the Queen with loud cheers. In passing along the drawbridge across the Forth and Clyde Canal, which was tastefully laid with pink cloth, the ships assembled on each side of it were all dressed in party-coloured flags.

The Queen entered Falkirk, escorted by a large body of the Earl of Dunmore's tenantry on horseback, with his lordship's factor, Mr. Salmon, at their head. Her Majesty's eyes were greeted at its entrance by a triumphal arch adorned with evergreens, and surmounted by a crown, with the words, "Welcome to Falkirk." The town presented a very gay appearance, the fronts of all the houses being ornamented with flowers and evergreens tastefully arranged. A number of banners, bearing devices and inscriptions complimentary to the Queen, were also displayed. The roads and railway having brought people from many distant quarters, every window or place of vantage was occupied, chiefly by ladies, and the streets were densely crammed with people; and when the Queen appeared, their acclamations rent the air, whilst thousands of handkerchiefs were waved, and Her Majesty acknowledged the compliments paid to her with the most condescending expressions of gratification. Falkirk stands on ground which is high, when compared to the extensive low plain of the Carse, over which it commands very fine prospects, as well as of the distant Firth and mountains. It is also famous for its battle-fields. That where Wallace was defeated by Edward I., lies about a mile to the north of the town, near the banks of the canal, and Sir John de Graham and Sir John Stuart, two of his bravest associates, lie buried in the churchyard. Here, too, on the 17th January 1746, the

Chevalier defeated the troops under General Hawley, in the well-known battle of Falkirk. The Royal carriage, with its cortege, attended by the western and middle districts of Stirlingshire, producing an accumulation of equestrians to the number of 500, proceeded from Falkirk for half a mile, and then wheeling suddenly to the right, it entered the grounds of Callander House, the seat of Mr. Forbes, member for the county, where the fresh horses were standing. The spectacle here was both animating and amusing,—the carriages moving at a rapid pace—pedestrians running across the lawn in all directions, and the horses of some of those who were mounted carrying their riders in every direction but that in which they wished to go. A party of the 53d regiment drawn up here, presented arms to the Queen. Her Majesty stopped only during the few moments occupied in changing horses, and then drove off amidst the shouts of the multitude, which she graciously acknowledged. Callander House is a princely old mansion, and the park is full of extremely fine timber. It was the property of the Livingstones, Earls of Linlithgow and Callander, till its forfeiture in 1715 by the then existing nobleman. Here it was that Cardinal Beaton and the Earl of Moray succeeded in persuading the Earl of Arran, then governor of Scotland, to break off the proposed marriage between Mary, the young Queen of Scots and Prince Edward, the heir to the English throne. Had this not been done, Mary might have been a queen-mother of England, and all the miseries she endured from Elizabeth, terminated as they were by her murder, might have been prevented; but "the ways of Heaven are dark and intricate." It appears that Mary afterwards visited Lord Livingstone, at Callander House, in the year 1565. When Cromwell was on his way to give battle to Charles II., then encamped at the Torwood, he stormed and took Callander House, then garrisoned by the King's troops.

Leaving the park of Callander by the east gate, the Queen re-entered the public road, at the Laurenceton toll-bar, which, like all the others, was decorated with a magnificent floral archway. Mr. Forbes, who had ridden with Her Majesty from the time she entered the county at Lecropt, still continued to attend her at the head of his tenantry. Having climbed the hill into the village of Laurenceton, the Royal carriage proceeded at a very quick rate, cheered as it went on by crowds stationed by the wayside. To the right, a peep through the break in a bank disclosed for a moment the fine old Scottish house of Westquarter, situated in a valley. This is the seat of the gallant Admiral Sir Thomas Livingstone, Bart., hereditary keeper of the royal palace of Linlithgow. A little farther on, the grounds running up both sides of the valley open very prettily, whilst, to the left, a magnificent view is enjoyed over the rich flat carse country, its groves, wooded rising grounds, and fine residences, with the Firth of Forth, and the mountains bounding the scene to the north.

A triumphal arch was thrown across the road at Polmont, and there ninety of the Earl of Zetland's tenants, well dressed and mounted, and decorated with coloured rosettes, were standing ready to wheel into the rear of the escort, which, like a river, was ever and anon receiving tributary supplies from every road that debouched into it from either side. Generally speaking, the tenantry of each particular estate were assembled in small bodies, and those who had not horses to enable them to gallop after the royal train, were at least able to stand and cheer the Queen as she passed, and many of them had bands of music. Every house, even to the humblest cottage, was adorned with flowers or banners, or both. At some distance beyond Polmont, the venerable towers of the royal Palace of Linlithgow begin to appear, and where the valley of the Avon opens up, the scene is extremely beautiful, the highly cultivated country all around it being composed of swelling hills, and

gently sloping hollows, well wooded with fine groves, or intersected with hedgerows. The pace of the Royal carriage was very rapid, and the escort of mounted gentlemen and yeomen went as hard after it as if they had been in the hunting-field, until they swept down to Linlithgow bridge, which, though so called, is a full mile or more from the town.

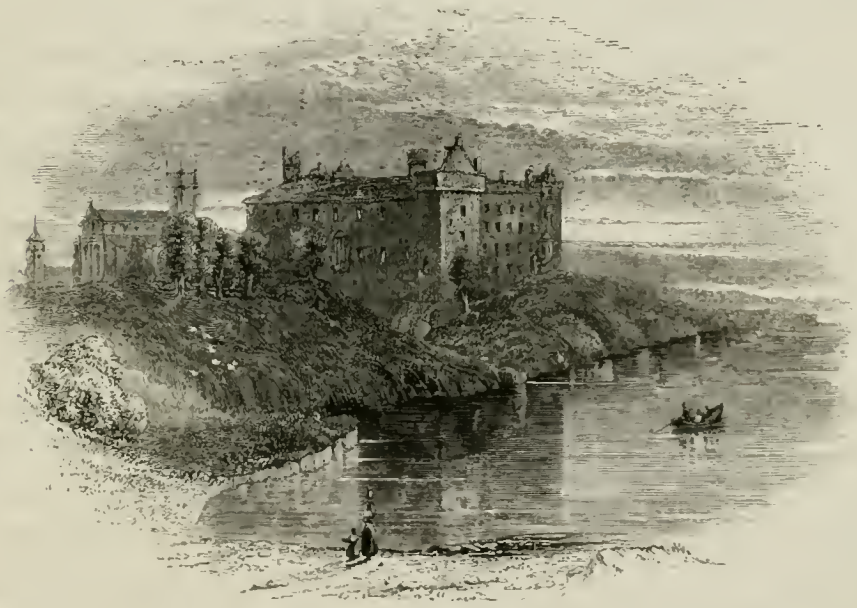
Here the Royal carriage halted, to give Her Majesty and the Prince an opportunity of looking at the grand Viaduct of twenty arches, of fifty feet span each, carrying the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway over the fine valley of the Avon, a little way further up the stream, and at an immense height over head. The accompanying scene, and indeed the whole of the scenery beyond the viaduct, is extremely rich, well wooded, varied and beautiful; and in the distance, the noble aqueduct of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Canal is seen spanning the valley. It luckily happened that a train of carriages drew up on the viaduct at the moment Her Majesty stopped, to permit the passengers to avail themselves of their singular good fortune in thus having an opportunity of beholding their Queen, whilst, to Her Majesty, the effect of the whole scene was enhanced by its appearance, and the Royal pair gazed at it with admiration for some minutes.

During the minority of James V., a battle was fought here between the Earls of Lennox and Arran, which proved fatal to the former, and his cairn long remained to mark his grave. The most bloody part of the conflict took place close to the bridge. The river Avon, being the boundary between the counties of Stirling and Linlithgow, the authorities of the former were here prepared to resign their escort of the Queen to those of the latter. The Earl of Hopetoun, Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Linlithgow, was ready to receive the Queen, attended by Mr. Sheriff Cay, the Earl of Buchan, the Hon. Charles Hope, M. P., Mr. Dundas of Dundas Castle, Major Shairp of Houston, and a very numerous body of mounted

yeomen, all well dressed. The road beyond the bridge was lined on both sides by the Earl of Buchan's Strathbrock tenants. Lord Hopetoun, whose sudden and untimely death has so recently spread a gloom over the higher circles of London, had that day the honour of conversing with the royal travellers for some minutes. Having taken his place on the right hand side of the carriage, whilst the Sheriff occupied that on the left, the whole proceeded at a smart pace towards Linlithgow, with the gentlemen and tenantry, formed four deep, riding behind the Queen's carriage.

The ancient burgh of Linlithgow, so intimately associated with many passages of Scottish history, chiefly consists of one very long street, stretching from west to east with gentle declivity, and thence winding up through a steep and narrow passage into the market-place. It was whilst riding up this confined part of the street that the Regent Earl of Murray was shot from a balcony, by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who hung up a black cloth on the wall behind him to destroy his shadow, and make his person less perceptible, and who escaped on a fleet horse, which he mounted from behind the house. The market-place forms a pretty considerable square, with a Dutch looking town-house, built in 1668, on the slope of the hill to the north side of it. A very curious Gothic fountain, covered over with grotesque figures spouting water, stands in the centre of the square, being a restoration of the ancient well, built in 1620, which some years ago fell into disrepair. From this square the street running eastward becomes wider, and continues so till it reaches the end of the town. A steep lane leads up to a rising ground on the north, on which stands the fine old Gothic church. Its beautiful tower was not many years ago terminated by an Imperial Crown, of great elegance of architecture, but that part of it having begun to fail, it was taken down and never afterwards restored. It was

in the St. Catherine aisle of this church that James IV. was at vespers, just before the battle of Flodden, when a figure, dressed in an azure coloured robe, girt with a linen sash, and with sandals on his feet, and having a grave countenance, and wearing a profusion of yellow hair, as if he had been the spirit of Saint John, the adopted son of the Virgin Mary, suddenly appeared in a mysterious manner at the side of the desk at which the King was kneeling at his devotions, and leaning down on it with his arms in the most careless and irreverential manner, told His Majesty that "his mother laid her commands on him to forbear the journey which he purposed, as neither he nor any who went with him would thrive in the undertaking." He likewise cautioned the King against frequenting the society of women, or using their counsel, "for," said he, "if thou dost thou shalt be confounded and put to shame." Immediately to



the north of the church stand the beautiful and extensive ruins of the Royal Palace of Linlithgow, covering above an acre of ground.

They crown a gently sloping green promontory, projecting into the pretty lake of Linlithgow, and partly surrounded on three sides by its waters. The present appearance of the whole banks, between the castle and the lake, shows that they must have been at one time laid out as a garden of "plesaunce," in fine terraces, and when this was the case, and the palace entire, it must have been a most delightful residence. As it now exists, it surrounds four sides of an ample court, its façades being everywhere of polished stone, and in the centre are the remains of a fine fountain, which contributed to give to Linlithgow the character it has in the old distich,

"Lithgow for wells,
Stirling for bells."

The palace became a fixed royal residence after the accession of the Stuarts. James IV. was more attached to it than to any of his other seats. He built the eastern part of the edifice, which appears to have been peculiarly magnificent. James V. added the chapel and parliament hall, both of which must have been very fine; and James VI. completed the grand square, by erecting the magnificent apartments on the north. One banquet room is 94 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 33 feet high. The chief entrance was on the east, between two flanking towers, bearing on rich entablatures the royal arms of Scotland, with the collars of the Orders of the Thistle, Garter, and Saint Michael. There is also a grand porch of entrance from the town on the south. The walls have many finely carved coats of arms on them. The palace continued habitable till 1745, when it was burned down by the carelessness of some of the royal army quartered here, on the same day that the church of St. Ninians was blown up. During the struggle between Edward I. and the Scottish patriots, the English garrison were surprised and dispossessed by the device of one Binnock, ancestor of the Binnings of Wallyford. Hav-

ing been in the habit of supplying the garrison with hay, he concealed some of Bruce's men, completely armed, in his cart, and thus introduced them into the place, so that they immediately made themselves masters of it. Binnock was rewarded with some lands in the southern part of the parish, which are still called Binning after him. The unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was born in Linlithgow Palace, on the 8th December 1542, in a room within the north-west corner of the quadrangle.

Every thing had been done upon the occasion of the Queen's expected visit, to brush up ancient Linlithgow. Provost Dawson was opposed to arboreal decorations, inasmuch as it was apt to occasion the robbery and destruction of shrubberies; but he gave a full license for the use of flowers,—and he sent to all the towns and villages within a reasonable distance of his own burgh, and not immediately in the line of Her Majesty's route, to borrow all the flags and banners he could procure. He was especially fortunate in his application to the port of Borrowstounness, where he procured an immense number of flags of all sorts and colours from the shipping. Having, in the first place, taken the necessary precaution to see that the town was perfectly clean, and that the older houses were whitewashed, he distributed his flags so profusely among the inhabitants, that almost every window had one, and the whole picturesque line of street was hung with them on either side from one end to the other, presenting a very rich, novel, and extremely beautiful appearance. The town-house and spire were ornamented with five banners of huge dimensions, beautifully disposed, and the national flag floated from the walls of the palace,—from the barbican of its entrance,—and from the church tower. A wreath of flowers, tastefully arranged, was hung across the street at the western entrance to the town, precisely where the ancient gate of the burgh stood, until taken down about fifty

years ago. A fine floral crown was suspended from the centre, the whole being surmounted by a broad coil of white cloth, on which were the words, " God Save the Queen and Prince Albert," in large letters. Close to this, and on the right hand side of the way, a sloping platform was raised about four feet from the ground, for the reception of the Provost and Magistrates. A numerous body of special constables were sworn in, and these being joined by the members of the eight incorporated trades, under their respective deacons, the whole were distributed by the command of the magistrates throughout the entire length of the town, to preserve order along the whole line of the Queen's route. They carried white rods, and were uniformly dressed in blue coats and white trowsers. These precautions were fully warranted by the prospect afterwards realized, of the immense crowds that were expected to congregate from all quarters. Airdrie alone poured four thousand of its industrious population down upon the burgh, who came the 18 miles by the Slamannan railway, at sevenpence halfpenny a-head. One of the trains, propelled by five locomotive engines, was one-third of a mile in length, and contained 1500 individuals. Bathgate, Borrowstounness, and even the opposite coast of Fife, sent their multitudes; whilst the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway brought crowds from the east and from the west, all anxious to witness Queen Victoria's passage through Linlithgow. The Provost, Magistrates, and Council, having assembled at the Town-house at twelve o'clock, were there met by the Provost, Magistrates, and Council of Bathgate, and Mr. Gillon of Wallhouse, and at half-past twelve they proceeded in a body, with a band of music before them, and their officers carrying their halberds and the town standards, and took up their position on the platform erected at the west end of the town. One of the flags displayed the Black Bitch and the Tree, with the motto, " My fruit is fidelity to God and

the King," from which is derived the appellation usually given to the town, of "The faithful burgh of Linlithgow." On the other was the well-known arms of the town, the angel Michael bearing a shield with the motto, "Collocet in cœlis nos omnes Michaelis." The Provost and Magistrates of Linlithgow were in front of the platform, and the authorities of Bathgate were immediately behind them. The burgh officers were stationed on either side, with their halberds and banners, and a very strong body of constables was also posted here, and every precaution was taken to mark the station, and to preserve order. The band of music was placed on the north side of the street, opposite to the platform. The magistrates had previously taken care to communicate to the proper quarter their intention to be in attendance in this spot, in order to make their obeisance to the Queen and her illustrious consort as they passed, and, if an opportunity occurred for so doing, to read two very short addresses, one to Her Majesty, and the other to Prince Albert, conferring on His Royal Highness the freedom of the town, and copies of these were at the same time forwarded, with an assurance that the Provost would be prepared to read them, or merely to make his obeisance, as Her Majesty's leisure might permit. That to the Queen was as follows:—

"May it please your Majesty,

"We, the Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the royal burgh of Linlithgow humbly beg to offer our loyal and affectionate congratulations on your Majesty's arrival in this your faithful burgh, the favourite abode of many of your Royal ancestors. We devoutly pray for long life, health, and happiness to your Royal Consort and your illustrious progeny, and we humbly offer our services in conducting your Majesty through this burgh."

The address to Prince Albert was in the following terms :—

"May it please your Royal Highness,

"We, the Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the royal burgh of Linlithgow, beg humbly and respectfully to assure your Royal Highness, that it affords us the most lively pleasure to receive your Royal Highness within the precincts of this ancient burgh; and we beg to express our admiration of your exalted character, whereby you have secured the affections of the subjects of our most gracious Sovereign; and we most respectfully entreat your Royal Highness to permit us to have the honour of enrolling your name amongst the number of our freemen, and to accept of the usual certificate."

A vast concourse of people had stationed themselves in the vicinity of the platform, and the multitude extended for upwards of five hundred yards up the downward slope of approach to the burgh. The road here is very spacious, having banks on either side of it, so that it was admirably adapted for enabling the crowds of spectators to get a favourable view of the sacred person of their Sovereign. The descent hence to the town is pretty rapid. At three o'clock the Royal carriage appeared at the crown of the height over which the highway passes, and it came down the slope at its usual smart pace, preceded by the dragoons, and accompanied by the Lord-Lieutenant, the Sheriff, and the proprietors and tenantry of the county. The afternoon having become rather chilly, the head of the Royal carriage was unfortunately down, so that notwithstanding the favourable position taken by the people who occupied the rising ground, they had but an unsatisfactory view of their Sovereign. As the carriage passed the stand where the magistrates were placed, they made their obeisance to Her Majesty, the standards and pikes were lowered,

and the band played "God Save the Queen," but as there was no appearance of a stop, the Provost naturally imagined that the reading of the addresses had been declined. The cheers of the people were most enthusiastic, and the crowds collected on the high part of the road to the westward, hoping to be gratified by a sight of the Queen, made a simultaneous rush towards the station of the magistrates, where they expected that Her Majesty would halt to receive an address. Finding that the carriage drove on, they followed, accumulating as they proceeded, till at length the street getting narrower, it became choked up, and the horses having become entangled in the mass, the postilions were compelled to pause for a few moments, at the distance of some twenty yards below the platform. The Provost, Magistrates, and Council, availing themselves of this accident, succeeded, after a severe struggle, in putting themselves in front of the Queen's carriage, and the halberdiers having cleared the way, they proceeded at a gentle pace at the head of the procession. As no opportunity for reading the addresses was afforded, the Provost made no attempt to do so, but the burgess ticket conferring the freedom of the town on Prince Albert, was afterwards transmitted to His Royal Highness, and most graciously received.

During the Queen's progress to the Cross-well, Her Majesty was attended by continued cheering, and every possible demonstration of the most enthusiastic loyalty. When the Royal carriage had reached the square, it was conducted to a position on the slope between the Town-hall and the fountain. A Guard of Honour of the 53d regiment, drawn up in front of the former, presented arms. Here the horses were changed, and during the short interval necessary for that purpose, the Queen was observed to draw the attention of the Prince to the fountain, which is indeed a very great curiosity. To the thousands who had placed themselves here to await the

arrival of the Queen, were now added the thousands who had pressed after the Royal cortege, and certainly this great mass of people, which completely filled the square, all glowing with sentiments of the utmost affection and loyalty to their young Sovereign, now quietly seated in her carriage in the midst of them, presented a spectacle which can never be forgotten by any one who had the good fortune to behold it. Sir Thomas Livingstone, keeper of the palace of Linlithgow, was there ready to attend the Queen thither if it had been her pleasure to visit those most magnificent and interesting ruins, and it is much to be regretted that the lateness of the hour, and the nature of the other Royal arrangements, should have prevented Her Majesty from enjoying this gratification. The fresh horses having been attached, the Royal carriage moved onwards, preceded by the Magistracy, and these having stood aside at the eastern end of the town, and made their humble bows, the Queen left her faithful burgh of Linlithgow, amidst the cheers, and followed by the blessings of its inhabitants, and all who were that day within its precincts.

Amidst the roaring of the cannon of a battery, erected by Provost Dawson, the Royal carriage proceeded up the hill from the eastern end of Linlithgow, at a pace that soon distanced the whole crowd of followers on foot, and not a few of those upon horseback. From several parts of the road the Queen had fine views of the rich country through which she was travelling. Having soon swept on to the village of Winchburgh, Her Majesty's attention was there directed to the fine old ruin of Niddry Castle, in an ancient grove of trees, a little to the right of the road. This was the place to which Mary Queen of Scots retreated the night after her escape from Lochleven. As the carriage proceeded, the wooded hill of Dundas opened to the left. To the right were the fine woods of Newliston, planted

by the celebrated Field-Marshal John Earl of Stair, as remarkable for his enterprise and capacity in the field, as for his wisdom in the cabinet. The grounds are above three miles in circumference, and the trees were arranged by him according to the plan of one of Marlborough's battles, in which he had been himself engaged; yet the effect of the whole, now that they have become of great age and size, is extremely good.

At Kirkliston, where the horses were again changed, there was a handsome arch across the road. The church here is exceedingly curious and ancient, having been one of those belonging to the Knights-Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who had large possessions in this parish previous to the Reformation. The village being situated on the upper part of a pretty slope, the view all over the extensive plain stretching to the westward of Edinburgh, is extremely fine, embracing the Pentland range, and all those beautiful hills in the neighbourhood of the capital, Arthur Seat, Braid, Blackford, Craiglockhart, and others, together with the Castle of Edinburgh. Sweeping down for about a mile to the Boathouse-bridge, over the river Almond, the Queen's carriage passed through the turnpike-gate a little way beyond it, and there Her Majesty again entered the county of Edinburgh. Here the Lord-Lieutenant of Linlithgowshire, with the gentlemen and farmers of his escort, left the Queen, and their places were taken by the Duke of Buccleuch, and a body of three or four hundred mounted gentlemen and farmers of the county and city of Edinburgh, marshalled by Sir John Hope, Baronet. The Royal carriage proceeded at so quick a pace, that it put both the horses and men to their mettle. One farmer was riding like fury with his girths burst from the buckles and hanging down, and a gentleman calling his attention to the circumstance—"Hoot!" said he, "I ken that very weel; but wha can think o' stopping to buckle girths on

sic a day as this." And on he went, whipping and spurring with the best of them.

At a field's breadth to the left stands a very curious monument of antiquity, called the Catstone, giving name to the surrounding farm. It is a single stone, in the form of an irregular prism, about 4½ feet in height, and 11½ feet in circumference, with the following inscription, deeply cut in a rude manner on its south-eastern face :—

IN OC T
VMVLO IACI
VETTA D
VICTA

This has very much puzzled antiquaries. Buchanan, and other historians, tell us, that a very bloody battle was fought here on the banks of the Almond, in the year 995, between Kennethus, natural brother and commander of the forces of Malcolm II., King of Scotland, and Constantine, when both the generals were killed.

The approach to Edinburgh from this side is extremely fine. It passes over the rich and beautiful plain, through which the rivers Almond and Leith find their way, the Pentland hills bound it to the right, and in advance of them are those of Craiglockhart, Braid, and Blackford, whilst to the left arise the lovely wooded hills of Craigiehall and Corstorphine, with their groves and villas, and in the midst of all the Castle of Edinburgh starts boldly up, backed by Arthur's Seat. All along the road handsome floral decorations appeared on the houses. These were especially remarkable in the neat little village of Corstorphine, where the humblest vied with each other in their endeavours to manifest their attachment to their Sovereign. The church here was built in the form of a Jerusalem Cross, by Sir John Forester of Corstorphine, in 1429. It is a strong and very

curious Gothic fabric, with a fine heavy stone roof. It contains a number of curious monuments of the Lords Forester and others, with recumbent figures of knights in armour, and of ladies in the costume of the time in which they lived. In its eastern end there was a pully, whence hung a lamp in olden times, which was kept burning at night, from the rental of an acre of ground close to Coltbridge, called the Lamp Acre. This was done to cheer the late and lonely traveller on his dreary way, and to aid him in directing his course aright—the literal purpose, in truth, for which all churches were originally erected. But here the lamp was to assist him in avoiding the many bad steps and bogs, which, highly cultivated as the country now is, and good as the road may now appear, then, doubtless, beset the way from Edinburgh so thickly, as to put him in great peril of falling a victim to the wiles of Will o' the Wisp, and his mischievous elves. But with roads such as we have now, and patent bull's eye lights, throwing the blaze of day for some hundred yards before a vehicle, the occupation of the solitary lamp has been long since gone, and the acre for its support has been diverted to the purpose of raising potatoes to keep the little spark of life burning in the village schoolmaster.

The whole three miles of road from Corstorphine to Edinburgh, running for great part of the way along the base of the Corstorphine hills, and then crossing the river of Leith by Coltbridge, and so onward till it reaches the western extremity of the city, presented one uninterrupted line of carriages, and the footpaths and walls were covered with people, pressing to welcome the return of their Queen. The boys and girls of the Orphan Hospital were ranged along the top of a wall to the west of Whitehouse toll-bar, all clothed in their best apparel, with branches of trees in their hands, and their countenances shining with joy. The Queen was received with loud

and continued cheering all along this line, and especially at the toll-bar, where she arrived about twenty minutes past four, and where fresh horses were ready. Here, consequently, the greatest mass of the multitude was congregated, and during the somewhat less than two minutes occupied in changing horses, the shouts there were deafening.

Sweeping past the Railway station, and so into town by West Maitland-street, Athol-place, Coates and Athol-crescents, East Maitland-street, and Shandwick-place, all lined by the Inniskilling Dragoons, the windows and balconies were filled with ladies and gentlemen, who cheered Her Majesty, and waved their handkerchiefs, in expression of their joy for her safe return. At the point where West Maitland-street and Morrison-street branch off, a whole stream of carriages and people, both on foot and on horseback, rushed away up the latter, with fearful risk of tremendous collisions, but with the hope, that as they had only one side of the triangle to go along, they might reach the upper end of the Lothian-road before the Queen should pass. Two farmers on heavy draught horses had been sadly thrown out, but when they came to Morrison-street, one shouted to the other, "Jock! come awa' this way, man, and maybe we'll catch her yet!" and off they set together, helter-skelter, their two animals blowing like porpoises. As the Queen reached the end of Princes-street, the Castle began to fire a royal salute. This part of the way was lined by the 53d regiment. Reaching the upper end of the Lothian-road, long before Jock or his friend, and many better mounted individuals, the Queen swept through Bread-street, and by the Main-point, into Lauriston, and so on through Bristo-street and Newington to Mayfield toll-bar—all this amidst the incessant cheering of the crowds that lined the streets and filled the windows.

At Mayfield toll-bar, where the Queen arrived at five o'clock, the

weary horses of the gentlemen of the western part of the county, who had ridden with her eight miles in little more than half-an-hour, were relieved, and those of the southern and eastern districts, marshalled by Captain Burn Callander, were waiting ready mounted. The change of horses took place here; and as this was the last, it may be now stated, that no less than 286 pairs in all were required for the Queen's journey, which were admirably supplied by Mr. Isaac Scott, postmaster, Kirkbraehead. Whilst the changes of the horses and escort were making, the immense crowds assembled here kept up the most deafening shouts—her Majesty, as usual, most graciously acknowledging their compliments, and then off dashed the carriage again with its followers, at such a pace, by Greenend and Gilmerton to Dalkeith, that the five miles were performed in twenty-three minutes. On reaching the Palace, the yeomen gave three hearty cheers as the royal pair alighted, and the Queen afterwards bowed graciously to them from the window of the drawing-room.

The royal dinner-party this day consisted of—

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT,

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,	Sir Robert Peel,
The Duchess of Norfolk,	The Hon. Miss Paget,
The Earl of Hardwick,	General Wemyss,
Lady Mary Campbell,	Sir James Clark,
The Earl and Countess of Cawdor,	Colonel Bouverie,
The Earl of Liverpool,	Captain Ingram,
The Earl of Aberdeen,	Captain Warren,
Lord Frederick and Lady Augusta Fitzclarence,	Lieutenant Atkins,
Lord and Lady John Scott,	Lieutenant Fenton,
Lord and Lady Emlyn,	Cornet Emmett.

CHAPTER XXV.

ROSLIN AND HAWTHORNDEN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great fatigue and excitement which Her Majesty had undergone during the long journey of the previous day, Wednesday morning, the 14th of September, saw the Queen and Prince Albert at breakfast at their usual early hour. Tempted by the beauty of the weather, the sun giving forth heat that more resembled midsummer than autumn, the royal pair walked forth into the grounds, between nine and ten o'clock, altogether unattended, and visited the point where the two rivers Esk unite.

About half-past two o'clock, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Bailie Richardson, and Sir William Drysdale, treasurer, whose recent death is now deplored, arrived for the purpose of presenting to His Royal Highness the freedom of the city. This document was beautifully written on vellum, with the principal words in gold letters—the case was made of crimson velvet, lined with orange silk, the city colours—and the city arms were exquisitely chased in gold, on the top of

the case. It ran in the following terms:—"At Edinburgh, the 3d day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, on which day the Right Honourable Sir James Forrest of Comiston, Baronet, Lord Provost, John Richardson, David Jugurtha Thomson, William Johnston, and Andrew Wilkie, Esquires, Bailies, John Ramsay, Esquire, Dean of Guild, Sir William Drysdale of Pittuchar, Knight, Treasurer, and the other members of the Town Council, in council assembled, admitted, and received, and do hereby admit and receive His Royal Highness Prince Albert, &c. &c., the consort of Her Most Gracious Majesty, in testimony of the respect entertained by the Magistrates and Council for the public and private virtues by which His Royal Highness adorns his high and exalted station." The freedom of the city was also presented at the same time to the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Sir Robert Peel.

After the deputation of the magistrates had withdrawn, the Very Rev. Dr. Lee, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, was introduced, and presented to His Royal Highness Prince Albert the diploma of Doctor of Laws, in an elegantly ornamented case. This had been conferred on His Royal Highness at a full meeting of the Senatus Academicus, held on the day that the Prince visited the University. His Royal Highness received these honours most graciously, and made condescending replies to the speeches that accompanied them.

Mr. Sanderson, the lapidary in St. Andrew-square, attended at Dalkeith Palace this day, with Scottish stones of all kinds, set as brooches, and in other forms, for the Queen's inspection, from which Her Majesty made a number of purchases.

At a little after three o'clock in the afternoon, the Queen and Prince Albert, and the Duchess of Buccleuch, drove out in an open carriage and four, with one outrider, and Colonel Bouverie fol-

lowing on horseback. They took the private approach leading out by the Sheriff-hall gate, and so to Melville east gate, whence they went by the upper terrace drive through the Melville grounds, out at the west gate, and so onward to the village of Loanhead. Turning off in the centre of the village at Bilston toll-bar, they turned to the left into the Roslin road, by which they drove on to visit that exquisite gem of Gothic architecture, the Chapel of Roslin, standing on the verge whence the banks slope rapidly down into the romantic glen. It was founded by William St. Clair, Earl of Caithness and Orkney, in 1446. Notwithstanding the damage it sustained from a mob in 1688, it is still very entire, and its restoration is going on slowly, but gradually, by direction of its noble proprietor the Earl of Rosslyn. It is erroneously called a chapel, being, in fact, the choir of the large collegiate church, dedicated to St. Matthew the evangelist, that was begun here. Its endowment was for a provost, six prebendaries, and two singing boys. It is 63 feet in length, 35 in breadth, and 40 in height, and its arched roof is supported by two rows of pillars, the whole presenting a specimen of the richest possible Gothic. The Royal party alighted, and the Queen examined the beautiful interior with great and evident gratification.

The vault under the eastern part of the chapel, is said to have the quality of preserving the bodies laid in it, for any length of time. It is believed that it was the custom with the Saint Clairs, to deposit their knights there in their armour, and without coffins. Sir Walter Scott, in his ballad of Rosabelle, makes a most picturesque use of the old superstition connected with this chapel, that on the death of any of the family, its whole interior appeared to be in flames.

"O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;

'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair."

The Queen seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in loitering within the aisles of this most interesting ancient edifice, remarkable for combining the solidity of the Norman, with the elegance and minuteness of decoration of the latest architecture of the Tudor age; and Her Majesty seemed, moreover, to enjoy the prosing of the cicerone, who tells of the ingenious *prentice*, who, whilst his superior went to Rome to consult as to how the most beautiful of its pillars should be executed, himself conceived its design, and finished it, and was murdered by the jealousy of his master, who killed him on his return with a blow of his hammer. The head of the murdered youth, with the cut on his skull, and that of his weeping mother, with the tears in her eyes, all curiously carved in stone on the capitals

of two of the pillars, attest the veracity of the story. The *prentice's* pillar is an exquisite piece of workmanship. It has a minute and elegantly carved tracery running spirally around it, so that it will be easily recognised in the engraving of the interior of the chapel, given in this work. The legendary story of the wager between King Robert Bruce and William de Saint Clair, loses much by the demise of the cicerone who died some years ago, and even his narrative was but a feeble shadow of that told by the ancient woman who was his predecessor. In the hands of the present narrator it is deprived of all that euphonious recitative, giving a tenfold interest to ballad story, and which doubtless increased the relish even of the productions of Ariosto himself. The tombstone of Sir William de Saint Clair, is pointed out in the pavement of the chapel, with his foot upon a greyhound. There are few recumbent sepulchral effigies of knights which have not some animal in a similar position. But the legend accounts for the dog being so placed in this case. Saint Clair was one day engaged in hunting with the King in Roslin moor, when they started a white deer. The Knight of Roslin immediately wagered his head that his good greyhounds, Help and Hold, would catch the deer before it should cross the march burn. The chase was long and doubtful, the gallant dogs sticking hard at the heels of their prey, until the deer darted down into the glen, and made directly for the burn. In the anxiety of his mind lest he should forfeit his pledge, Saint Clair called out to the leading dog,

> "Help!—haud an ye may,
> Or Roslin will tyne his head this day!"

At this moment Help, making an extraordinary effort, dashed into the burn after the deer, and seized him and pulled him down before he could reach the bank, and so saved his master. The ancient chroni-

cler who last told the story used to add, that "the queen, who was present, said to Saint Clair, 'Roslin, I would not have gi'en a haggis and a horn spoon for thy head,'—"whilk shewed," said the old man, "that queens in those days suppit their haggises wi' horn spoons." Stung with the queen's remark, the knight, with more prudence than justice or feeling, declared that he should never be so tempted to peril his head in the same way again, and setting his foot on the neck of poor Help, he put him instantly to death.

The Queen remained for some time in the chapel, admiring its beauties, and listening to its legends, and especially to this last, and so gaining the simple heart of their historian, whilst the Prince and the Duchess were walking about outside. Her Majesty's desire to see every thing led her to descend two or three of the broken steps leading down to the crypt below; but the *custode* having assured her that there was nothing particularly interesting there, Her Majesty was induced to return.

It would have been a sight calculated to have conjured up much curious reflection, to have beheld the Queen of Great Britain under the vaulted roof of this ancient fane—the ruler over two united countries for ages in deadly hostility against each other—and in the close vicinity of that field of battle, where the Scottish army, under Sir Symon Fraser and Sir John Cuming, with 10,000 men, attacked and successively routed the three divisions of the army of Edward I., under Ralf Confrey, mustering 30,000 in all. In the person of Queen Victoria we have the gratifying pledge that there shall be no more such bloody battles between brethren, but that Scot and Southron and Irishmen will continue to fight together to the end of time in defence of the united crown, and the kingdoms which it rules.

The royal party had no time left to bestow on the Castle, which

stands on an isolated rock, richly wooded, and projecting like a promontory towards the deep chasm of the river North Esk, and cut off from the neighbouring high ground by a narrow ravine, over which there is a romantic bridge. The river here makes a grand sweep around the base of the promontory, and then throws itself into a wild rocky gorge, through which it fights its way in a series of rapids, alternating with deep pools. The Gaelic name of *Ross* a promontory, and *lyn* a profound abyss, accurately designates the situation of the building. The whole surrounding scenery is enchanting, and the more so that it is intimately associated with Scottish song. The ruin, though only a portion of the original building, contains a number of apartments, and some of these are curiously cut out of the rock. The castle was probably founded in the beginning of the 12th century, when William de Sancto Clere, son to Waldernus de St. Clere, who came over with William the Conqueror, obtained from Malcolm Canmore a grant of the barony of Roslin. In 1554 it was burned by the army of Henry VIII., along with Leith and Craigmillar.

The royal party having again got into the carriage, it returned and passed through the charming village of Lasswade, formerly described. A richer spot for confined wood or river scenery cannot be found. Crossing the bridge, they took the Polton road, and so drove towards Hawthornden. An immense number of people had collected at various places where a favourable view of the Queen might be expected, and she was received everywhere with the most sincere demonstrations of affection and respect; and these marks of loyalty were always responded to with Her Majesty's wonted condescension. The huge omnibus which carries passengers between Lasswade and Edinburgh, happened to arrive after the Queen had passed. Andrew Cuddie, its proprietor and driver, immediately invited every one to mount with him. No sooner said than done,

and in defiance of all Acts of Parliament, at least twenty people—old women and young, men and boys—were perched outside; and away he went up the steep hill like Jehu, galloping after the Royal carriage, and fast as it went, Mr. Cuddie contrived to reach the gate of Hawthornden grounds as the royal party was entering, and in time for his flying detachment to give the Queen a hearty cheer.

It was about five o'clock when the royal party alighted at the outer doorway of the old edifice of Hawthornden, where they were received by Mr. Henderson, factor to the proprietor, Sir Francis Walker Drummond, Bart., who, with his lady, was unfortunately from home. It is difficult to say whether the most interesting parts of this assemblage of old walls, built at various times, are those of the ancient keep, and other fragments, which start up in picturesque ruin, but of strength and thickness that would seem to defy farther decay, except by progress so slow as to throw the mind back for centuries ere it can account for that which time has wrought on them—or whether the modern, more humble, but entire and habitable portions, are not more full of associations coming closer home to the human heart of civilized life. With the first of these, history does not enable us with certainty to connect the name of any founder; but with the second, the name of William Drummond, the poet—the friend of Ben Jonson—is intimately linked. Drummond, the poet, was the descendant of a family from which the Queen traces her remote lineage, through Queen Annabella Drummond, formerly mentioned, who was daughter of Sir John Drummond of Stobhall, ancestor of the noble family of Perth. The magnificent golden goblet and ewer, presented to the family of Drummond by Queen Annabella, have been already described in that part of this work having reference to Drummond Castle. The poetical genius of her son, James I., entitles him to a conspicuous place in the

early history of Scottish poetry. The elegant poet of Hawthornden was descended from her brother William, who, by his marriage with one of the daughters and co-heiresses of Airth of Airth, acquired the estate of Carnock in Stirlingshire. The poet rebuilt the greater part of this more modern edifice, and lived in it as his residence. The site is peculiarly romantic. A bold crag juts prominently out from those in its neighbourhood, and projects over the stream of the Esk. Its base is clothed for a good way up, with rich foliage, and the walls appear to identify themselves with the summit of the rock, the bare front of which is perforated with mysterious looking cavernous openings.

The gate of entrance into the court-yard, though more modern than the tower, is older than the present dwelling-house. Besides the Royal party, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Cumming and her nieces the

Misses Miller, the Misses Hay, Captain and Mrs. Elliott, the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, and the Rev. Mr. Brown, were admitted within the portal. The Queen was ushered into the hall, and thence Her Majesty proceeded to a door admitting her to the view from the back of the house, commanding the deep glen of the Esk looking downwards. This sudden and unexpected introduction to a burst of scenery so exceedingly wild and beautiful, where rocks, wood, and water are so happily brought into composition, struck the royal pair so very much, that they gave way to their delight in many strong and animated expressions of admiration.

On their return to the hall, Mr. Henderson pointed out to the Queen the old oaken table which belonged to Robert III., who espoused Annabella Drummond. The Queen and the Prince minutely examined the initials and dates upon this curious piece of antiquity. They were then shewn the two-handed sword said to have belonged to Robert Bruce. The Prince was much interested with it, and he particularly remarked its immense hilt or handle, made of the horn of the sea unicorn. The royal party then proceeded to look down into the well, cut through the solid rock to an immense depth. The effect of this is curious, owing to the light breaking laterally into it at a point a good way down, from one of the subterranean galleries. From thence they went to the seat at the brink of the rock, at the west end of the house, which looks plumb into the glen and up the course of the river, commanding all the grand scenery of wooded precipices, between which the stream is seen making its way through the stony masses encumbering its bed below. The Queen and the Prince were so much charmed with this view that they remained for a considerable time enjoying it, and expressing the delight which it gave them. The Prince read to the Queen the inscription on the tablet inserted into the wall, alluding to the poet; and Mr. Henderson

mentioned to Her Majesty that there was a large sycamore in front of the house, the growth of many centuries, and under which it was that Drummond of Hawthornden met his friend and brother poet, Ben Jonson, who had walked all the way from London to visit him, on which occasion they are said thus to have saluted each other,

"Welcome, welcome, Royal Ben!"—
"Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden!"

Her Majesty said that she had remarked its huge branches as she approached. The Queen having expressed a wish to visit the cave, to which access is gained by a path leading through the little garden, that slopes downwards into a small hollow, under the west side of the old walls, a movement was made to that effect, but on looking around and seeing the immense number of people that had assembled there from Roslin and other places in the vicinity, Her Majesty hesitated a little as to the propriety of descending, observing to Prince Albert, that "there was a great crowd below." Upon this Mr. Henderson went out and spoke to the people, the greater part of whom at once retreated to the opposite bank of the flower-garden, whilst the remainder formed themselves into two lines along the path the Queen required to take. In the meanwhile Colonel Bouverie, at the suggestion of Prince Albert, stepped forward to the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, who chanced to be there, and Captain Elliott of the Royal Navy, and said, that "if the gentlemen present would form a guard around Her Majesty's person, for the purpose of keeping the people at a proper distance, there would be no difficulty in her effecting the descent." Mr. Mackenzie then approached the Prince, and introduced himself as the parish clergyman, assuring him that he and Captain Elliott "would be answer-

able that the people should not encroach on Her Majesty's royal person." Their services were accepted, and the people having been cautioned by their pastor in a friendly way to keep back, the Queen, leaning on the Prince's arm, and protected by Mr. Mackenzie and Captain Elliott to right and left, was enabled to trip down the little path to the entrance of the caverns, all present conducting themselves in the most orderly and unobtrusive manner. Two persons were placed at the entrance with lights, and the Royal party got in without any difficulty. The Queen had another peep down into the well from this stage, and a still lower entrance to it was pointed out to her, formed by a cavern which has been explored for a considerable way in the direction of the river, and which, according to popular tradition, had at one time a communication with Roslin. The origin and purpose of these most curious perforations cannot be exactly traced, but they were certainly used in troublesome times as places of retreat and concealment; for, as has been already hinted at, it is known historically that Lord Dalhousie's ancestor, the famous Sir Alexander Ramsay concealed himself in these caves with a company of bold young men in the year 1338, at the time when Scotland was overrun by the forces of Edward III., and made several successful sallies hence against the English, and signally defeated them under Robert Manvers, near Wark Castle, on the Borders, cutting the whole of their force to pieces. In those days, to be of Sir Alexander Ramsay's band, was considered as a necessary branch of military education. This was the gallant but unfortunate knight whom the Douglas of Liddesdale starved to death in Hermitage Castle. The caves, though all connected with each other, have the various names of the King's Gallery, the King's Bedchamber, and the Guard-room. The Duchess of Buccleuch walked up some steps leading to an opening in the face of the precipitous rock,

whence a singularly fine view of the scenery is commanded, but which is somewhat dangerous, from being quite unprotected. The Queen called to the Duchess to "take care and not go too near;" but perceiving that she maintained her position without apprehension, Her Majesty walked up to the same place, and there remained for some time admiring the view. The Queen asked many questions about the different subterraneous apartments, and appeared much gratified with all she saw.

The Royal party now returned to the carriage, which was drawn up under the shade of the great sycamore tree, and after they were seated, the people, chiefly well-dressed matrons and lasses, crowded thickly around the vehicle, so that it would have been impossible for the horses to have moved without doing injury to some of them. The Prince observing this, ordered the postilions not to stir till every thing was clear. Some time elapsed before a passage could be effected, during which the good people continued bowing and bobbing with an endless motion, like that of the rise and fall of the small waves on a piece of water. The Queen laughed at the absurdity of the scene, but at the same time acknowledged the unsophisticated compliments of these her worthy subjects, with the greatest good humour, and Her Majesty's condescension elicited joyful exclamations of "Long live our bonny Queen!—God bless Her Majesty!" expressions sufficiently touching in themselves, and which were not lost on her kind heart. It was a fine thing to behold the Queen of Great Britain, without guards of any kind, in the midst of the romantic shades of classic Hawthornden, surrounded by some 500 or 600 of the simple rural population of the district, thus so fervently bidding "God bless her." As the equipage drove off, their loyalty burst forth in loud and prolonged cheers, that made the rocks and the woods resound.

During the time that the Queen was occupied in seeing Hawthornden, the flying party attached to Mr. Andrew Cuddie's omnibus, had leisure to furnish themselves with sticks, to which they tied their pocket-handkerchiefs. When the Royal carriage again appeared, therefore, they met Her Majesty with a cheering and a waving that did not fail to attract her attention. She smiled as she acknowledged the compliment, and the Royal carriage had no sooner passed, than Mr. Cuddie put his cattle to the top of their speed after it. But the pace at which the Queen went was much too fast for poor Andrew to vie with, carrying the terrific weight he did, and consequently he was soon completely distanced. The Queen, and the Prince, and the Duchess, were so much amused with Mr. Cuddie's fruitless efforts to make his clumsy vehicle come up with them, that they were seen looking over the back of the carriage, and laughing heartily.

Turning to the right at Polton House, the Royal carriage passed through the village of Bonnyrig, and so returned to Dalkeith Palace.

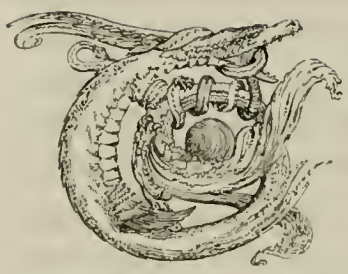
The Royal party at dinner consisted of—

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT,

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,
The Duchess of Norfolk,
The Earl of Aberdeen,
The Earl and Countess of Cawdor,
The Earl of Hardwick,
The Earl of Liverpool,
Sir Robert Peel,
Lord and Lady Emlyn,
Lord and Lady John Scott,
The Hon. Miss Paget,
Lady Mary Campbell,
General Wemyss,
Colonel Bouverie,
Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. G. E. Anson,
Mr. Balfour,
Sir James Clark,
Captain Barber,
Lieutenant White,
Lieutenant Fleming,
Lieutenant Dodds,
Mr. G. Talbot.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DEPARTURE.



This Thursday, the 15th of September, was in every respect beautiful. Those who were early astir walked about congratulating each other on the loveliness of the morning, because on this day the Queen was to embark on that element which has been placed by Providence more particularly under her control. But yet the sunshine threw no reflection of joy upon the loyal hearts of Her Majesty's Scottish subjects, gloomy as they were from the heavy thought that she was about to leave the Caledonian soil. The national pride of the people is well-known to be sufficiently strong. What could have so much flattered this feeling as the actual possession of their own Queen, within the territorial confines of their own ancient kingdom? But now this glory was about to be removed from them,—the Sun of Royalty was about to depart from their hemisphere,—and they who for a brief space had been enabled to talk of the Queen and of the Prince, as if the Queen and the Prince had exclusively belonged to

them, and who, instead of hearing of the doings of the Court at second hand from their friends in London, had for a time enjoyed the proud privilege of transmitting similar intelligence thither,—were now, alas! about to be brought back to their former humble state, and to take their place collectively as one of those rods in the great bundle, upon the adherence of the integral parts of which together—and God grant that they may for ever be united! —must depend the strength of the realm which Her Majesty governs. But one last look they were determined to have; and accordingly, from a very early hour in the morning, the whole population was agog, and eagerly rushing each to that point which appeared to the individual to be most favourable for the attainment of the object. The following intimation had appeared on the previous evening:—

"Council Chambers, Edinburgh, *Wednesday 14th September, 5 o'clock,* p.m.

"The Lord Provost and Magistrates have to announce to their fellow-citizens, that Her Majesty intends to leave Dalkeith Palace to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, and to enter the city by Nicolson-street, passing down to Granton-pier by the South and North-bridges, Princes-street, Hanover-street, and Canonmills bridge. To prevent accidents, no person will be permitted to stand on the North-bridge, or Canonmills bridge until Her Majesty has passed; and it is particularly requested that the carriage-way along the whole route shall be kept perfectly clear."

To give effect to this announcement, all the cross streets leading into the great line through which the Queen was to pass, were barricaded off, and strong bodies of constables, of infantry, and of dragoons, were posted at the more important points. The necessity of

these precautions for the preservation of order was sufficiently proved by the immense multitudes which everywhere crowded the streets. From the Dalkeith road at Newington, all the way to Granton, a distance of four miles, there was one continued mass of human heads on both sides of the way, with the exception of the bridges cleared by the military. One mistake only was committed, and how that arose it is difficult to conceive. The dragoons who kept the North-bridge were posted in the centre of it, and consequently the carriages, after being allowed to drive some four or five hundred yards unnecessarily, as far as the middle of the bridge, were compelled to turn there in an extremely narrow space, so that, if several had chanced to come at the same time, they must have produced that very confusion which the troopers were placed there to prevent. Every window, balcony, or place of vantage along the line was tenanted by eager occupants at an early hour, and no position was yielded up even for a moment, lest the holder of it might thereby be prevented from giving one last enthusiastic greeting to the Queen, ere she should commit her sacred and beloved person to the waves, and showering blessings on her head.

The Queen and Prince Albert arose at their usual early hour, and having had breakfast in their private apartments, they descended to the marble hall, where they were received by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and the other persons of distinction then in the palace. Her Majesty conversed with her wonted animation and condescension with those present, and especially expressed, in the strongest terms, the great gratification which her visit to Scotland had afforded her, and her high satisfaction with the kind reception she had experienced from all ranks during her sojourn among her Scottish subjects.

A large detachment of the 53d regiment were drawn up, with the

band, in front of the palace, and the Royal carriage, quite open, stood ready at the door. At ten minutes past eight o'clock, the Queen appeared, and having taken her seat with the aid of the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Liverpool, she was followed by Prince Albert, with the Duchess of Buccleuch, who was especially invited by Her Majesty to accompany her in the Royal carriage. The Queen was dressed in a pink crape bonnet, and a beautiful new woollen tartan shawl, manufactured by Messrs. David Sime and Son, South Bridge, and named "The Queensberry," in honour of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry. The 53d regiment presented arms, the band playing "God Save the Queen," and the Royal carriage, escorted by a party of the Inniskilling dragoons, then proceeded along the approach to Sheriffhall gate, now called the Queen's gate, from its being that by which Her Majesty first entered the ducal grounds, and by which she left them. Lord and Lady John Scott, and Lord and Lady Emlyn, followed in another carriage. The Duke of Buccleuch, Mr. Anson, and several other gentlemen, accompanied the carriage on horseback. The moment the party had left Dalkeith Park, the royal standard, which had been floating from the highest pinnacle of the palace, ever since Her Majesty's arrival in Scotland, was immediately lowered.

The royal cortege proceeded towards Edinburgh by the Edmonstone road, the Queen being everywhere cheered by the people collected in numerous knots by the wayside, and followed by the warmest and most affectionate aspirations of "God bless Her Majesty!" "God bless our bonny Queen!" The Royal carriage entered the city at a rapid rate, by East Preston-street and Clerk-street, exactly at half-past eight o'clock, whence it gradually went more gently till it reached St. Patrick-square, from which it proceeded at a very slow pace, for the evident purpose of allowing to all a full opportunity of seeing Her Majesty; and well did all respond to this

their Sovereign's most kind consideration—for louder or more prolonged cheers, or more incessant waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and shawls, were never heard or seen on any similar occasion. One station in Nicolson-street was occupied by the girls of the Trades' Maiden Hospital, who were drawn up along the pavement; but the most interesting spectacle was produced by the inmates of the Blind Asylum in that street, who were ranked up in front of the institution, with their own instrumental band, playing "God Save the Queen." Her Majesty, who was continually occupied in making gracious acknowledgments to the compliments paid her from both sides of the way, seemed to be particularly struck with this most movingsig ht. Passing on towards the front of the University, and so by South Bridge-street across the High-street, and by North Bridge-street, there was one continued acclamation of cheering, which was deafening to the ears. Flags and banners were displayed in various places along the Queen's route, and there were some very beautiful floral decorations.

No sooner did the Royal carriage appear upon the North Bridge, than the old castle began to pour forth its thunder over the city, in a royal salute, and whilst this was going on, the people in the southern half of the town, trusting to the slow pace at which the Royal carriage moved down the North Bridge, rushed up the High-street, and so down Bank-street and the Mound, like some mighty mountain river or terrific flood, in order to gain one last view of the Queen, from the neighbourhood of the Royal Institution. The Theatre, at the east end of Princes-street, was covered with flags, presenting a very gay appearance; and as the Royal carriage proceeded along that street, the crowds of people, with their arms, hats, and handkerchiefs, all in motion, and the bright sun, gleaming from the golden helmets of the dragoons, the shouts of the thousands, and the roar of the guns, produced an effect that would have been most animating, had it not been

that it was the farewell to their joy, and that their hearts were saddened by the thought.

On turning up South Hanover-street, the crowds were so dense as to produce considerable inconvenience. At the crossing in George-street, a party of the Royal Archers, under Sir John Hope, were stationed at the statue of George IV., to receive Her Majesty. The Queen, having stopped the carriage, conversed with their leader for a few minutes, after which the Archers took their places by the carriage. The various cross ways that come in between this point and Fettes-row, acting as feeders to the immense multitude around, and in the rear of the Royal carriage, made it necessary that the horses should go extremely gently down this long series of steep streets. The number of women was immense, and many of them had children in their arms. One man was thrown down, and both the wheels on one side of the carriage passed over his back. He got up with the wheel marks on his shoulders—gave himself one shake—picked up his hat—and then followed the procession, cheering as if nothing had happened. Having passed down North Hanover-street, across Queen-street, and between the Queen-street gardens to Dundas-street,—the spectacle, as seen from Queen-street was extremely striking, the spectator looking throughout the whole length of vista produced by Dundas-street, Pitt-street, and Brandon-street, all filled with one dark moving mass of heads, only relieved by the red uniform of the dragoons, and their glistering golden helmets, whilst the whole windows in the fronts of the houses, on either side, were in motion from the active waving of handkerchiefs by those who filled them. The multitude here was greatly augmented by the stoppage of the people at the bridge of Canonmills, till the Royal carriage should pass. The crowd being thus forced back, whilst the pressure was continually accumulating from the rear, and receiving great additional acces-

sions from the Broughton road, the efforts of the dragoons to keep the bridge clear, were at last rendered quite ineffectual. Impelled by the fearful crush from behind, the crowd involuntarily burst through all restraint, and filled the bridge with so dense a mass, that the Queen, with that humane consideration for the safety of her people uniformly manifested by her upon all occasions, ordered the procession to halt till the way was perfectly opened up. This was effected by the delay of a few minutes, and the carriage then proceeded along Inverleith-row into the Granton-road, amidst the enthusiastic and reiterated acclamations of the immense multitude, whose feelings of devoted attachment to their Sovereign were more than ever aroused by this striking act of considerate regard for their safety and comfort, which so many of them witnessed, and which was soon circulated throughout the whole mass, until every grateful heart gave vent to its feelings by uniting in loud and deafening cheers.

Her Majesty's Ministers then in Scotland, having taken into consideration the lateness of the season, and the delay which had been occasioned in the Royal voyage from Woolwich to Granton, by the tedious and unpleasant process of tugging the yacht, had thought it their duty to recommend that the General Steam Navigation Company's steamer, the Trident, should be employed for the return to London. The Queen would have doubtless been happy to have again sailed, as before, with Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, and his officers and crew, who had so well served her on her way down; but Her Majesty was so perfectly aware of the wisdom of the recommendation made to her, that she determined to adopt it. Orders were dispatched to engage the vessel, and the Directors of the Company immediately instructed Mr. Taylor, upholsterer in Great Sloane-street, Borough, to spare no expense in fitting her up in the most splendid manner; and, accordingly, the decorations were in a style so grand as even to eclipse

those of the Royal George yacht. The Trident is 1200 tons burden, and she measures 200 feet in length. The saloon, which is an elegant apartment, of about 38 by 33 feet, was provided with gilt chairs, covered with crimson velvet, relieved with silver—sofas and ottomans of crimson damask—and the floor was covered with a Brussels carpet of the finest possible description. The passage-cloth was of figured velvet. The mast, which rises through the saloon, and presents the appearance of a pillar, was veneered with satinwood and inlaid with rosewood, with the arms of the Company introduced in the middle. All the other fittings of the room were in the same style, so that the whole *coup d'œil* of this apartment and its decorations was quite splendid. The library, situated immediately at the stern of the vessel, contained a choice collection of books. A passage leads from the saloon to that apartment prepared as the royal stateroom, measuring 15 feet by 12, and 7 feet in height. It was furnished with two French beds, fitted up with pale blue silk damask, and cambric muslin curtains, the coverlet being of rich white satin edged with gold. The Queen, however, gave orders that these beds should be taken down, and her own removed thither from the Royal George yacht, and put up in their stead. The room was furnished with handsome dressing-tables, and a very elegant chair covered with figured satin, two crimson velvet footstools, and a Japanese table of rosewood, beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The dressing-rooms, immediately adjoining the royal stateroom, were equally superb. The ladies' saloon was elegantly fitted up and carpeted for the suite, with twenty staterooms attached to it. But it was afterwards used for the admiral's mess-room ; for in addition to the medical staff, including Dr. Reid, the royal household on board the Trident consisted only of three dressers, two pages, three cooks, and four footmen. Lord Liverpool went on board the Trident on the

previous day to satisfy himself that all the arrangements necessary for the voyage were complete. Whilst Sir Edward Brace, Vice-Admiral of the White, was appointed to the chief command of the squadron, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence was continued as Commodore; and whilst Captain Sharpe of the General Steam Navigation Company took charge of the Trident, Captain Bullock, royal navy, acted as pilot-in-chief. The other officers were, Commander Crouch, Lieutenant Cannon, Mr. Inglefield, and Dr. Greenish. The remainder of the royal squadron consisted of the Royal George yacht; the Daphne, corvette; Jaseur, 16 gun brig; the Salamander, Rhadamanthus, Black Eagle, Lightning, Shearwater, and Fearless, steamships; and the Trinity yacht, with the Deputy-master and Elder Brethren on board.

The Trident had come alongside the Granton pier at five o'clock on the previous evening, with the Admiral's flag flying at the fore. Sir Edward himself was on board; and Captain Bain, the active and intelligent superintendent of the pier, having previously made all necessary preparations for her reception, she was moored on the eastern side, where the Queen had disembarked on her arrival. No other vessel was allowed to come there. In the course of the morning the heavy baggage, with seventeen horses, and several carriages, were shipped on board the Monarch, which was lying on the west side of the pier. From the excellence of the arrangements, the Government steamers touched at the pier in rotation, and received the Royal carriages in the most perfect order. Many of the lighter articles were put on board the Trident, and amongst these were the antlers of one of the stags shot by Prince Albert in the forest of Glenartney. A superb crown, composed of the finest dahlias,—and a splendid collection of green-house exotics, including a very fine specimen of *lisianthus russelinus*, with an hundred and

fifty blossoms on it, arrived from the extensive nurseries of Messrs. Dickson and Son, besides several select bouquets, composed of the loveliest and most fragrant flowers of the season. When the flowing tide had raised the Trident to a sufficient degree of elevation, Mr. Howkins, the engineer on the Granton works, threw a gangway of a new and ingenious principle of construction, from the pier to the main-deck, at the entrance to the state-cabin beneath the poop; and a platform having been laid across the pier, from the place where the Royal carriage was to stop to the gangway, the whole was covered with crimson cloth.

A division of the Royal Archers, in full field uniform, arrived a little before eight o'clock, preceded by their band. This body was under the command of Lord Elcho, and Major Pringle—and the other officers present with this division were, Lord Dalhousie, Sir John Forbes, and Sir George Mackenzie. Mr. Claud Russell, and Mr. Alexander Thomson were the standard-bearers. The archers formed in two lines, on each side of the platform. At about half-past eight o'clock, a detachment of the 53d regiment marched down to the pier as a guard of honour, lined the side of the wharf, and formed across part of the pier, leaving room for the Royal carriage to drive up. The Inniskilling band was in attendance, and continued to play from time to time. The company collected upon the pier were those to whom the Duke of Buccleuch had kindly allowed tickets to be issued, and consequently they were more respectable than numerous. Sir Neil Douglas, and the officers of the North British Staff were there in full uniform; and amongst others present were, the Lord Justice-Clerk, the Lord Provost, Lord Robert Kerr, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Baronet, Sir William Allan, Sir William Drysdale, and the Magistrates of Edinburgh, the Provost and Magistrates of Leith, and some others, together with several naval officers in uniform, and

a great concourse of elegantly dressed ladies adding very much to the beauty and effect of the scene. It is striking to remark the numerous deaths which have occurred among those who bore prominent parts in the stirring passages described in these pages. To this melancholy list must be added the name of Lord Robert Kerr, whose recent loss is deeply and generally regretted in Edinburgh, where he so long officially resided.

The whole of the high ground sloping down towards Granton was covered by an early hour with well-dressed people, the square was filled, and every window and balcony was crammed, so that not a spot was left unoccupied. The Castle guns were heard—all were upon the tiptoe of expectation,—and in due time the cheers of the people on the hill announced the approach of the Royal carriage, and it was soon afterwards recognised by the glittering helmets of its escort, as it slowly descended the declivity of the eastern approach to Granton; the whole extensive face of the hill, both above and below the road, being thrown into active motion by its appearance, every arm waving a hat, or a handkerchief, or a shawl—and the shouts coming softened by the distance. The carriage drove on through the square amidst the loudest cheering, and the moment it entered the pier gate the Royal standard was hoisted on the flag-staff. The whole effect was exceedingly fine. On came the Royal carriage along the pier, and drew up opposite to the end of the platform, within the open space kept by the military and the archers, exactly at twenty minutes past nine o'clock, to the very minute of time appointed. The Queen was received by the most enthusiastic shouts from all assembled, whilst every scrap of bunting was run up to the mast-head of every vessel at or near the pier—and the yards were manned with seamen in their best attire, all combining to produce a most animating scene, full of extraordinary excitement, where joyous loyalty was strangely

mingled with an uncontrolable sadness of heart. The Royal carriage was preceded by the Duke of Buccleuch, who sprang from his horse, threw the reins to a groom, and stood ready, with his hat off, to attend the embarkation of his Sovereign, as he had received her on her landing. The Duke assisted Her Majesty to alight from the carriage,—the military presented arms,—the archers saluted,—the bands played " God Save the Queen,"—the gentlemen and ladies around cheered and waved their hats and handkerchiefs,—and whilst hoarse hurrahs came down from the manned yards in the sky above, the continued cheering of the people on the far off hill and about Granton added to the volume of sound. Amidst all this, the Duke led the Queen along the platform, whilst she bowed gracefully, and apparently with great feeling, to right and left as she passed, and, followed by Prince Albert and the Duchess of Buccleuch, Her Majesty was safely placed on the deck of the Trident, where the Royal standard was hoisted, amidst the discharge of guns fired in salute by the Daphne and Jaseur ships of war, then lying in the roads, whilst a battery placed on the intended site of the new pier at Burntisland, on the Fife shore of the Firth of Forth, discoursed sweet music, yet more mellowed by the greater distance the sound travelled across the water. Admiral Sir Edward Brace received the Queen at the foot of the gangway, with Captain Bullock and Commander Crouch on his right and left hand, and the other officers of the vessel stationed on the larboard side of the deck, all saluted Her Majesty in the usual form.

Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence was on the main-deck, and there Her Majesty stood for some time with the Prince, conversing with those who had accompanied her on board, and several ladies were presented by the Duchess of Buccleuch, whilst the Duke presented a number of the officers in attendance. The Queen and Prince Albert were

then conducted into the saloon, and in a few minutes they re-appeared on deck, Her Majesty having expressed herself highly gratified with the accommodation provided for her. After inspecting the vessel, the Prince accosted Mr. Hamilton, the manager of the Steam Navigation Company, and graciously assured him of the satisfaction which both the Queen and himself felt with the exertions made for their comfort. The Duke of Buccleuch also received Her Majesty's instructions to inform Captain Bain of her approbation of all he had so well done to facilitate her embarkation.

The time having now come when old Caledonia was to be deprived of the sunshine of her Queen's presence, Her Majesty kissed the Duchess of Buccleuch, and some of the other ladies, and shook hands with the Duke; and the Prince having shaken hands with the Duke and Duchess, and the other distinguished personages, he gave his arm to the Queen, and led her up to the poop. The Duke's party then came on shore, and the gangway was removed. Whilst the vessel was preparing to get under weigh, the Queen and the Prince stood on the poop alone, surveying the scene with the most lively expression of interest and emotion, occasionally acknowledging the cheers of those assembled on the pier. And certainly the scene at that moment was one of extreme beauty and touching interest; the sea, smooth as a lake, reflecting the chastened sunshine, mellowed by some hazy films that now hung over the Firth, which was covered with steamers, vessels, and boats of all sizes, decorated with innumerable flags. But the chief point of attraction to those on the pier, was that group on the deck of the vessel, composed of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, and her illustrious consort, who were now about to bid farewell to the Scottish land.

At three minutes before ten o'clock exactly, the moorings were cast off, and the Trident, with her steam on, moved majestically

from the pier, whilst the Inniskilling band struck up "God Save the Queen," amidst the loud cheers of those assembled on the pier, from the sailors on the yards and rigging of the vessels, as well as from the thousands on the face of the hill, and about Granton.

The gallant craft kept her course slowly but steadily along in a line with the pier, whilst the Queen, coming to the larboard quarter, acknowledged with great earnestness of manner the parting greetings of her subjects. Heavy were the hearts of those who poured forth united acclamations, mingled with loudly repeated aspirations of "God bless your Majesty!"—"God bless you both!"—"God grant you a safe and happy voyage!" And as the vessel gradually bore off from the pier, the waving of the handkerchiefs of the ladies, was ever and anon interrupted by the necessity which arose for applying them to clear the moisture from their eyes, whilst even some of the hardiest of the men felt their powers of cheer-

ing impeded by a strange choking in the throat, which they could not well account for; and after the vessel was beyond the reach of catching the sound of their cheers, and that their outstretched eyes could no longer detect that beloved figure to which all their affectionate regard had been so long directed, they slowly left the pier in little family knots—sunk in spirits—silently wrapped up in their own thoughts—and but little disposed to notice passing salutations.

As the Trident was gallantly pushing her way out into the open Firth, she was surrounded by boats containing the fisherwomen from Newhaven, who came in their quaint looking caps and kerchiefs, and brilliant coloured costumes, to give their Queen one cheer more. Her Majesty had been frequently struck with the picturesque dress and appearance of these women, and the attachment which they showed to her Royal person was perfectly enthusiastic. Whether it was written by some Sappho of their own number cannot now be discovered, but the following song, in their native dialect, was said to have been sung by them on this occasion, to the tune of "The Laird of Cockpen," as a last greeting to Her Majesty.

Shine forth with effulgence bright monarch of day—
Depart noo ye clouds, obstruct not a ray;
For muckle we've heard o', but noo we shall see,
Our dainty young Queen, wi' the bonny blue e'e.

See subjects in thousands hae come from afar,
A' loyal in peace, as they're dauntless in war—
Wi' sound o' their war pipes, a welcome to gi'e
Their dainty young Queen, wi' the bonny blue e'e.

Hark! cannons are booming a Royal salute;
The bells are a' ringin', nae tongue can be mute,—
Noo calm and majestic, 'mid thunderin' glee,
Approaches our Queen, wi' the bonny blue e'e.

All hail, august Sov'reign, Victoria the Fair!
All hail, Princely Consort! how lovely a pair!—
But wha can divide their allegiance to thee,
Thou peerless young Queen, wi' the bonny blue e'e!

May blessin's the richest attend thee and thine!
To counsels the safest assent and incline.
Rule meekly a people, wise, powerfu', and free,
Thou clement young Queen, wi' the bonny blue e'e.

Still shield thy dominions frae wars and alarms,
Enlarged be thy bounty, resistless thine arms!
Quell each aggression on land and on sea,
Thou potent young Queen, wi' the bonny blue e'e.

When loaded wi' honours, and fu'ness of age,
Thy fair fame inscribed upon Victory's page,
A crown everlasting thy heritage be,
Thou pious young Queen, wi' the bonny blue e'e.

And when thou art gane to a happier sphere,
Long reign thy descendants illustrious here,
Each pointing wi' pride to the root o' their tree,
Thou fruitfu' young Queen, wi' the bonny blue e'e.

God bless your dear bairnies, the Princess and Prince!
Alexander the Great was as wee as them ainee,
But may they just equal in worth and degree,
Our dainty young Queen, wi' the bonny blue e'e.

Your Majesty's visit we'll never forget,
Our hearts bob aboon like the floats on our net,
And sailors unborn will yet dance on our knee,
When tell'd o' our Queen wi' the bonny blue e'e.

Farewell, august Sovereign, Victoria the Fair!
Farewell Royal Consort, our prayers you will share;
But heart, head, and hand, we're devoted to thee,
Thou matchless young Queen, wi' the bonny blue e'e.

Now, hear this, ye millions, and ponder it weel!
As long as we live by the fish and the creel;
Our husbands may gloom,—but subject we'll be
To nane but our Queen, wi' the bonny blue e'e.

The Queen and her Royal Consort could not catch the words of this song, which, though it savours little of the courtly style of versification and phrase, wont to be employed by a poet laureate, is yet sufficiently replete with honest warmth of feeling; but Her Majesty and the Prince were much gratified by the appearance of these sea-nymphs, and by their hearty parting cheers.

The wind being a leading one, the whole squadron got under weigh, presenting a beautiful moving picture; but passing proudly through them, as if conscious of the precious Royal freight she carried, the Trident shot a-head of them all. The Queen and the Prince kept the deck, Her Majesty in full admiration of the beautiful scenery of the Firth, and satiating her eyes with the last views of the distant city. She was extremely interested in every thing that was done for the navigation of the ship, and put many questions to the officers regarding the coast and the islands. The Queen expressed a great wish to run as near to the Bass as possible, provided it could be done with safety, and looked at the helm, and then at the bows of the vessel, to mark the course; and she admired the bold beetling rock with its ancient fortress, so long the stronghold of the Lauders. She expressed her surprise that she had seen so little of the land on her way down to Scotland, and was informed that the North-sea pilots keep much farther to sea than those of the merchantmen, to whom the coast is so well known. The Queen remarked the different course that the naval steamers took as compared with the Trident. She expressed her wish that the Duchess of Norfolk had been with her, and gave orders to slacken speed that the Black Eagle might come up. Owing to her anxiety on this point, the vessel was for some time checked, until the suggestion that bad weather might come on, induced Her Majesty to allow the speed to be quickened. Of all the vessels that tugged and toiled after

the Trident, with steam and canvass, the Monarch was the only one which could in the least degree keep pace with her.

As the Royal Steamer passed Dunbar, Provost Middlemass was ready with his battery at the old castle, and gave the Queen a royal salute with great precision, in return for which compliment the Royal standard was lowered from the main of the Trident, and again hoisted. At three o'clock in the afternoon they rounded St. Abb's Head very closely. Soon after this the Trident was met by the Majestic steamer, with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, who had come out from Berwick to see the Queen. On nearing the vessel they cheered, and the compliment thus paid was returned both by the Trident and the Monarch. After this they encountered what sailors call *a short sea*, one of the least agreeable conditions ever assumed by the changeful element; and no one acquainted with the rolling motion it produces, will be surprised to learn that it made the Queen and the Prince a little uncomfortable. The haze by this time thickened considerably, so much so, that when they caught sight of the Fern Islands, it became rather doubtful whether it would not be prudent to abandon the intention of going inside of them. Her Majesty was extremely desirous to do this, and as they perceived that the Trinity yacht had stationed herself as a mark for the very purpose of enabling the Trident the more readily to effect it, they proceeded to take the channel. This was done by Sir John Pelly, the deputy-master of the Trinity House, who was aboard of her, who thus showed a British seaman's foresight and decision. After the Trident had passed inwards, the yacht resumed her place astern, and although she gradually lost ground, she kept her position for a very long time. The Queen was pleased favourably to notice this piece of attention on the part of the yacht.

A rumour had arisen of the death of poor Grace Darling, the

heroine of the Longstone Lighthouse, who so nobly aided her father in saving the people from the wreck of the Forfarshire steamer, and Captain Bullock mentioned it to the Queen, which drew from Her Majesty and the Prince strong expressions of regret. The report was premature, though she was then so hopelessly ill, that her death really did occur very soon afterwards at Bamborough. Notwithstanding the noble example of the active courage of a woman's heart, which Grace Darling showed, there was a modesty, and a feminine delicacy, both of person and mind, about her, that were calculated very much to surprise any one who had the good fortune to see her. The writer of this visited her, in the month of June of last year, when living in that pillar of a lighthouse, which rises from amidst the wild breakers of the rocky shoal. He found the little circular apartment where she nestled high up like a sea-mew, furnished with the utmost good taste, and filled with elegantly bound books, handsomely framed prints, plants in pots, and bouquets in china jars,—whilst she herself was seated, like a lady of the olden time, in her bower, "sewing her seam," with a calm and contented expression of countenance. She received him and his small party with easy unaffected manners. But alas! it was manifest that fell disease had already taken deep root in her constitution, and in a very few months she was laid in her peaceful grave in the simple village churchyard of Bamborough.

In the narrows between the Fern Islands the Trident was met by the Vesta steamer, with a large party from Newcastle and Blyth, who no sooner recognised Her Majesty and the Prince on the quarter-deck than they cheered, and their band struck up "God Save the Queen." Her Majesty acknowledged the compliment, and the Prince took off his cap and bowed repeatedly. The Vesta accompanied the Trident for some time, and then parted from her with loud cheers. In passing through these narrows, the royal steamer was saluted by

the old castle of Bamborough, of which some account has already been given in the earlier part of this work, and soon afterwards, by Earl Grey's guns from the sea terrace at Howick. This salute was supposed by the officers on board to have come from Alnwick, which drew from the Queen the observation, that the Duke of Northumberland's castle was not visible from the steamer. The Prince was of an opposite opinion, and the appeal made to the admiral having been afterwards referred to Captain Bullock, he explained that higher grounds nearer to the coast, intercepted the view of Alnwick castle, which indeed is some six or seven miles inland. But a salute was fired also from the Duke of Northumberland's guns at Ratcheugh, about two miles inland. At ten o'clock the Queen retired for the night, and the engines were *slowed*, to afford Her Majesty a better chance of repose.

At about half-past five o'clock, on Friday morning, the 16th September, the Trident was off Flamborough Head, the wind being moderate from the S.S.E. The steamer signalized "All is well;" and pursuing their onward course, they passed the Dudgeon light-vessel about one o'clock in the afternoon. The danger of this sand, and the great utility of the light on it, were explained to the Queen by Captain Sharpe. As the various light-vessels appeared in succession, Her Majesty put questions regarding all of them, trying the progress of the Trident by her watch, and commending her steadiness as she continued to pursue her way with a giant's stride. At five in the evening they passed the Rhadamanthus, which started from Granton ten hours before the Trident. The whole coast teemed with steamers and craft of every description all on the *qui vive* to see the Queen; and swarms of boats came out from the land. The immense number of women they contained, drew forth frequent expressions of astonishment from the Prince, who being himself rather un-

used to the sea, could not comprehend how loyalty, mingled as it might be with curiosity, could tempt the fair sex to go so far afloat in frail boats. But His Royal Highness was not aware how much an English woman would brave, when stimulated by the hope of having it in her power to tell her children and neighbours that she had seen their Queen.

The gallant vessel rounded the Cockle-Craig about six o'clock in the evening, and they passed into Yarmouth Roads by the Cockle Gut. At Yarmouth, the downs were covered with crowds, and the Trident was so near the shore, that they not only saw the black mass of the people assembled, but they heard the bells ringing merrily amid the cheers of the multitude. They made the usual signals, and then passed outwards through St. Nicholas, and pursued their way; and as they rounded the land, they set the sails for the first time, and fired rockets and burned blue lights, in answer to signals of the same kind from Lowestoffe.

So far as the voyage had yet gone the Queen kept well. Sir James Clark was never called in his capacity of medical adviser, and Her Majesty gave very little trouble indeed to her dressers, who were her only personal attendants on board. The Queen and the Prince took their meals chiefly on deck, and had only two squires to wait on them, each of whom took his turn of sleeping at the door of the royal state-room. In the course of this day the Queen requested Captain Bullock to calculate the distance from Woolwich to Dublin, and when Her Majesty was made aware that the sum total of the course was 720 miles, she remarked to the Prince, that the voyage was too long, and that it would be preferable to cross from Holyhead or Liverpool. Finding towards evening that the Trident would reach the Nore too soon to proceed up the Thames, the admiral ordered the engine to be eased, thus diminishing its action,

and tranquillizing the vessel's motion, so that whilst the attainment of this object was secured, a more quiet and undisturbed repose was likewise ensured to Her Majesty. By twelve o'clock at night they passed the Sunk light-vessel, and proceeded up Swin. Captain Bullock and Captain Sharpe never left the deck during the voyage, except to snatch a hasty meal.

A little before four o'clock on the morning of Saturday the 17th of September, the gallant Trident passed the Nore light-vessel, and, by the Admiral's order, an attempt was made to steal unnoticed by the Camperdown, which was anchored near the light, lest the saluting should alarm and disturb the Queen. With this intention they resisted all the allurements thrown out to induce them to show their real colours, or to draw them into communication. But the guard-boat, in which were Captains Brace and Fisher, soon detected them, and making the signal, the Camperdown immediately saluted, and illuminated with blue lights, displaying with the fullest effect the formidable battery and beautiful form of the hull, and the masts, spars, and rigging. However much these proofs of his people being on the alert might have been satisfactory to the gallant Admiral on any other occasion, they annoyed him considerably at this time, from the apprehension that the firing would break the Queen's slumbers, and give Her Majesty displeasure. But this last was far from being the case, for when the Queen came on deck, she very kindly noticed the salutes, and said that she had got up to look at her watch to note the time of arrival, and that she had seen, and very much admired the illumination of the vessel. There cannot indeed be the smallest doubt, that our beloved Monarch possesses in the highest degree those predilections in favour of every thing maritime or naval, which ought to belong to every native of Great Britain, and which it is so especially desirable and important that its Sovereign

should possess. Her Majesty took the greatest possible interest in every thing regarding the management of the vessel, and in the routine of its various duties, both during this and her former voyage. She showed herself particularly pleased with the zealous care manifested by those on board. When the Admiral reported, in the usual way, "twelve o'clock," the Queen, profiting by the experience gained during her voyage to Edinburgh, and her consequent knowledge that the sun could not pass the meridian without her royal permission, immediately replied, "Make it so, Admiral;" and again, when the brave old seaman begged permission for his officers to dine, the Queen kindly replied, "Yes, yes—let them all go down—I and the Prince will look out." These may be considered by landsmen as light and trivial circumstances, but any one who knows the composition of a British sailor, will be fully aware how trifles such as these would gain the hearts of the whole British navy; and no one can think for one moment of the nature of our country, and still more of the nature of the defence it requires, without feeling that it is of immense importance that the Sovereign should succeed, as our Queen has already so effectually done, in making herself the idol of the sailors.

The Prince suffered a good deal from nausea, both in going to Scotland and in returning thence; and notwithstanding the practice which the Queen had had in her earlier years, when she was much attached to the amusement of sailing about, she was considerably affected at different times during both her voyages. But, in this respect, Her Majesty was in no worse condition than the immortal Nelson, and many other brave and hardy British sailors, who have continued to be occasionally so affected, even after spending a lifetime at sea; and she bore up under it with all that resolution which so distinguishes her character.

Having anchored, in order to allow the Squadron to come up with them, the Queen amused herself in reading and in playing the pianoforte with the Prince. And now her gentle spirit, disdaining the confinement of the vessel, girt about as it was with the waves, turned homewards, and flying in fancy on the wings of a mother's affection towards her beloved infants, she hovered over them in thought. Having learned that one of the London steamers had passed them in the night, her eyes glistened, and she expressed her regret that she had not known of it, as she would have inquired for her children, adding with intense feeling, that "she longed to see the little darlings."

The Queen had breakfasted on deck this morning, after which, as the Trident made her slow and majestic way up the Thames, Her Majesty employed herself in writing notes. The Queen was saluted from Tilbury Fort; and from every tower, and house, and individual on either bank of the river, Her Majesty received the warmest expressions of joy, and of congratulation of every description, on the happy event of her safe return. Whilst they were running up the river, Captain Bullock's recent hydrographical survey of it was exhibited, on a scale so large as partially to cover the quarter-deck, where it was laid. It was inspected by Her Majesty and the Prince with great interest.

A few minutes before ten o'clock this morning, it had been announced at Woolwich that the Trident steam-vessel, having the Queen and Prince Albert on board, was within sight, which intelligence produced the greatest possible excitement amongst the crowds of all ranks and descriptions that had assembled to give Her Majesty and her illustrious consort a hearty welcome on their return to the metropolis.

On the Royal squadron being descried, the standard of England was hoisted at the Dock-yard, and on the tower of Woolwich church—

the bells rang a peal of welcome, and the people flocked in thousands to the wharfs and tops of houses, to get a sight of the vessels as they passed. All the ships in the river were dressed with flags, and when their yards were manned, the spectacle became every moment more and more interesting. The sun shone bright and beautiful—the sailors loudly and heartily cheered their beloved Queen on her safe and happy return to the English shore,—and myriads of small boats came swarming around the Royal steamer, filling the air with the loyal shouts of those aboard of them. The Trident was preceded by the Black Eagle and the Rhadamanthus war steamers. The splendid vessel, containing the precious freight, came to anchor off the Dock-yard steps, exactly at ten o'clock, with the Royal standard hoisted at the mainmast, Vice-Admiral Brace's flag flying at the fore, and the Union-Jack at the mizzen-mast.

The Earl of Haddington, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Admiral Sir William Hall Gage, both in full uniform, immediately went on board the Trident, to offer their congratulations to the Queen and her illustrious consort on their safe arrival, when Admiral Brace's flag was struck, and that of the Admiralty hoisted in its place. The noble lord then received Her Majesty's commands as to the arrangements for coming on shore, which created a delay of some minutes.

Their Lordships then returned to the pier, and despatched the Admiralty barge alongside the Trident,—Sir Edward Brace handed the Queen down the accommodation-ladder,—Prince Albert followed, —and Sir Francis Collier again had the honour of steering Her Majesty and the Prince from the steamer to the landing-stairs.

The Queen, who wore a rich satin Stuart tartan dress, very deeply flounced, and the Queensberry shawl, fastened by a Scottish brooch, and a white silk bonnet, was handed out of the barge by the Earl

of Haddington and Sir William Gage, and so up the steps of the landing-place, which were covered with green baize, as was also that portion of the pier which led to the carriage. The Royal standard was struck on board the Trident, and hoisted in the Dock-yard. Prince Albert, who wore a coloured surtout and dark trowsers, followed. The Queen and the Prince both looked remarkably well, and were loudly and enthusiastically cheered. Her Majesty most graciously acknowledged the greetings of the naval and military officers there assembled, as well as those of the crowds who had congregated around to give her a hearty welcome.

Exactly at twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock, the Queen was conducted to her carriage by Lord Haddington, Sir William Gage, and Earl Jersey, and Prince Albert took his seat beside Her Majesty. The Royal cortege consisted of two carriages and four, preceded by outriders in scarlet livery, and escorted by a detachment of the 8th Hussars, and as the Queen quitted the Yard, the troops which were drawn up presented arms, their band playing "God Save the Queen," and a Royal salute was fired from four pieces of artillery, brought from the arsenal, and stationed in the Dock-yard under Major Sanderling. The second carriage contained the Duchess of Buccleuch and the Duchess of Norfolk, and soon afterwards several others followed, with the officers and domestics connected with Her Majesty's household.

On passing the Royal Hospital of Greenwich, the veterans of that institution hoisted the Royal standard, and about 1000 of them being drawn up on the lawn with their officers, they cheered with all the heartiness of old sailors, whilst 800 of the boys of the Naval School opposite, seemed to be vying with those ancient heroes in their enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty. The Royal carriages proceeded by Deptford, Peckham, and over Vauxhall Bridge, through

Hyde Park, to the terminus of the Great Western Railway at Paddington, where Her Majesty arrived at a quarter past eleven o'clock. There the Queen was received by Mr. Russell, M.P., chairman of the Company; Mr. Saunders, the secretary; and Mr. Clerk, the superintendent of the line, by whom Her Majesty was conducted to the royal saloon carriage, which with two other carriages of the same description, and one of the second class, formed the special train. At eleven minutes to twelve o'clock the engine was set in motion, and the Royal train, accompanied by the above-mentioned officers of the Company, proceeded on its rapid course to Slough, amidst the cheering of the persons assembled.

The Queen and Prince Albert having reached the Slough station, at ten minutes past twelve o'clock, got immediately into an open carriage and four, and escorted by a detachment of the 2d Regiment of Life Guards, under the command of Viscount Drumlanrig, they arrived at Windsor Castle at half-past twelve o'clock precisely.

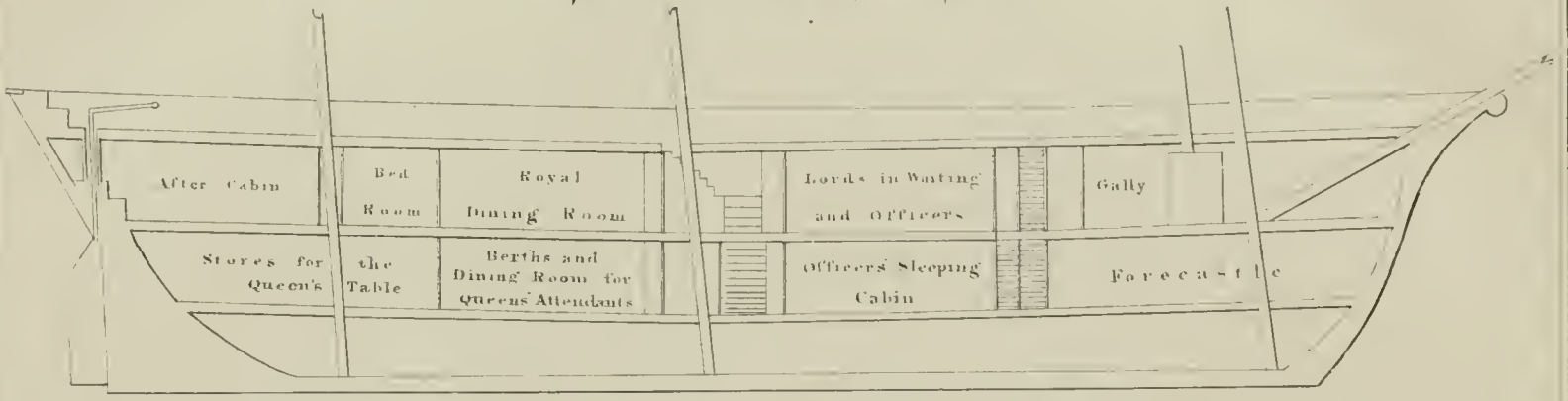
Let those who know what an Englishman's own fireside is—let those who know all the sweet sensations awakened by a return to home after an absence of some endurance—and above all, let those who have been so far blessed as to be parents, conceive what were the joys of the Queen and the Prince on their safe arrival under their own royal roof—and especially when they pressed the young Prince and Princess to their bosoms.

Immediately after the Queen's arrival, a messenger was despatched to Frogmore to apprise the Duchess of Kent of her illustrious daughter's safe return from Scotland, and in a very short time Her Royal Highness, attended by Lady Charlotte Dundas, arrived at the Castle.

The best proof that the Queen and Prince had suffered nothing from their journey, existed in the fact, that Her Majesty was driven

out in the afternoon, by His Royal Highness, in the Great Park, in an open pony-phaeton and pair, attended by Major-General Wemyss and Colonel Bouverie on horseback—and it is probable that the grandeur and massiveness of the woods and groves, and the exquisite richness and beauty of the grassy glades, pregnant as these must be to the Royal pair with the happiest associations, came not the less fresh and warmly to their hearts, from the contrast which they offered to those pictures of the wilder mountain scenery of Scotland, which still floated in their Royal recollection.

Plan of the Royal Yacht.



APPENDIX.

THE ILLUMINATION.—P. 126.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Parliament-square.—The windows of the whole public offices in the square were outlined with variegated lamps. In the centre of the principal front were two large Stars, enclosing a Crown, and the letters V. A.

Signet Library.—The word "Welcome," with the letters V. A. enclosed in circles, and a Crown between, in coloured lamps.

Royal Exchange.—"Long live Queen Victoria and Prince Albert," surmounted with Star, Crown, and Anchor, (the last being the Edinburgh crest,) and ornamented with Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, and Prince of Wales' feather. This very elegant design was the production of Mr. Brown, the city architect, and was very much admired.

Register-Office, Stamp-Office, Post-Office, and Excise-Office.—Each with the letters V. R., and a Crown, and the windows outlined with coloured lamps.

Royal Institution.—V. A., Crown, four stars, in coloured lamps.

New Club.—V. R., two Stars, and Crown, in coloured lamps.

Royal College of Surgeons.—An A., surmounted by a V., with Crown and Thistle.

Northern Club, 91, George-street.—V. A., Scottish Star, Crown, Feather, two Brunswick Stars, and windows bordered with gas-lights.

Highland Society's Hall, 6, Albyn Place.—V. A., and Crown, in coloured lamps.

United Service Club, Queen-street.—Anchor, Thistle, and two Stars, in coloured lamps.

General Board of Prisons, 124, George Street.—V. A., in gas.

The College.—The College was surrounded with men holding torches.

Merchants' Hall.—V. A., Crown and Star, with the word "Welcome."

Bank of Scotland.—V. A. and Crown, in a wreath with large festoons and ties on each side, in coloured lamps.

Sir William Forbes' Bank.—V. A., with a Crown between, in coloured lamps.

Commercial Bank.—A large Scottish Star, six feet in diameter, surmounted by a Crown in gas.

National Bank.—V. R., Crown and Star, in gas. This design, from being properly enclosed in glazed frames, appeared to great advantage.

British Linen Company's Bank.—The words "Long live the Queen," a Crown and two Stars, in coloured lamps.

Royal Bank.—A beautiful painting of the Queen and Prince Albert, surrounded with cupids, wreaths of flowers, &c., and illumined with jets of gas from the sides of the recess in which it was enclosed. This had a superb effect and attracted great admiration.

Western Bank of Scotland.—V. A., Star, and Prince of Wales' feathers, in coloured lamps.

Royal Bank, Leith.—A splendid Transparency, representing the Crown, Scottish Thistle, with Sceptre and Sword of State, which excited no small notice.

Edinburgh and Leith Gas Light Company.—A design extending across the whole front—two laurel branches with tie enclosing Scottish Star, together with a Crown, and the letters V. A., in gas.

Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway.—A large architectural design of a Locomotive Engine, occupying the entire front of building at terminus; illuminated in great taste with variegated lamps, and completed with a festoon of engine lamps, which gave the whole a very powerful attraction at a considerable distance. Also, one on a small scale was placed in front of Office in Castle-street, and lighted in a similar way, with the exception of the festoon.

Friendly Insurance Office.—V. A., Star and Crown, windows outlined with coloured lamps.

Scottish Equitable Insurance Office.—Large Crown on a cushion surrounded with jets of gas.

Scottish Widows' Fund.—An Arch supported on each side by Thistles, and surmounted by a Crown in gas.

Scottish Provident Insurance Office.—A Star in gas, very brilliant.

Standard Life Insurance Office.—V. A., Crown, and two Stars, in gas.

Edinburgh Life Assurance Company.—V. A. surrounded by two Stars, in gas.

Caledonian Insurance Company.—The words "Hail Victoria, Caledonia's Queen," with Star, in coloured lamps.

Phœnix Fire Office.—Bold and effective transparency, representing the Phœnix rising.

North British Life Office.—A wreath, enclosing V. A., with V. on one side and A. on the other.

Courant Office.—The word "Welcome," with the letters V. A., with Crown between, surmounted with a Star, in coloured lamps, which continued to burn steadily to the last.

Caledonian Mercury Office.—A large caduceus with the letters C. M., in gas, excellent effect.

Scotsman Office.—V. A., with Crown, in coloured lamps.

PRIVATE HOUSES, HOTELS, SHOPS, &c.

Sir James Forrest, Bart. Lord Provost, Royal Circus.—A fine ornamental V. A., two Brunswick Stars, Crown, and Scottish Star, in gas.

Sir Neil Douglas, Commander of the Forces, 8, Queen Street.—V. A., two Brunswick Stars, Crown, and Scottish Star, in gas.

The Lord Justice-General, Charlotte-square.—"Long live the Queen," in variegated lamps.

The Lord Justice-Clerk, Moray-place.—The words "God save the Queen, the young, the brave," with Star, in variegated lamps.

The Solicitor-General, 73, Great King-street.—A Crown, in coloured lamps.

Professor Hope, Moray-place.—V. R. and Crown, in coloured lamps.

Sir Thomas Dick-Lauder, Bart.—The Grange.—Every window of the Grange House was so illuminated, that it appeared on all sides like a lamp of light, and the whole battlements of the old Keep were blazing with jets of gas, shedding a broad and most distinguishing glare all around.

Sir J. M'Neill, 53, Queen Street.—V. A. and Crown, in coloured lamps.

The Earl of Wemyss, 64, Queen-street.—"Welcome," with V. A. and Star, in coloured lamps.

Douglas' Hotel.—The words "Victoria and Albert," the Prince of Wales' feathers, Crown, and two Stars, in gas.

Mackay's Hotel.—V. A. and Crown, in coloured lamps.

Manuel's Private Hotel.—V. A., Star, and Prince of Wales' feathers, in gas.

London Hotel.—V. A., in gas.

Simpson's Hotel.—V. R. and Star, in gas.

Barry's Hotel.—V. A. and Crown, in coloured lamps.

Hopetoun Rooms.—A Star, in coloured lamps.

Royal Hotel.—Large Transparency, with the Royal Arms; motto, "Scotland hails with joy the Queen and her illustrious Consort."

Regent Hotel.—V. A., with Prince of Wales' feathers.

Waterloo Hotel.—A Crown with Stars on each side in a wreath.

Campbell's Hotel.—Star, in coloured lamps.

Star Hotel.—A Star, in coloured lamps.

Messrs. Blackwood, George-street.—A splendid design, including a Medallion with heads of the Queen and Prince Albert, motto "Nemo me impune lacessit," surrounded by a wreath of thistles, and lighted with jets of gas from the wings of the recess. This had a very beautiful effect, and was deservedly admired.

Mr. D. R. Hay, painter, George-street.—In one window a full-length portrait of the Queen, and in another a full-length portrait of Prince Albert.

Mr. Hewat, wine merchant, George-street.—Three sparkling and effective Transparencies. On one a likeness of the Queen, and on another a likeness of Prince Albert, from the portraits, we understand, by Chalon and Patten. In the centre was a picture representing Bacchus on a wine pipe, inscription, "Prince Albert's Own."

Messrs. W. and G. Law, coffee merchants, 31, St. Andrew-square.—A brilliant design in gas, consisting of three arches, supported on four pillars, illuminating a painting, twelve feet by nine and a-half, representing Commerce.

Messrs. Richardson, Brothers, West-Bow.—Premises ornamented with flags and wreaths of evergreens. In the windows were several Transparencies; one a Highlander, motto—"Aye ready," another a Lowlander, motto—"To defend her;" Scrolls on each side—"Scotia's sons rejoice, your Queen is come;" "From hill and glen they rally around her;" another—"Free-trade, Industry, and Commerce," represented by a Weaver working at his Loom, and a Man guiding the Plough; "Peace, Happiness, and Plenty" were portrayed by a Ship and a Reaper bearing home the bounties of Providence. To the West-Bow front of premises was a Transparency of Queen Victoria seated on a Throne of State, various figures before her. Scrolls—

"Queen of the deep blue sea,
Far distant nations bow to thee—
Gratefully reward our toil,
And on our proffer'd homage smile."

Mr. J. W. Mackie, Confectioner, Princes-street.—Three Transparencies containing full-length portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert; with crown and Wreath in centre window, motto, "Hail illustrious Pair, happy in love and exemplary in virtue."

Mr. M'Call, Heriot Cottage.—A large Transparency with Crown, Star of St. Patrick, ornamental ribbon and inscription, "Victoria and Albert. Agus lead mille fealtha!"—*Anglice*—"One hundred thousand welcomes."

Mr. Stewart, painter, Nicolson-square.—A large Transparency, representing the Queen and Prince Albert standing under an arch, supported by a Highlander, and surrounded by the figures of Peace, Plenty, Justice, and Music. This painting attracted great notice.

Gordon's Diorama, Mound.—A large Transparency, filling up the entire pediment of the portico, giving an allegorical representation of Her Majesty's landing in Scotland; and, some yards in front, another Transparency, surmounting an Arch of Evergreens, with Medallion Portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert, encircled by the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock.

Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, engravers and printers to the Queen.—The five centre windows of their large establishment were occupied as follows:—In the centre window, a Crown, surrounded with brilliant rays of light, formed of innumerable gas jets; in the right hand window, a transparent figure of Fortune, the goddess of Happiness, with her usual emblems; on the left hand, Ceres, the goddess of Harvest—her right hand full of poppies and ears of corn, and in her left a lighted torch; on each side of the transparencies was a brilliant Star, with the letters V. A. in the centre.

Messrs. Whytock and Co. 7, George-street.—The portico in front of the shop was fitted up in a style which realised more than anything else one's idea of a fairy palace. The pillars were covered with white cotton and wreathed with variegated lamps. On a back ground fluted with red and white cloth there was placed a radiant star of coloured lamps with a profusion

of other ornaments which gave the whole a most rich and elegant appearance. It attracted great crowds during the evening.

Mr. Paton, Carver and Gilder to her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent.—A Thistle, and a Rose, with a Prince of Wales' feather in the centre; a V. and A., with a Crown and Star in the centre, all in gas; two Transparencies, with appropriate mottoes.

The Theatre-Royal.—An elaborate and beautiful design was fitted up in front of this building, including Crown, Stars, Wreaths, &c., in gas; but, owing to the wind and its exposed situation, an entire failure.

Mr. Marshall's Rotunda, Mound.—A large Transparency, displaying likenesses of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, encircled with wreaths of Roses, entwined with the Thistle and Shamrock, supported by the Lion and the Unicorn—Mottoes, "Let Scotland be glad," and "Welcome."

Besides these above noted, there were many devices well worthy of being mentioned; indeed, the Illumination was most brilliant throughout the city.

A VOICE FROM HOLYROOD.—P. 184.

I CANNA weel greet, for my heart is owre sair;
The days they are gane that shall come never mair.
I canna weel sob, for my breast is owre fou;
When I feel what I ha'e been, an' what I am now,—
An' Oh! mang the gallant, the fair, an' the good,
There's surely ae tear for poor auld Holyrood.

I deck'd my auld pow in a rich wreath o' braws;
I set my auld throne up, an' burnish'd my wa's;
I keek'd in my glass, and I thought me sae fine,
My auld heart grew young, an' I dreamt o' langsyne.
An' O I was vogie, and O I was proud,
While speering mysel'—"Are ye auld Holyrood?"

When we think oursels high we're whiles unco wee.
Death stalk'd through my court, when my yett stood ajee:
He cover'd my towers wi' his black sable wings,
An' whisper'd—"I bide nae for Queens or for Kings.
Your bonny young Queen mauna brave my dark mood;
Keep *her* frae the dead-shade that wraps Holyrood."

Auld Scotia's lang tongue shouts wi' loud trumpet din,
"Gae open your Palace yetts, let your Queen in."
She comes at the summons—but heaves a sad sigh,
The hame of her fathers she's forced to pass by.
Her e'e fills to look at the black-ribbon'd snood,
That haps up the high head o' auld Holyrood.

I ferlie gin e'er she will come back again,
To stay in the courts and the ha's o' her ain;
Though strangers be kindly, ye canna for shame
Speir them for the comforts ye ha'e when at hame.
She's feasted by nobles, and cheer'd by the crowd—
But she finds nae a hame like her ain Holyrood.

THE GABERLUNZIE.

September 7, 1842.

ADDRESSES.—P. 194.

THE following are the principal Addresses presented to Her Majesty and Prince Albert on the day of the Reception.

TOWN COUNCIL OF EDINBURGH.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

May it please your Majesty,

We, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the City of Edinburgh, beg leave to approach the throne with the unfeigned expression of our allegiance and attachment to your Majesty's person and government. We humbly offer to your Majesty our most sincere congratulations on your auspicious arrival in the metropolis of your ancient kingdom of Scotland. It is with feelings of elevated gratification and national pride that we hail the presence of your Majesty this day in the midst of us, and that we now see realised a scene such as animated the spirits of our forefathers in far distant years. We are reminded that the city of Edinburgh was once the capital of an independent kingdom, tenacious of every high constitutional right, the residence of royalty, and the seat of a Court. We rejoice to know, that though Scotland is now only a portion of your Majesty's vast dominions, the people are no less the objects of your

solicitude, no less sharers in the blessings of your beneficent government. We will ever retain a lasting recollection of your Majesty's distinguished kindness in visiting Scotland at so early a period of your reign, affording to its people the opportunity (not enjoyed for ages) of manifesting their devoted and enthusiastic attachment to a beloved Queen.

That your Majesty may long be blessed with domestic felicity and public honour, and that our latest posterity may enjoy the advantage of living under the government of Princes of your illustrious race, is our most fervent prayer.

Signed in our name and by our appointment, and the Seal of the City affixed hereto, at Edinburgh, the first day of September 1842.

JAMES FORREST, Lord Provost.

To the above Her Majesty was pleased to deliver the following most gracious answer.

The sentiments of loyalty and attachment conveyed in this address are very grateful to my feelings. It is with much satisfaction that I find myself in my ancient kingdom of Scotland, and that I am enabled to express to you in person the regard I have always entertained for my Scottish subjects.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

May it please your Royal Highness,

We, Her Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the City of Edinburgh, most cordially offer to your Royal Highness our congratulations on the occasion of your first visit to this northern division of the United Kingdom. We have witnessed with delight the high and princely accomplishments, and the public and private virtues, by which your Royal Highness has adorned the exalted station which you occupy; and it is our fervent prayer and hope, that Divine Providence may long vouchsafe to Her Majesty and your Royal Highness the blessing of every domestic enjoyment, and especially the exquisite happiness of seeing your illustrious offspring rising up under your parental guidance, in wisdom and piety; and elevating the hearts of the people with the glad prospect of a succession of Princes attached to the principles of Civil and Religious Liberty, which prompted our ancestors to place the British Sceptre in the hands of a Prince of the House of Brunswick.

Signed in our name and by our appointment, and the Seal of the City affixed hereto, this first day of September 1842.

JAMES FORREST, Lord Provost.

THE COMMISSION OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

May it please your Majesty,

We, the Ministers and Elders of the Church of Scotland, met in the Commission of the General Assembly, eagerly avail ourselves of the privilege of approaching the throne with our cordial congratulations on the highly interesting occasion of a visit of our august Sovereign to the ancient kingdom over which a long line of her royal progenitors held the sceptre, and which, ever since the accession of the House of Brunswick, has rapidly advanced in civilisation, in commercial enterprise, in the peaceful arts of industry, and in the loyal, independent, and orderly character of an intelligent and patriotic people; effects which we attribute primarily to the power of divine truth, impressed on the heart by the faithful preaching of the Word, accompanied by the inestimable advantage of a sound and practical education, based on the Holy Scriptures.

It has been hitherto, and we trust will ever be, the aim of those who have the spiritual oversight of the people of this land, to inculcate, along with the paramount obligations, privileges, and hopes of the Gospel, the indispensable duty of allegiance to the sovereign power of the State, and cheerful subjection to the other authorities ordained of God for the punishment of evil doers, and the praise of them that do well; and, fortified by the experience of former times, our firm conviction is, that there can be no adequate security for the stability of the Throne, the permanent tranquillity of the Empire, and the perpetuity of the best national institutions, except that which is derived from the purifying influence of our most holy Faith, extended to all the pursuits of human life, so as to cherish the practice of that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

It has been highly satisfactory to successive General Assemblies, to receive annually from the representatives of every Sovereign, since this Church was finally established by law, the strongest assurances that it will be secure in the possession of all rights and privileges; and we entertain the earnest hope that your Majesty will ever extend your royal protection to an Ecclesiastical Establishment which is acknowledged to have been productive of the most substantial national benefits.

That the Supreme Lord and King of the world, whose dominion ruleth over all, may preserve your Majesty in the possession of every temporal and spiritual blessing,—that the nation may long rejoice under your beneficent government,—and that, after a prosperous and peaceful reign, your Majesty, with the Royal Family, may eternally enjoy the inheritance of a better country, which is an heavenly—is our most earnest prayer.

In name of the Commission of the General Assembly.

(Signed) DAVID WELSH, Moderator.

Edinburgh, 3d September 1842.

To this Address Her Majesty was pleased to return the following most gracious answer.

For this loyal and dutiful address I return you my thanks.

I acknowledge with gratitude the inestimable advantages which have been derived from the ministrations of the Church of Scotland. They have contributed in an eminent degree to form the character of a loyal and religious people.

I confidently trust, that, by your example and conduct, you will continue to deserve my favour and protection. You may be assured that the solemn engagement into which I have entered, to preserve all the rights and privileges of the Church as established by law, shall be fulfilled by me with scrupulous fidelity.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

May it please your Royal Highness,

We, her Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Ministers and Elders of the Church of Scotland met in the Commission of the General Assembly, beg leave to offer to your Royal Highness our heartfelt congratulations on the happy occasion of your safe arrival, along with our gracious Queen, in this northern portion of the United Kingdom. We have been highly gratified by all that we have heard of the dignified and honourable deportment of your Royal Highness, and other excellences of character, worthy of the illustrious race from which you are descended; and we are grateful to Divine Providence for having vouchsafed to us the exhilarating prospect of the inestimable benefits which may result to our posterity, from the occupation of the Throne of this great Empire, in time to come, by a line of Sovereigns whose ancestors have long supported the interests of the Reformation.

It is our devout prayer that your Royal Highness, with our beloved Sovereign, and your royal offspring, may long be preserved in the enjoyment of health and comfort, and in the full possession of the ardent attachment of a grateful people, and at last, through the merits of our Divine Redeemer, exalted to the bright and incorruptible inheritance of Heaven.

Given at Edinburgh, in name of the Commission of the General Assembly,

(Signed) DAVID WELSH, Moderator.

Edinburgh, 3d September 1842.

To this Address His Royal Highness Prince Albert returned the following most gracious reply.

To the Commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

I thank you most cordially for the kind congratulations, upon our first visit to Scotland, contained in the address you have just presented to me.

I earnestly trust that the Church of Scotland may successfully pursue its exertions for the promotion of true religion and sound education, and thereby advance the best interests of a loyal and affectionate people.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

May it please your Majesty,

We, the Principal and Professors of the University of Edinburgh, gladly avail ourselves of this most gratifying opportunity of hailing the arrival of our most gracious Sovereign within the venerated walls, long the favourite resort of an illustrious race of native monarchs, the memory of whose lofty endowments and varied fortunes cannot fail to impart a solemn interest to the scene, now enlivened by the presence of their lineal descendant, the happy possessor of a more splendid and a more tranquil inheritance.

While, in common with our fellow-subjects in this part of the United Kingdom, we recognise in this royal visit the traces of your Majesty's favourable disposition towards the ancient kingdom over which so many of your august progenitors swayed the sceptre, we feel peculiar satisfaction in offering our congratulations on the beneficial changes effected in recent times on the aspect of the country and the character of the inhabitants, by the cultivation of letters, the advancement of the sciences, and the operation of enlightened principles of religion; and we confidently hope that your Majesty, in the course of a brief sojourn in this portion of your dominions, will have ample occasion to observe the salutary results of these combined influences on the progress of civilization, the flourishing of useful and elegant arts, and the establishment of orderly and prudent habits among all classes of society.

It will be our earnest endeavour to give proof of our solicitude to forward the great objects of an enlightened Government, by contributing to the diffusion of solid and liberal instruction in the different departments of academical study which we have been appointed to conduct; and it is our devout prayer that, throughout a long and prosperous reign, your Majesty's name may be associated with the highest attainments in learning and philosophical research, and that wisdom and knowledge may be the stability of your times.

Given at Edinburgh, this 5th day of September 1842, in name of the Senatus Academicus.

(Signed) John Lee, Principal.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

We, your loyal and dutiful subjects, the Senate of your University of Glasgow, hasten to offer our humble congratulations to your Majesty on your safe arrival in this your ancient kingdom of

Scotland, and to renew the assurance of our warm attachment and faithful allegiance to your royal person and government.

In common with our fellow-subjects in this part of the British empire, we hail with delight your Majesty's appearance among us, and your occupation of the residence of your ancestors, endeared as it is to our hearts by many national recollections; and we desire to derive from this visit a confirmation of our confidence, that an enlightened regard for the religious, civil, and literary institutions of our country has descended to your Majesty, from those illustrious predecessors to whose patronage and encouragement the University has been so long and so deeply indebted.

That Almighty God, the giver of all good, may grant your Majesty a long and happy reign, with every blessing and comfort of domestic life, is our earnest and fervent prayer.

Signed, in our name, and by our appointment,

DUNCAN MACFARLAN, Vice-Chancellor.

Glasgow College, August 31, 1842.

KING'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

May it please your Majesty,

We, the Principal, Sub-Principal, and Professors of the University and King's College of Aberdeen, in Senate assembled, respectfully solicit your Majesty to receive this humble testimony of our loyalty, unfeigned attachment to your Majesty's person and family, and our gratitude for the honour conferred on the ancient kingdom of Scotland by your royal presence in its metropolis.

May the God by whom kings reign continue to protect your royal person, and render it more and more precious to the people of these realms:—May you be the illustrious instrument of His wisdom and power in advancing the interests of religion and the prosperity of the nation:—May He continue your domestic happiness, and cause the sceptre of these kingdoms to be transmitted to your children's children in all honour and usefulness.

In our respective situations it is our earnest desire to secure the approbation of your Majesty, as our predecessors were wont to enjoy the confidence of your royal ancestors, by the faithful discharge of those important duties assigned to us in this ancient University.

With renewed assurances of our homage and respect, we have the honour to be,

May it please your Majesty,

Your Majesty's dutiful and loving subjects,

Signed, in name and by appointment of the Senate, at King's College, this thirtieth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, by

WILLIAM JACK, Principal.

MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

We, your Majesty's most loyal and faithful subjects, the Chancellor, Rector, Dean of Faculty, Principal, and Professors of the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, beg leave to approach your Throne to express our heartfelt congratulations on your Majesty's visit to this your ancient kingdom of Scotland. We participate cordially in the lively satisfaction and joy which this event produces among all classes of your Majesty's subjects.

As members of a University who are warmly attached to our happy Constitution and to your Majesty's illustrious House, we shall continue to inculcate, in connection with sound learning and useful science, those principles of religion and loyalty which are the best safeguards of the liberties of our country.

We pray that the Almighty, who has already signally watched over your Majesty's safety, may continue to protect and defend your Majesty, as a blessing to your subjects.

Signed, in our name, and by our appointment, by

DANIEL DEWAR, Principal.

Aberdeen, August 27, 1842.

UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Chancellor, Rector, Principals, and Professors of the University of St. Andrews, beg leave to approach the Throne on this auspicious occasion, with all those sentiments which the most affectionate and devoted loyalty can inspire.

Most cordially do we join in the universal and heartfelt expressions of congratulation which resound throughout the land on your Majesty's safe arrival in this your ancient kingdom of Scotland, accompanied by your illustrious Consort, a Prince endeared to us by his many virtues, and by his amiable disposition, and with whom your Majesty is blessed with every domestic felicity.

We are grateful for the high honour conferred on this portion of your Empire, by your Majesty's gracious visit. Our hearts exult with joy when we see our youthful and beloved Queen, the illustrious descendant of a long line of Scottish monarchs, surrounded by her grateful and happy Scottish

subjects, who are proud of the opportunity now afforded to them, of testifying that it is the dearest wish of their hearts to tender their affectionate homage to a Sovereign, whose character is conspicuously adorned with all those noble and generous qualities, which, while they shed lustre on the throne, render her at the same time the bright pattern of every domestic virtue.

May it please your Majesty, as members of an ancient seminary which was often honoured by the presence, and enjoyed the favour, and protection of your royal ancestors, we most respectfully entreat permission to convey to the foot of the Throne the assurance, that while in our different departments we shall employ our most strenuous exertions to instil sound religious principles into the youth committed to our care, and to instruct them in all useful learning and science, we shall never cease to cherish in their minds loyal attachment to your Majesty's person and government, and veneration for those civil and sacred institutions which have raised the British Empire to a high pre-eminence over all the nations of the earth.

(Signed) Melville, Chancellor.
Geo. Buist, Rector.

To the above addresses Her Majesty returned the following gracious answer.

I earnestly desire to protect all seminaries of useful learning. The Universities of Scotland have been eminently successful in the great work of education, and may rely on my constant favour and encouragement.

GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

UNTO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

We, the Most Worshipful and Right Honourable Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, G.C.H., &c. &c. Grand Master Mason of Scotland, the Right Honourable Sir James Forrest of Comiston, Bart., Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Past Grand Master, &c. &c. &c. and remanent Members of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, for ourselves, and on behalf of the ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of Scotland, beg leave to offer to your Majesty our most sincere and hearty congratulations on your arrival in your Majesty's ancient kingdom of Scotland.

Beholding in the sacred person of your Majesty the august descendant of that ancient line of monarchs who swayed the Scottish sceptre, maintained the glory of our land, and afforded countenance and protection to our valued and ancient institutions through a long series of ages, our hearts glow with more than the usual feelings of loyalty and attachment at the presence of your Majesty amongst your Scottish subjects.

Enjoying, with the rest of the nation, the inestimable benefits derived from your Majesty's mild and benignant sway, we would embrace this auspicious occasion to offer to your Majesty our heartfelt thanks for the many advantages our craft experiences under your Majesty's protection.

We beg to offer our ardent and humble prayers to the Great Architect of the Universe, that He will shield your Majesty, your Royal Consort, and Family, from all harm, and that your Majesty may enjoy, in health and happiness, a long and prosperous reign.

FREDERICK FITZCLARENCE,
Grand Master Mason of Scotland.

UNTO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FRANCIS ALBERT AUGUSTUS CHARLES EMANUEL, DUKE OF SAXE, PRINCE OF SAXE COBOURG AND GOTHA, K.G., &c. &c.

We, the Most Worshipful and Right Honourable Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, G.C.H., &c. &c. &c., Grand Master Mason, &c. &c. &c., on behalf of the ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of Scotland, approach your Royal Highness with every feeling of sincere and heartfelt pleasure at your Royal Highness's arrival in Scotland.

Our ancient Society is a structure based upon the broad principles of philanthropy, brotherly love, and charity, and cemented and raised in peace and order;—with such principles as these, all true Masons may be considered good and virtuous members of society, and loyal subjects of Her Majesty.

We rejoice with your Royal Highness at the universal feeling of loyalty which seems to pervade all classes upon this happy occasion, and which must convince your Royal Highness, if that were necessary, that Scotland hails with joy the presence of her Queen.

And that the Great Architect of the Universe may protect and bless your Royal Highness and your beloved Consort the Queen, and royal offspring, is the fervent prayer of the Free Masons of Scotland.

FREDERICK FITZCLARENCE,
Grand Master Mason of Scotland.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.

UNTO HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

May it please your Majesty,

The Royal Society of Edinburgh, instituted for the promotion of Letters and Science, beg leave to join in the universal expression of joy on your Majesty's happy arrival on the scene of their humble exertions.

They are aware, that when all their fellow-subjects are eager to be permitted to offer their Royal congratulations, those of Individual Bodies should be briefly expressed.

They now therefore beg leave to approach your Majesty, in order to offer this humble tribute of their devoted loyalty.

And that it may please Almighty God to grant to your Majesty many and happy years, and to repay to your Majesty the happiness which your Majesty's visit has universally diffused in this part of your dominions, is the prayer of your Majesty's faithful and devoted subjects,

The President and Fellows of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Signed at Edinburgh, on the 29th August 1842, in the name and by the appointment of the Society,

Greenock, Vice-President.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

TO THE QUEEN.

Most Gracious Majesty,

We, your Majesty's loyal subjects, the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, assembled in an extraordinary general meeting on the auspicious event of your Majesty's arrival in this your ancient kingdom of Scotland, most gratefully avail ourselves of the occasion of your royal presence, humbly to approach your Majesty with the united expression of our devoted fealty to the Crown, of our profound regard towards your sacred person, and of our deep sense of the distinguished mark of your royal favour, which your Majesty, by this gracious visit, confers upon your faithful people of Scotland.

Associated for the advancement of Agriculture and the useful arts therewith connected, and incorporated for these purposes by an early charter of your Majesty's royal predecessor George the Third, our anxious endeavours have been directed to improve, by all the means at our command, the productive industry of the country, and with this the moral and social condition of the people; and we hail the happy arrival of your Majesty amongst us, as animating us in our efforts, by manifesting to every class the deep and generous interest which your Majesty takes in the happiness and well-being of this part of the Empire.

Cherishing with national feelings the memory of a long line of illustrious Princes, whose royal dignities are centred in the person of your Majesty, the august representative of the royal House of Scotland, we gratefully contrast, with the former condition of this once divided nation, that which it now presents, indissolubly united with the other parts of the Empire, and enjoying, under the safeguard of a constitutional Throne, the benignant sway of your Majesty, and unequalled opportunities of advancing in the cultivation of the arts which pertain to civilization and peace.

We earnestly and confidently trust that your Majesty, during your short sojourn in Scotland,

will derive gratification corresponding with your kindly feelings towards the country, from witnessing its general prosperity, the peaceful condition and advancing industry of the peasantry, with the effects of that system of moral and religious education so long established amongst us.

On the occasion of the auspicious visit of your Majesty's royal predecessor George the Fourth to Scotland, this Society had the gratification to receive a signal mark of royal favour, and to be then assured that the course it had pursued was such as to meet with the approbation of His Majesty; and we now humbly entertain an ardent hope that your Majesty will find reason to be satisfied that our more recent proceedings have been such as to warrant a continuance of royal countenance and favour.

Sealed with the corporate seal, and signed at desire and in presence of a special general meeting of the Society, by His Grace James Henry Robert, Duke of Roxburghe, K.T., Senior Vice-President, in the Chair, in the absence of His Grace Charles, Duke of Richmond, President of the Society,

ROXBURGHE, Vice-President.

Society's Hall, Edinburgh, August 29, 1842.

FACULTY OF ADVOCATES.

UNTO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

We, the Dean and Faculty of Advocates, desire to offer to your Majesty the humble assurance of our cordial participation in the general joy diffused amongst our fellow-citizens by your Majesty's gracious presence in this the capital of your ancient kingdom, where your Majesty's royal predecessors for so many centuries held sway.

We humbly beg leave on this occasion most dutifully to tender to your Majesty the expression of our steadfast attachment and devoted loyalty to your Majesty's royal person and house, under whose rightful and benignant rule the people of this country have experienced the best blessings of established government and constitutional liberty.

We fervently pray that your Majesty's life may be long preserved to gladden the hearts of your loyal subjects, and that, while under your Majesty's reign the honour and interests of the empire are maintained, your Majesty may continue to enjoy the most ample measures of personal and domestic happiness, and the prospect of transmitting, in fulness of time, to your royal descendants, the peaceful and prosperous possession of the throne of their ancestors.

A. WOOD, Dean of Faculty,
By order of the Faculty.

WRITERS TO THE SIGNET.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

May it please your Majesty,

We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Keeper, Deputy-Keepers, Commissioners, and Society of Writers to your Majesty's Signet, approach your Majesty with a deep feeling of ardent and devoted attachment to your Majesty's person, family, and government.

Your Majesty's gracious visit to the metropolis of Scotland, the ancient seat of a long line of kings, cannot fail to excite a lively feeling of heartfelt joy and gratitude throughout this part of your Majesty's dominions, and is an event which will form a memorable epoch in our domestic annals.

Deeply impressed with a strong sense of the benefits which this country has derived from the accession of your Majesty's illustrious house to the throne of these realms, we cordially unite with our fellow-subjects in the exultation produced by your Majesty's auspicious arrival among us, and in the sincere and earnest prayer that your Majesty's reign may be long and prosperous.

Signed, in name, and behalf, and by authority of the Society, by

W. DUNDAS,
Keeper of H. M. Signet.

Of the foregoing Universities, Societies, &c., the following also presented Addresses to Prince Albert, viz.:—

The University and King's College, Aberdeen, the Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrews; the Royal Society of Edinburgh; the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, and the Society of Writers to the Signet.

ADDRESSES WERE ALSO PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY BY THE FOLLOWING BODIES:—

(Those Bodies marked * presented Addresses also to Prince Albert; The Germans resident in Edinburgh to Prince Albert alone.)

THE NOBLEMEN, GENTLEMEN, AND OTHERS CONNECTED WITH THE FOLLOWING COUNTIES.		NOBLEMEN, &c.—*Continued.*	
*Aberdeen.	Caithness.	Kincardine.	Renfrew.
Argyll.	*Clackmannan.	*Kinross.	Ross.
*Ayr.	*Dumbarton.	*Lanark.	Roxburgh.
Banff.	*Edinburgh.	Linlithgow.	*Selkirk.
Berwick.	*Fife.	*Nairn.	Stirling.
*Bute.	*Haddington.	*Peebles.	Sutherland.
		*Perth.	

THE MAGISTRATES, &c., OF THE FOLLOWING CITIES, BURGHS, &c.

CITIES.

*Aberdeen.
*Old Aberdeen.
*Glasgow.
St. Andrews.

ROYAL BURGHS.

Arbroath.
Ayr.
*Banff.
Berwick.
*Burntisland.
Cupar.
Dingwall.
Dornoch,
Dumbarton.
*Dumfries.
*Dunbar.
Dundee.
Elgin.
*Forfar.
Forres.
*Haddington.
Inverary.
Inverness.
Irvine.
Jedburgh.
Kirkcudbright.
Kirkwall.
Lanark.
*Linlithgow.
*Montrose.
*Nairn.
*Peebles.
*Perth.
*Queensferry.
*Renfrew.
*Rothesay.
Selkirk.
*Stirling.
*Tain.
*Wick.

PARLIAMENTARY BURGHS.

Falkirk.
Greenock.
*Hamilton.
*Kilmarnock.
*Leith.
*Musselburgh.
Paisley.

ALSO,

Bathgate, Free and Independent Burgh of Barony of.
Calton, Burgh of.
*Canongate, Ancient Burgh and Regality of.
*Castle Douglas, Burgh of.
Gorbals, Barony of.
*Hawick, Burgh of.
*Portsburgh, Easter and Wester.
Stromness, Burgh of.

RELIGIOUS BODIES.

*Ministers and Elders of the Presbytery of Dalkeith.
Ministers of the Presbytery of the Relief Church in Edinburgh.
Ministers and Elders of the Presbytery of Perth.
*Bishops and Clergy of the Scottish Episcopal Church.
Roman Catholic Church in Scotland.
*General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

MISCELLANEOUS BODIES.

ABERDEEN,—
*Seven Incorporated Trades.
*Society of Advocates.
*Ancient Kilwinning Archers.
ARBROATH,—
Guildry Incorporation.
Seven Incorporated Trades.
*Celtic Society.
*Dalkeith,—Inhabitants of.
Dunbar Castle,—Brethren of the Lodge of.
DUNDEE,—
Guildry Incorporation.
Nine Incorporated Trades.
EDINBURGH,—
Botanical Society.
*Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures.
*Commissioners of the Eight Southern Districts.
Fourteen Incorporated Trades.
*General Commissioners of Police.
*Germans resident in.
*Guildry Incorporation.
Inmates of the Deaf and Dumb Institution.
*Medical Society.
Merchant Company.
*Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society.
*Royal College of Physicians.
*Royal College of Surgeons.
*Royal Scottish Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.
*Royal Scottish Society of Arts.
*Saint Cuthbert's Lodge of Free Gardeners.
*Solicitors at Law.
Solicitors in the Supreme Courts.
GLASGOW,—
*Dean of Guild and Merchant's House.
Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons.
*Incorporation of Hammermen.
Incorporation of Masons.
Incorporation of Skinners and Glovers.
*Incorporation of Weavers.
*Scottish Highlanders residing in Glasgow, and Members of the Ossianic Society.
Trades' House.
Grand Master, Grand Office-Bearers, and Knights of the Exalted, Religious and Military Order of the Holy Sepulchre of St. John of Jerusalem.
Greenock St. John,—Brethren of the Free Mason Lodge.

Miscellaneous Bodies—*Continued.*

Irvine,—Society of Archers.
Kilmarnock—Victoria Club.
Kirkcudbright—Incorporated Trades.
Leith,—
*Incorporation of the Trinity House.
*Merchant Company.
*Nine Incorporated trades.
Orkney,—Inhabitants of the Islands and County.
Royal Caledonian Hunt.
Royal Physical Society of Scotland.
Schoolmasters, Burgh and Parochial, of Scotland.

Miscellaneous Bodies—*Continued.*

*Society for Promoting Christian Knowlege in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.
Society for Support of Gaelic Schools in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.
*Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.
St. Andrews,—Guildry Incorporation.
Stirling,—
Guildry Incorporation.
*Seven Incorporated Trades.
Supreme Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Freemasons.

LADIES PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY, ON MONDAY 5TH SEPTEMBER, 1842.—P. 197.

Countess of Buchan, by the Hon. Mrs. Callander, of Ardburgh.
Countess of Selkirk, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Countess of Glasgow, by Lady F. Fitzclarence.
Countess of Hopetoun, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Lady Christian Douglas, Do.
Lady Elizabeth Pringle, Do.
Lady Janet Buchanan, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Lady Charlotte M'Gregor, Do.
Lady Harriet Suttie, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Lady Jane Charteris, Do.
Lady Caroline Charteris, Do.
Lady Mary Hope, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Lady Caroline Burges, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Lady Greenock, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Lady Mary Campbell, by the Countess of Cawdor.
Lady Mary Dundas, by the Countess of Rosebery.
Lady Robert Kerr, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Lady Rollo, Do.
Lady Dunfermline, by the Duchess of Norfolk.
Hon. Mrs. Primrose, by the Countess of Rosebery.
Hon. Anne Arbuthnott, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Hon. Mrs. Erskine, by the Hon. Mrs Callander of Craigforth.
Hon. Mrs. Leslie Cumming, by Lady Henderson Durham.
Hon. Mrs. G. Yorke, by the Countess of Rosebery.
Hon. Mrs. Adolphus Cathcart, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Hon. Mrs. Ramsay, of Barnton, Do.
Hon. Anne Napier, by Lady Napier.
Hon. Mrs. L. Ramsay, by Lady Belhaven.
Hon. Martha Rollo, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Hon. Mrs. C. Bailie, by the Countess of Haddington.
Hon. Mrs. Beaumont, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Hon. Mrs. W. Hope Johnstone, by the Countess of Haddington.
Hon. Mrs. Hamilton, by the Hon. Mrs. Maule.
Hon. Christian Maule, Do.
Hon. Mrs. Colville, by the Countess of Selkirk.
Hon. Elizabeth Cathcart, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Lady Campbell, of Aberuchill, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Lady Campbell of Ardnamurchan, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Dowager Lady Campbell, Ardnamurchan, Do.
Lady Hope of Craighall, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Lady Stewart Richardson, by the Countess of Dalhousie.

Lady Jardine of Applegarth, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Lady Keith Murray of Ochtertyre, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Lady Mackenzie of Coul, by Lady F. Fitzclarence.
Lady Herou Maxwell, by Lady Napier.
Lady Murray Thriepland, by Lady Belhaven.
Lady Dick Lauder, by the Countess of Rosebery.
Lady Hunter Blair, by the Countess of Eglintoun.
Lady Stewart of Port-Stewart, by Mrs. Rutherfurd.
Lady Macdonald Lockhart, by the Duchess of Hamilton.
Lady Maitland, by the Countess of Dalhousie.
Lady Monro, by Lady Douglas.
Lady Drummond of Hawthornden, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Lady Forrest of Comiston, Do.
Lady Keith Murray of Ravelston, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Lady Harvey, by Lady Henderson Durham.
Lady Ballinger, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Lady Drysdale, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Lady Halkett, by the Countess of Morton.
Lady Hastings, by the Countess of Haddington.
Lady Gordon of Drimnin, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Lady Russel, by Lady Hall.
Lady Douglas, by the Duchess of Roxburghe.
Lady Brown of Netherbyres, by Lady Hall.
Mrs. Aitchison of Drummore, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Mrs. Andrews, by the Countess of Morton.
Mrs. Anstruther of Tillicoultry, by Lady Henderson Durham.
Mrs. Ballantyne of Holylee, by Mrs. Pringle of Whytbank.
Mrs. G. Hamilton Bell, by Lady F. Fitzclarence.
Mrs. Charles Bell, by the Duchess of Roxburghe.
Mrs. Bennie, by the Hon. Mrs. Maule.
Mrs. Blackburn, by Lady Clerk.
Mrs. Bogle, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Mrs. William Bonar, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. Adolphus F. Bond, by Lady Douglas.
Mrs. P. Boyle, by the Countess of Eglintoun.
Mrs. Brown, by the Hon. Mrs. G. Hope.
Mrs. Bruce, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Mrs. Andrew Buchanan of Mount Vernon, by Lady Belhaven.
Mrs. Callander of Prestonhall, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Mrs. Campbell of Colgrain, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. Campbell, Garden, by Mrs. Brigstocke.
Mrs. Campbell, Do.
Mrs. A. D. Campbell of Ash Craig, by Lady F. Fitzclarence.
Mrs. Colin Campbell, by Mrs. Brigstocke.
Mrs. Thomson Carmichael, by Lady Belhaven.
Mrs. Carr, by Mrs. Rutherfurd.
Mrs. Cathcart of Pitcairly, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. R. Christison, by Mrs. Campbell of Islay.
Mrs. John Cockburn, by Lady Clerk.
Mrs. Collingwood of Cornhill-House, by Lady F. Fitzclarence.
Mrs. Colquhoun, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. Crawford of Ardmillan, by Mrs. Rutherfurd.
Mrs. Maitland Makgill Crichton of Rankeilour, by Lady Maitland.
Mrs. Crowe, by Lady Drysdale.
Mrs. Curran, by Lady Henderson Durham.
Mrs. Dalrymple of Fordel, by Lady Belhaven.
Mrs. Dennistoun, by Lady Rollo.
Mrs. Douglas Dick, by Lady Drummond.
Mrs. James Douglas, by Lady Douglas.
Mrs. Douglas of Glenfinnart, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. Duke, Do.
Mrs. Duncan, by Lady Henderson Durham.
Mrs. Henry Dundas, by the Hon. Mrs. Maule.
Mrs. Dundas of Arniston, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Mrs. John N. Dyer, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Mrs. George Augustus Elliot, by Lady Henderson Durham.
Mrs. Russell Elliott, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Mrs. Ewing of Levenside, by the Marchioness of Breadalbane.
Mrs. Ross Farquharson of Invercauld, by Lady Belhaven.
Mrs. Ferguson, Do.
Mrs. George Forbes, Do.
Mrs. Richard Fox, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. Fraser of Castle Fraser, by the Duchess of Norfolk.
Mrs. Murray Gartshore, by the Countess of Morton.
Mrs. Gerard, by the Duchess of Hamilton.
Mrs. William Gibson, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. Gillespie, by Lady Clerk.

Mrs. Edward Glover, by Lady Douglas.
Mrs. Joseph Gordon, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. Gordon of Kincardine, by Lady Muir Mackenzie.
Mrs. William Gregory, by Lady John Scott.
Mrs. Gunson of Ingwell, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. Haig of Blair Hill, by Lady Douglas.
Mrs. Halket, Do.
Mrs. Harrington, by Lady Belhaven.
Mrs. Hay of Belton, by the Countess of Haddington.
Mrs. Hay of Morton, by Lady Belhaven.
Mrs. Henderson of Warriston, by Mrs. Thesiger.
Mrs. J. Piercy Henderson, by Lady Belhaven.
Mrs. Stewart Hepburn, by Lady Willoughby de Eresby.
Mrs. Frederick Hill, by the Countess of Morton.
Mrs. Philip Hill, by the Countess of Rosebery.
Mrs. Hog of Newliston, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Mrs. John Horsley, by Lady Buchan Hepburn.
Mrs. Howard, by Lady Clerk.
Mrs. Hunter of Thurston, by the Countess of Haddington.
Mrs. Hunter of Hunterston, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. R. Hunter, by Lady Rollo.
Mrs. Hunter, by the Hon. Mrs. Callander.
Mrs. Hutchison, by Mrs. M. Constable Maxwell.
Mrs. John Inglis, by the Countess of Selkirk.
Mrs. Inglis of Redhall, by Lady Clerk.
Mrs. Thomas Mitchell Innes, by the Duchess of Roxburghe.
Mrs. Innes, by Mrs. Brigstocke.
Mrs. Innes of Cowie, by Lady Belhaven.
Mrs. Isacke, by Lady Henderson Durham.
Mrs. Kelland, by Mrs. Alison.
Mrs. G. Key, by Mrs. M. Constable Maxwell.
Mrs. Kinloch, by Mrs. Alexander Wedderburn.
Mrs. Kinloch, by Mrs. Brigstocke.
Mrs. James Kinnear, by Lady Forrest.
Mrs. Lamont, of Knockdow, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. Lawson, by Lady Belhaven.
Mrs. Elliot Lockhart, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Mrs. Macalister of Glenbarr, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. Kellie MacCallum, by the Countess of Rosebery.
Mrs. Hugh MacGregor, by the Duchess of Roxburghe.
Mrs. MacGregor, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. James Hay Mackenzie, by Mrs. Wedderburn.
Mrs. H. A. Macniel, by Lady Douglas.
Mrs. Mure Macredie, of Perceton, by Lady F. Fitzclarence.
Mrs. Maewhirter, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. James Maitland, by Lady Maitland.
Mrs. Lewis Maitland, Do.
Mrs. Heron Maxwell, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Mrs. Mercer of Gorthy, by Lady Clerk.
Mrs. Millar of Stewartfield, by the Hon. Mrs. F. Maule
Mrs. Millar, by the Countess of Eglintoun.
Mrs. Moir of Leckie, by Lady Blantyre.
Mrs. Willoughby Moore, by the Duchess of Roxburghe.
Mrs. Mowbray, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Mrs. Munro of Craiglockhart, by Lady F. Fitzclarence.
Mrs. Murray of Polmaise, by the Hon. Mrs. Maule.
Mrs. Dunmore Napier, by Mrs. Callander of Craigforth.
Mrs. Robert Nasmyth, by Lady Elizabeth Pringle.
Mrs. Cochrane Patrick of Ladyland, by Mrs. Rutherfurd.
Mrs. Pringle of Whytbank, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Mrs. Ramsay, by Lady Belhaven.
Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, by Lady Hall.
Mrs. Robertson of Logan House, by Lady Clerk.
Mrs. Robertson of Eddistone, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. Rolland, by Mrs. Alison of Possil House.
Mrs. Scott of Gala, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Mrs. Fitzmorris Scott, by Lady Douglas.
Mrs. W. Scott, by the Countess of Lindsay.
Mrs. W. H. Shepherd, by Lady Rollo.
Mrs. Charles Smith, by Lady Douglas.
Mrs. Graham Speirs, by the Hon. Mrs. Maule.
Mrs. Sprott of Riddell, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Mrs. Stewart of Physgill, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. Stewart of Binney, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Mrs. Gartshore Stirling, by Mrs. Kinnaird Lennox.
Mrs. Stirling of Glenbervie, by the Duchess of Argyll.

Mrs. Stirling of Kenmure, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Mrs. Straton of Kirkside, by Mrs. Thesiger.
Mrs. Tod, by the Countess of Dalhousie.
Mrs. W. Tollemache, by Mrs. Callander of Craigforth.
Mrs. A. Urinston, by Lady Rollo.
Mrs. Urquhart, by Mrs. Leslie Cumming.
Mrs. Walker of Bowland, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Mrs. Warner of Ardeer, by the Countess of Eglintoun.
Mrs. Wedderburn, by the Countess of Selkirk.
Mrs. Wilson, by Lady Douglas.
Mrs. Raymond Whyte, Do.
Mrs. Wood, by the Countess of Selkirk.
Misses Adamina and Agnes Abercrombie, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Aitchison, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Miss Anderson of Moredun, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Barbara Anderson, Do.
Miss Baillie of Polkemmet, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Baird, Do.
Miss Ballantyne of Holylee, by Mrs. Pringle of Whytbank.
Misses Eleanor and Elizabeth Begbie, by Lady (Niel) Douglas.
Miss Berry, by Lady Douglas.
Miss Elizabeth Berry, Do.
Miss Rosina Berry, Do.
Miss Bethune, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Monro Binning, by the Hon. Mrs. Maule.
Miss Blackburne, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Borthwick of Crookston, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Miss Bowie, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Miss Laura Brandling, by the Duchess of Roxburghe.
Miss Brown of Auchlochan, by the Duchess of Hamilton.
Misses Charlotte S. and Wilhelmina Buchanan, by the Countess of Eglintoun.
Miss Campbell of Colgrain, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Campbell, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Campbell of Skerrington, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Campbell of Barbruck, Do.
Miss Campbell of Ballimore, Do.
Miss Campbell, Do.
Miss Cathcart of Pitcairly, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Cathcart, Do.
Miss Christie of Durie, by Mrs. Pringle of Whytbank.
Miss Cleghorn, by the Duchess of Roxburghe.
Miss Susan Cleghorn, Do.
Miss Cochran, by Mrs. Rutherfurd.
Miss Cockburn, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Cockburn, by Mrs. Rutherfurd.
Miss Congreve, by Mrs. Thesiger.
Miss Cogan, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Colquhoun, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Misses Charlotte, Jane, and Georgina Colville, by the Hon. Mrs. Colville.
Miss Connel, by Lady Durham.
Misses Margaret, Cecilia, and Joanna Gibson-Craig, by the Countess of Morton.
Miss Crawford of Cartsburn, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Elizabeth Crawford, Do.
Misses Julia and Letitia Crawford, by the Countess of Eglintoun.
Misses Elizabeth, Anne, and Agnes Dalrymple, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Jessie Dennistoun, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Dirom, by Lady Buchan Hepburn.
Miss Douglas, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Miss Douglas, by the Duchess of Roxburghe.
Misses Cecilia and Elrington Douglas, Do.
Miss Dunbar, by Lady Rollo.
Miss Dundas of Arniston, by Mrs. Dundas.
Misses Grace and Marion Hamilton Dundas, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Miss Drysdale, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Misses A. and Mary Drysdale, Do.
Miss Caroline Eccles, by Lady Douglas.
Miss Elliot, by Lady Henderson Durham.
Miss Russell Elliott, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Miss Farquharson of Invercauld, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Fearn, by Lady (Neil) Douglas.
Miss Mary Ferguson, by Lady Augusta Fitzclarence.
Miss Mary Forbes, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Forbes, and Georgina Forbes, by the Hon. Mrs. Maule.
Miss Forrest of Comiston, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Miss Fraser, and Miss Elizabeth Fraser of Castle Fraser, by the Duchess of Norfolk.

Miss Fullerton, and Isabella Fullerton, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Garden, Do.
Misses Mary and Anne Gordon, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Gordon, by the Hon. Mrs. Callander.
Miss Gordon, and Anne Gordon, by Mrs. Rutherfurd.
Misses Margaret and Mary Graeme, Do.
Miss Mary Graeme, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Graham of Sarbruch, by Lady Ruthven.
Miss Gray, by Lady Henderson Durham.
Miss Gregorson of Ardternick, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Greig of Eccles, by the Duchess of Roxburghe.
Miss Gunsen, and Mary Gunsen, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Mary Haig, by Lady John Scott.
Miss Halkett, by the Countess of Morton.
Miss Halket, and E. Halket, by Lady Douglas.
Miss Harvey, by Lady Harvey.
Miss Hastings, and Fanny Hastings, by the Countess of Haddington.
Miss Hay of Belton, Do.
Miss Hay, by Lady Hall.
Miss Henderson, by Mrs. Pringle of Whytbank.
Miss Holland, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Home of Paxton, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Miss Home, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Honyman, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Hope, and Elizabeth Hope, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Miss Helen Hope, by Lady Hope.
Miss Hope, by the Countess of Haddington.
Misses Jane and Margaret Hope, Do.
Miss Hope, and Jemima Hope, Do.
Miss E. Hore, by Lady Ruthven.
Miss Horsley, by Lady Buchan Hepburn.
Miss Agnes Hume, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Hunter, by the Countess of Haddington.
Misses Elizabeth and Margaret Hunter, Do.
Misses Mary and Dysert Hunter, by the Duchess of Roxburghe.
Miss Hunter, and Harriet Hunter, by Lady Rollo.
Miss Hunter, by the Hon. Mrs. Callander.
Miss Wilhelmina Ingilby, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Innes, by Mrs. Innes.
Miss Innes of Raemoir, by Lady Rollo.
Miss Ivory, by Mrs. Rutherfurd.
Miss Jamieson, and Catherine Jamieson, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Jardine of Applegarth, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Miss J. E. Johnstone, by Lady Muir Mackenzie.
Miss Jemima Johnstone, by Lady A. Fitzclarence.
Miss Kennedy, and Mary Kennedy, by Mrs. Campbell.
Miss Kerr, and Lucy Kerr, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Miss Ker, by Lady Hall.
Miss Kinloch, and Isabella Kinloch, by Mrs. Kinloch.
Miss Lamont of Aird-Lamont, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Misses Susan, Cornelia, Isabella, and Maddalena Dick Lauder, by the Countess of Rosebery.
Miss Agnes Learmont, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Miss Lee, Do.
Miss Leigh, by Mrs. Callander.
Miss Mary Leslie, by Lady Ruthven.
Miss Melville Leslie, Do.
Miss Lockhart, and F. and C. Lockhart of Camnethan, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Sandys Lumsdaine, by Lady Henderson Durham.
Miss MacCall of Daldowie, by the Duchess of of Hamilton.
Miss Robertson MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Elizabeth R. MacDonald, Do.
Miss MacDougall, by Mrs. Campbell of Islay.
Miss Anne Murray MacGregor, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss MacGregor, by Mrs. Campbell of Islay.
Miss Muir MacKenzie, by the Countess of Kinnoull.
Miss MacKenzie of Belmont, by the Duchess of Roxburghe.
Miss MacLean of Coll, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Miss MacLean of Ardgour, Do.
Miss MacLean, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Fanny MacLean, by the Duchess of Hamilton.
Miss Macwhirter, and Flora and Georgina Macwhirter, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Maitland, by Lady Belhaven.

Miss Maxtone, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Maxwell of Kirkconnel, by Mrs. Maxwell of Terreglis.
Miss Maxwell of Polmaise, by the Hon. Mrs. Maule.
Miss Mayne, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Mercer, and Harriet Mercer, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Millar, and Matilda Millar, by Lady Henderson Durham.
Miss Louisa Millar, Warriston, by Mrs. Thesiger.
Miss Monteith, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Mortou, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Mosman, and Anne Mosman of Auchtyfardle, by the Duchess of Hamilton.
Miss Mosman, and Jane and Anne Mosman, by Lady (Neil) Douglas.
Miss Munro, by the Hon. Mrs. Callander of Craigforth.
Miss Munro of Craiglockhart, by Lady Frederick Fitzclarence.
Miss Munson, by Mrs. Maule.
Miss Mure, by Lady Blantyre.
Miss Murray, by the Hon. Mrs. F. Maule.
Miss Keith Murray, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Miss Murray of Philiphaugh, by the Countess of Morton.
Miss Nairne of Dunsinane, and Miss Drummond Nairne, by the Hon. Mrs. Maule.
Miss Nasmyth, and Anne and Mary Nasmyth, by Lady E. Pringle.
Miss Oswald, and Georgina Oswald, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Oswald of Scotstoun, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Oughterson, by Lady Douglas.
Miss Parker, by Mrs. Anstruther.
Miss Pott of Todrig, by Lady Napier.
Miss Pringle, and Emily, Catherine Anne, and Mary Pringle, by Lady E. Pringle.
Miss Charlotte Pringle, by Mrs. Pringle of Whytbank.
Miss Catherine Pringle of Whytbank, by Mrs. Pringle.
Miss Rae, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Ramsay, and Bethia Ramsay, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Reid Hope of Grange Hill, by Lady (Neil) Douglas.
Miss Robertson, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Margaret Stewart Robertson, of Edradynate, by Lady Willoughby de Eresby.
Miss Alicia Robertson, by Mrs. Robertson.
Miss Robertson of Logan, by Lady Clerk.
Miss Robison, by the Duchess of Hamilton.
Miss Russell, and Eleanor Russell, by the Hon. Mrs. F. Maule.
Miss Russell and Jane Russell, by Mrs. Rutherfurd.
Miss Caroline Russell, Do.
Miss Scott of Gala, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Miss Scott of Sunderland Hall, by Mrs. Pringle of Whytbank.
Miss Elizabeth Scott, Do.
Miss Caroline Simpson, by Lady Drysdale.
Misses Diana, Catherine, and Margaret Sinclair, of Ulbster, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Eliza Sinclair, Do.
Miss Elizabeth Binning Shairpe, of Houston, by the Countess of Hopetoun.
Miss Speirs, and C. Speirs, by the Duchess of Roxburghe.
Miss Stafford, by Mrs. Alison.
Miss Stewart of Physgill, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Stewart, and Elizabeth Stewart, of Glenormiston, by Lady Napier.
Miss Graham Stirling, and Jemima Graham Stirling, by Lady Belhaven.
Misses Eliza and Henrietta Stirling, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Street, by Lady Frederick Fitzclarence.
Miss Swinton and Mary Swinton, by the Duchess of Argyll.
Miss Taylor, by Lady Belhaven.
Miss Thomson, by the Hon. Mrs. Maule.
Misses Eliza and Catharine Thriepland, by Lady Belhaven.
Misses Mary, Jane, and Charlotte Tod, by the Countess of Dalhousie.
Miss Katherine Tod, by Lady Hall.
Miss Tytler, and Marianne Tytler, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Miss Walker, and Mary Walker of Coates, Do.
Miss Wardlaw, and Mary Wardlaw, by Lady Henderson Durham.
Miss Wauchope of Edmonstone, by the Duchess of Buccleuch.
Misses Anne and Jane Wauchope, Do.
Miss Wauchope, by Lady John Scott.
Miss Wedderburn, by Mrs. Alex. Wedderburn.
Miss Wedderburn, and Euphemia Scrymgeor Wedderburn, by Lady Henderson Durham.

Miss Jemima Wedderburn, by Mrs. Wedderburn.
Miss Wilson, by Lady Douglas.
Misses A. and L. Wilson, by Lady Douglas.
Miss Wood, by the Countess of Selkirk.

GENTLEMEN PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY, ON MONDAY, 5TH SEPTEMBER, 1842.

Earl of Buchan, by Mr. Callander of Craigforth.
Viscount Kenmure, by the Hon. Fox Maule.
Lieutenant-Col. Lord Robert Kerr, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Lord Torphichen, by the Earl of Morton.
Lord Napier, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Lord Rollo, Do.
Lord Polwarth, Do.
Hon. and Rev. Somerville Hay, by Lord Frederick Fitzclarence.
Hon. B. F. Primrose, by the Earl of Rosebery.
Hon. Captain H. Crichton, Inniskilling Dragoons, by Major-Gen. Sir Neil Douglas.
Hon. H. Walpole, by Admiral Sir P. Durham.
Hon. Captain A. Cathcart, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Hon. William Stewart, by Lord Blantyre.
Hon. R. Dunbar, by the Hon. Fox Maule.
Hon. T. E. Erskine, by the Duke of Argyll.
Right Rev. Bishop Skinner of Aberdeen, by the Lord Advocate of Scotland.
The Right Rev. Bishop Low of Ross and Argyll, by the Lord Advocate of Scotland.
Right Rev. Bishop Russel of Glasgow, Do.
Right Rev. Bishop Moir of Brechin, Do.
Right Rev. Bishop Terrot of Edinburgh, Do.
Right Rev. Bishop Gibbs, by the Earl of Aberdeen.
Right Rev. Bishop Gillies, Do.
Lord-Justice-General, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Lord-Justice-Clerk, by the Earl of Aberdeen.
Lord Mackenzie, by the Lord-Justice-General.
Lord Fullerton, Do.
Lord Murray, Do.
Lord Ivory, Do.
Solicitor-General, by the Earl of Aberdeen.
Sir Thomas Milliken Napier of Milliken, Bart. by Lord Belhaven.
Sir James Campbell of Aberuchill, Bart., by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Sir John Campbell of Ardnamurchan, Bart., by the Duke of Argyll.
Sir Andrew Agnew of Lochnaw, Bart., by Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart.
Sir Adam Hay of Haystone, Bart., Vice-Lieut. of Peeblesshire, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Sir William Jardine of Applegarth, Bart., by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Sir William Hamilton of Preston, Bart., Do.
Sir William Keith Murray of Ochtertyre, Bart., by General Sir George Murray.
Sir John Pringle of Stichell, Bart., by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Sir Thomas Dick Lauder of Fountainhall, Bart., Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of East-Lothian, by the Earl of Rosebery.
Sir David Hunter Blair of Dunskey, Bart., by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Sir Norman Macdonald Lockhart of Lee and Carnwath, Bart., by the Duke of Argyll.
Sir Archibald Campbell of Succoth, Bart., Do.
Sir A. Maitland Gibson of Clifton Hall, Bart., by the Earl of Rosebery.
Sir James Gibson-Craig of Riccarton, Bart., Do.
Sir Arch. Campbell, Bart., by Lord Belhaven.
Colonel Sir Henry Fairfax, Bart., by the Duke of Roxburghe.
Major-General Sir James Russell, K.C.B., by Sir John Hall, Bart.
Major-General Sir Niel Douglas, Commander of the Forces in North Britain, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Sir William Dunbar, by the Master of Rollo.
General Sir Alexander Halkett, by the Earl of Morton.
Sir Richard Morrison, by the Hon. Fox Maule.
Sir Charles Gordon, Secretary to the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, by the Duke of Roxburghe.
Sir Henry Bishop, Professor of Music, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Dr. Abercromby, first Physician to the Queen in Scotland, by the Lord Advocate.
Mr. Aitchison of Drummore, by the Duke of Buccleuch.

Mr. Alexander of Ballochmyle, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Rev. W. Lindsay Alexander, by Sir Wm. Lowthorpe.
Dr. Alison, Professor of Practice of Physic, University of Edinburgh, by the Lord Advocate.
Mr. Anderson of Moredun, by Viscount Melville.
Mr. Adam Anderson, by the Lord-Justice-Clerk.
Rev. Dr. Anderson, by the Marquess of Bute.
Mr. Michael Anderson, by the Duke of Argyll.
Dr. John Andrew, by Mr. W. Gibson-Craig, M.P.
Mr. John Angus, Town-clerk, Aberdeen, by Provost Blaikie.
Mr. Anstruther of Tillicoultry, by Admiral Sir Philip Durham.
Commander Arrow, by the Earl of Errol.
Dr. Arthur, K.H., Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, by Lieutenant-General Wardlaw.
Lieutenant H. Martin Atkins, 53d Regiment, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Mr. Roger Aytoun, Director of her Majesty's Chancery, by the Duke of Argyll.
Mr. Baillie of Jerviswoode, by the Marquess of Breadalbane.
Mr. Charles Baillie, Do.
Mr. Baillie of Polkemmet, by the Hon. Charles Hope, M.P.
Mr. Walter Baine, Provost of Greenock, by Mr. Patrick Maxwell.
Mr. John Bain, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Captain Baird, 15th Hussars, by Colonel Howard.
Mr. Bald, by Sir James Spittal.
Mr. James Balfour, by Mr. Rutherfurd, M.P.
Professor Balfour, of Glasgow, by Principal Macfarlane, Glasgow.
Mr. Ballantyne of Holylee, by Mr. Pringle, M.P.
Professor Ballingall, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Captain R. D. Barbor, Inniskilling Dragoons, by Major-Geueral Sir Neil Douglas.
Mr. W. Bastard, 53d Regiment, Do.
Major Begbie, Do.
Dr. G. J. Bell, by Mr. Rutherfurd.
Professor Bell, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. H. G. Bell, by Lord Frederick Fitzclarence.
Mr. David Bell, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Rev. Archibald Bennie, Dean of the Chapel of Holyrood, by Sir James Spittal.
Major Black, 53d Regiment, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Mr. A. Black, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Commander Blair of Blair, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Captain Edward Bond, 53d Regiment, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Captain A. F. Bond, Do.
Lieutenant-Colonel Borthwick, Madras Army, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. Borthwick of Crookstone, Do.
Rev. Lewis Bowerbank, by Sir William Drysdale.
Captain Boyle, by the Lord-Justice-General.
Lieutenant W. Boyle, 15th Regiment, Do.
Commander A. Boyle, R.N., Do.
Mr. John Boyle, Do.
Mr. James Boyle, Magistrate of Glasgow, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Mr. H. Brandling, by the Duke of Roxburghe.
Lieutenant Brettingham, Royal Artillery, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Mr. Bridone, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. T. S. Langford Brooke, by Mr. Campbell of Islay.
Rev. Dr. R. Brown, by Sir G. Clerk, Bart.
Rev. Dr. Brown, Marischal College, Aberdeen, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Rev. J. Tod Brown, Dunfermline, Do.
Mr. James Brown of Bendarrock, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Mr. W. Brown, of Kilmardinny, Do.
Mr. John George Brown, Junior, of Auchcochar. by Sir Edward Colebrooke, Bart.
Mr. Brown, by Sir George Clerk, Bart.
Mr. James Brown, by Mr. Campbell of Islay.
Mr. R. Bruce, Sheriff of Argyllshire, by the Duke of Argyll.
Professor Brunton, of the University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Major Buchan, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Lieut. A. Buchanan, R.N., Do.
Mr. Andrew Buchanan of Mount Vernon, by Lord Belhaven.
Mr. Buchanan of Blairvaduck, by the Duke of Argyll.
Rev. Dr. Buist, Rector of the University of St. Andrews, by Viscount Melville.
Mr. Burnet of Gadgirth, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Mr. R. Buntan, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.

Mr. Burnet, Secretary to the Lord High Commissioner, by the Earl of Errol.
Mr. Burns, Surgeon, R.N., by Commander Thompson.
Mr. Alex. Bryce, Magistrate of Canongate, by the Marquess of Breadalbane.
Mr. J. G. Cadell, Madras Army, by Lieut.-Col. Cadell.
Dr. Cahill, Mayor of Berwick-upon-Tweed, by Sir George Ballingall.
Mr. David Calder, Treasurer of Canongate, by the Marquess of Breadalbane.
Mr. Callander of Prestonhall, Dep.-Lieut. of the Counties of Haddington and Mid-Lothian, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. J. A. C. Campbell, 79th Regiment, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Captain C. Campbell, R.N., of Ardpatrick, by the Duke of Argyll.
Mr. Campbell of Ormsary, Do.
Mr. F. Garden Campbell of Troup, by the Earl of Errol.
Mr. James Campbell of Succoth, by the Duke of Argyll.
Mr. Colin Campbell of Colgrain, Do.
Mr. John Archibald Campbell, Do.
Mr. C. Campbell of Peaton, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. Archibald Campbell, Do.
Mr. W. Campbell of Tilliechewan Castle, Do.
Mr. Campbell of Tilliechewan, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Mr. A. D. Campbell, Do.
Mr. Thomson Carmichael, by Lord Belhaven.
Mr. J. Carmichael of East-End, Do.
Mr. Morton Carr, by the Earl of Morton.
Mr. Catheart of Pitcairly, by the Duke of Argyll.
Captain Canch, Fort-Major, Edinburgh Castle, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Ensign Caulfield, 66th Foot, Do.
Mr. Cay, Sheriff of Linlithgowshire, by the Earl of Hopetoun.
Mr. Thomas Chadwick, Oakenwood House, by Sir James Spittal.
Colonel W. Chalmers of Glenericht, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Professor Chalmers, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Dr. W. Seton Charteris, by Major-Gen. Duncan.
Mr. George Charteris, by the Duke of Roxburghe.
Professor Cheape, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Lieut. Chester, 53d Regiment, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. Maitland Makgill Crichton of Rankeilour, by Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart.
Dr. Christison, by Mr. Campbell of Islay.
Professor Christison, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Chief of Clanranald, by the Duke of Argyll.
Mr. Leslie Clark, Magistrate of Aberdeen, by Provost Blaikie.
Lieut. Cochrane, 10th Austrian Hussars, by Lord Robert Kerr, K.H.
Capt. J. W. Coddington, Royal Engineers, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. J. Colquhoun of Luss, by Sir J. Colquhoun, Bart.
Mr. Colquhoun, by the Duke of Argyll.
Rev. Geo. Colville, by the Lord-Justice-General.
Rev. James Connell, by Admiral Sir P. Durham.
Rev. Dr. Cook, University of St. Andrews, by the Lord-Justice-General.
Rev. John Cook, by the Lord-Justice-Clerk.
Mr. W. Copland of Colliston by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. M. T. Cornes, 53d Regiment, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Captain George S. Cottar, Madras Artillery, by Colonel M'Nain.
Mr. Andrew Coventry of Pitillock, by Sir T. B. Hepburn, Bart.
Rev. W. Craig of Dronara, Irish Presbyterian Church, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Lieut. Crawford, Royal Artillery, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Major Crawford, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Lieut. J. W. Crawford, R.N. Do.
Lieut.-Col. Crawford, Do.
Mr. G. Crawford, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Lieut. R. Howison Crawford, 6th Austrian Cuirassiers, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Mr. Crawford, yr. of Ardmillan, by Mr. Rutherfurd, M.P.
Mr. Peter Crooks, by Mr. W. Gibson-Craig, M.P.
Mr. Crowe, 83d Regiment, by Lord Jeffrey.
Major J. P. Cumming, Bombay Army, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. Cunninghame of Caprington Castle, by Mr. Pringle, M.P.

Mr. Currie, Sheriff of Banffshire, by the Marquess of Breadalbane.
Lieut.-Col. Dalgairns, H.E.I.C. by Admiral Sir Philip Durham.
Mr. Dalrymple of Fordel, Deputy-Lieutenant of Lanarkshire, by the Duke of Hamilton.
Mr. Dalrymple of North Berwick, by Sir J. Hall, Bart.
Mr. Charles Elphinstone Dalrymple, by Captain Dalrymple.
John Dawke, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. John Denniston, Magistrate of Greenock, by Mr. Patrick Maxwell Stewart, M.P.
Lieut. H. J. Denny, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. Dewar of Vogrie, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. William Dick, Moderator of the High Constables of Edinburgh, by the Earl of Morton.
Mr. George Dick, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Cornet Whitehall Dod, Inniskilling Dragoons, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. Andrew Dods, Baron-Bailie of Canongate and Calton, by the Marquess of Breadalbane.
Mr. R. Dodson, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. David Doud, Do.
Captain John Douglas, 79th Regiment, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. C. H. Dowker, 53d Regiment, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. John Forbes Drummond, by Sir P. H. Durham.
Mr. Home Drummond, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Lieutenant W. Drysdale, by Sir W. Drysdale.
Mr. Patrick Dudgeon of East-Craig, by Major-General Duncan.
Professor Dunbar, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Rev. George J. C. Duncan of Durham, by Dr. Duncan.
Rev. W. Wallace Duncan of Cleish, Do.
Rev. J. K. Duncan, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. George Duncan, Councillor, Edinburgh, by the Earl of Rosebery.
Mr. Thomas Duncan, by Sir William Allan.
Mr. Dundas of Dundas Castle, by the Earl of Rosebery.
Lieut. Dundas, Rifle-Brigade, by the Earl of Rosebery.
Capt. H. Dundas, R.N., by Viscount Melville.
Mr. T. Grahame Dundas, by the Hon. Fox Maule.
Commander H. Dunlop, by the Earl of Rosebery.
Mr. William Dunn of Duntocher, by the Lord-Justice-Clerk.
Lieut. M. Dwyer, R.N., H.M.S. Fearless, by Captain Frederick Bullock, R.N.
Mr. John Neil Dyer, by the Earl of Hopetoun.
Mr. R. Dymock, Procurator-Fiscal, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Capt. Russell Eliott, R.N., by Admiral Sir P. Durham.
Captain H. R. Eliott, R.N., by Lord R. Kerr.
Lieut.-Col. Emmet, Royal Engineers, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Lieut. G. P. Erskine, 72d Regiment, Do.
Mr. Ewing of Levenside, Deputy-Lieutenant of Lanarkshire, by the Duke of Hamilton.
Mr. Ewing, by Mr Callander of Craigforth.
Lieut.-Col. Falls, by Major-General Wardlaw.
Capt. Fearon, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Capt. J. Ferguson, R.N., by Viscount Melville.
Mr. C. Ferrier, Assistant-Surgeon, by Sir George Ballingall.
Professor Ferrier, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. Robert Finlay, jun., by Sir John Robison.
Rev. Dr. Fleming of Neilston.
Colonel Fleming, by the Duke of Argyll.
Mr. Fleming of Barochan, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Mr. Fletcher of Dunans, by Lord Murray.
Mr. A. Fletcher, Glasgow, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Lieut. W. Followes, 53d Regiment, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Capt. John Forbes, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Lieut. Forbes, 11th Regiment, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. James Forbes, Magistrate of Aberdeen, by Provost Blaikie.
Professor Forbes, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. George Forbes, by Sir George Clerk, Bart.
Mr. Forbes of St. Catherine's, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. W. Forbes, M.P., by Sir George Clerk, Bart.
Mr. Arthur Forbes, Glasgow, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. Dugald Forbes, Glasgow, Do.
Lieut. Forrest, R.N., Deputy Master of the Trinity House, by Rear-Admiral Tait.

Mr. Henry Forsyth, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. Foulis, by Sir William Drysdale.
Mr. Alexander Fraser, Chamberlain, Aberdeen, by Provost Blaikie.
Mr. W. N. Fraser, yr. of Thendraick, by Col. Winchister, K.H.
Mr. Fullerton, by Lord Belhaven.
Mr. Galbraith, Provost of Stirling, with an Address.
Mr. W. Galbraith, Town-clerk of Stirling.
Captain James Gammil, Deputy-Lieut. of Aberdeenshire, by Sir William Drysdale.
Mr. A. Geikie, Councillor, Edinburgh, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. Gerrard, by the Duke of Hamilton.
Mr. W. Gibson, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Mr. Gillespie, by Sir George Clerk.
Mr. Gilfillan of Cowdenknowes, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Mr. Edward Glover, 53d Regiment, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Lieutenant Goodenough, Royal Artillery, Do.
Captain Gold, 53d Regiment, Do.
Mr. Gordon Clunes Gordon, by Mr. Rutherfurd, M.P.
Mr. James Gordon, Spanish Consul, by the Earl of Aberdeen.
Mr. Gordon of Nethermuir, Do.
Dr. George Govan, Bengal Medical Staff, by Captain Maitland, R.N.
Rev. Alex. Gowdy of Strabane, Presbyterian Church of Ireland, by the Marquess of Lorne
Mr. John B. Gracie, one of her Majesty's Dep. Lieutenants for the County of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Rev. R. B. Graham of North Berwick, by Sir James Spittal.
Captain Graham of Glenny, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Captain John George Graham, R.N., by Sir P. H. Durham.
Mr. J. Maxwell Graham, of Glasgow, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. James Gillespie Graham of Orchill, by the Hon. Fox Maule.
Professor Grahame, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Professor Grahame, President of Royal College of Physicians, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. Grant of Kilgraston, by Lord Ruthven.
Mr. William Gray, Lord Dean of Guild, Glasgow, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Professor Gregory, of Aberdeen.
Mr. J. Greig, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Rev. Henry Grey, St. Mary's, Edinburgh, by Dr. H. Duncan.
Mr. Andrew Grierson, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Commander Francis Grove, by Sir Thomas Buchan Hepburn, Bart.
Dr. Gulland, R.N., by Sir G. Ballingall.
Mr. George Gulland, senior, Magistrate of Canongate, by the Marquess of Breadalbane.
Mr. Gunn, Rector of Haddington Burgh Schools, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. A. Hadden of Persley, by Provost Blaikie.
Mr. Haldane, by Lord Belhaven.
Lieutenant Halkett, 40th Regiment Foot, by General Sir Alexander Halkett.
Dr. Halkett, Principal Medical Officer North Britain, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey of Castle-Semple, K.H., by Admiral Sir P. Durham.
Mr. John Harvey.
Mr. Alexander Hastie of Glasgow, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Mr. Robert Hay, Heywood Hall, by Sir James Spittal.
Mr. Hay of Morton, by Mr. Whyte Melville.
Mr. Dalrymple Hay of Park Place, by the Earl of Galloway.
Captain Hay, R.N., by Sir Thomas Buchan Hepburn, Bart., M.P.
Mr. J. Piercy Henderson, by Lord Belhaven.
Mr. John Henderson, Queen's Remembrancer, by Lord Dunfermline.
Mr. J. P. Henderson.
Dr. Henderson, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Professor Henderson, Do. by Do.
Dr. Henry, of Armagh, Moderator from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. George Henry, Magistrate, Aberdeen, by Provost Blaikie.
Mr. Stewart Hepburn of Colquhalzie, by Lord Willoughby de Eresby.
Lieutenant-Colonel Hill, 53d Regiment, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Major Hill, 53d Regiment, Do.

Rev. Dr. Hill, Glasgow College, by the Lord-Justice-General.
Lieutenant H. Hill.
Professor Hill, by the Lord-Justice-General.
Mr. Thomas Hill, Keeper of the Register of Sasines for the Regality of Glasgow, by Sir John Robison.
Mr. Henry Hill, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. Hog of Newliston, by the Earl of Hopetoun.
Dr. A. G. Home, Queen's Bays, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. Binning Home, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Professor Home, University of Edinburgh, Do.
Mr. W. Honyman, by Lord Belhaven.
Rev. Samuel Hood, by the Lord Advocate.
Commander T. Hope, by Sir John Hope, Bart.
Captain D. Hope, R.N., by Rear-Admiral Tait.
Professor Hope, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. William Houston of Johnstone, by the Duke of Argyll.
Commander Hudson, by Rear-Admiral Tait.
Dr. Huie, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. Hunt, yr. of Pittencreiff, by the Earl of Rosebery.
Captain Hunter of Hunterston, Dep.-Lieutenant of Ayrshire, by the Duke of Argyll.
Lieutenant James Hunter, 42d Regiment, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. Hunter, Sheriff of Bute, by Lord Dunfermline.
Mr. R. Hunter, Councillor, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Dr. Hunter, by the Lord Advocate.
Mr. Hunter of Thurston, by Sir Thomas Buchan Hepburn, Bart.
Mr. Hunter, junior, Do.
Col. Hutchison, Commanding Royal Artillery, North Britain, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Rev. J. Hutchison, by the Duke of Hamilton.
Bailie Hutchison, by Provost Reoch of Leith.
Captain M. Hutchinson, 53d Regiment, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Capt. Charles Inge, 53d Regiment, Do.
Mr. John Inglis, by Sir George Clerk, Bart.
Mr. John Inglis of Redhall, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Capt. Francis Ingram, Inniskilling Dragoons, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. Innes of Raemoir, by Lord Belhaven.
Mr. Thomas Innes, by Lord Belhaven.
Mr. Irvine, Madras Civil Service, by Lord Dunfermline.
Professor Jameson, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Lieut.-Col. Johnstone, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. W. Johnstone, Magistrate, Edinburgh, by the Marquess of Breadalbane.
Captain Kerr, by Mr. Pringle, M.P.
Professor Kelland, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Commander Kerr, R.N., by Rear-Admiral Tait.
Major George Key, 15th Hussars, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. Knox of St. Ninians, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. Knox, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Mr. Lamont of Knockdow, by the Duke of Argyll.
Provost Lea of Haddington, with an Address.
Mr. Learmonth of Dean, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Principal Lee, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. Leith of Freefield and Glenkindie, by Sir Thomas Buchan Hepburn, Bart.
Mr. R. J. Leslie, by Lieut.-General Wardlaw.
Mr. Little, by Sir Thomas B. Hepburn, Bart.
Capt. Littlejohn, 8th Madras Infantry, by Lieut.-Col. Sir R. Mowbray, K.H.
Rev. John Lochtie, A.M., Inverkeithing, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. Elliott Lockhart, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. George Logan, Dep.-Lieut., Edinburgh, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Dr. Logan, 53d Regiment, by Major.-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. Maurice Lothian, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Rev. Alex. Low, Minister of Keig, by the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart.
Professor Low, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Capt. Lowe, 53d Regiment, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Rev. Edwin S. Lumsdaine, by Admiral Sir P. Durham.
Mr. Lumsden of Glasgow, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.

Mr. Charles MacAlister, yr. of Kennox, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Mr. MacAlister, by the Duke of Argyll.
Dr. Alex. Macaulay, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. MacCall of Daldowie, by the Duke of Hamilton.
Rev. W. MacClure of Londonderry, Presbyterian Church of Ireland, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. MacDonald of Powderhall, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. James MacDonald, Sheriff-Substitute, Edinburghshire, Do.
Major MacDougal, 42d Reg., by Sir G. Murray.
Mr. R. MacFarlane, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. John MacFie, Dep.-Lieut. for County and City of Glasgow, by Lord Dunfermline.
Lieut.-Col. Hugh MacGregor, half-pay 63d Regt. by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
The MacIntosh, Chief of Clan-Chattan, by the Marquess of Abercorn.
Lieut. MacKay, Royal Artillery, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Major H. MacKay, Unattached, Do.
Lieut. D. MacKenzie, R.N., by Admiral Sir P. Durham.
Mr. Roderick MacKenzie, by Lord Dunfermline.
Dr. MacLagan, Surgeon to the Queen, by Mr. Rutherfurd.
Mr. Arch. MacLellan of Glasgow, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Rev. Dr. MacLeod, Dean of the Chapel-Royal, by the Duke of Argyll.
Mr. MacNain of Balvie, Do.
Mr. Alex. MacNeill, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. Robert B. Maconochie, by Sir J. Hope, Bart.
Mr. MacQueen of Braxfield, by Lord Belhaven.
Mr. MacQueen, Surgeon, Bengal Army, by Sir George Ballingall.
Mr. A. J. MacRoy of Belfast, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Dr. MacWhirter, by the Duke of Argyll.
Mr. Maitland of Freugh, by the Earl of Galloway.
Commander James Maitland, by Admiral Sir P. Durham.
Commander Lewis Maitland, Do.
Mr. Maitland of Dundrennan, by the Hon. Fox Maule.
Mr. W. R. Mansfield, 53d Regiment, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. G. J. Mansel, 53d Regiment, Do.
Mr. James Mantard, by Lord Jeffrey.
Lieut. and Paymaster Marbeth, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. M. A. Marbeth, by Adjutant O. Neill.
Mr. W. Marshall, Danish Consul-General for Scotland, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Mr. James Matthew, Chamberlain, Stirling.
Mr. James Maxtone, by Lord Jeffrey.
Mr. Welwood Maxwell of Munches, by Mr. Hope Johnstone of Annandale, M.P.
Mr. Henry Maxwell, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Lieut. Heron Maxwell, R.N., by Admiral Sir P. Durham.
Major-Gen. Mayne, C.B., by Lieut.-Gen. Lord Greenock.
Cornet J. E. Mayne, Do.
Mr. J. Melville, Councillor, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. Kenneth Menzies, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Dr. Menzies, Staff-Surgeon, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. Mercer of Gorthy, by Sir G. Clerk, Bart.
Professor Miller, University of Edinburgh, by Lord Belhaven.
Mr. Millar of Stewartfield, by the Hon. F. Maule.
Mr. Millar of Monkcastle, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Rev. John D. Millar, St. John's, Cambridge, by Sir William Drysdale.
Mr. Andrew Millar, Edinburgh.
Mr. J. Mitchell, Consul for the Queen of Portugal at Glasgow, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Mr. John Mitchell, jun., Belgian Consul, Edinburgh, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. Charles C. Moir of Leckie, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. R. Scott Moncrieff, Chamberlain of Dalkeith, by Mr. Pringle, M.P.
Professor Monro, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. Monro, by Captain George Scott, R.N.
Mr. James Stewart Monteith of Closeburn, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Rev. R. Montgomery, by Sir William Drysdale.
Lieut.-Col. Montgomery, Ayrshire Yeomanry, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Major Willoughby Moore, Inniskilling Dragoons, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. Richard Morrison, by the Hon. Fox Maule.
Mr. Hugh Mosman of Auchtyfardle, by the Duke of Hamilton.

Bailie Muir, by Viscount Melville.
Rev. Dr. W. Muir, by the Earl of Aberdeen.
Col. Mure of Caldwell, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Lieut. F. Murray, Royal Artillery, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Lieut. Philip C. Murray 36th Regiment, by Admiral Sir P. Durham.
Mr. Murray of Polmaise, by the Hon F. Maule.
Mr. John Murray, by the Earl of Mansfield.
Mr. Mytton, 53d Regiment, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. Nairne of Dunsinane, by the Hon. F. Maule.
Mr. Drummond Nairne, Do.
Lieut. R. J. Millikin Napier, 79th Regiment, by Lord Belhaven.
Mr. George Napier, Sheriff of Peeblesshire, by Mr. Rutherfurd, M.P.
Professor Napier, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. Dunmore Napier of Ballikinrain, by the Duke of Argyll.
Mr. Nasmyth, Surgeon, by Sir James Clark, Bart.
Mr. Nasmyth, by Sir George Balliugall.
Lieut.-Col. Smith Neil of Swindrigeman, Dep. Lieut. of Ayrshire, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Captain John Nunn, by Major-Gen. Sir Neil Douglas.
Captain Orr, Superintendent of Royal Military Academy, by Lord Robert Kerr.
Mr. George Oswald, by Mr. Alex. Oswald.
Captain Pardey, 53d Regiment, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. R. Townley Parker, 53d Regiment, Do.
Dr. Parnell, F.R.S.E., by Sir John Robison.
Mr. Cochrane Patrick, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Mr. Payne, 53d Regiment, by Major-General Sir N. Douglas.
Lieut. R. M. Peel, Inniskilling Dragoons, Do.
Mr. Perry, by Col. Mackintosh.
Mr. Phillips, by the Lord Advocate.
Major Phillipps, 53d Regiment, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Professor Pillans, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Lieut. E. W. Pitt, R.N., by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Mr. Pollock, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. Melville Portal, by Viscount Melville.
Lieut. Pratt, 66th Regiment, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Rev. E. B. Ramsay, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. John Ramsay, Dean of Guild, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. Ramsay, M.P., by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. W. Ranken.
Mr. Reid of Lowood, by Sir George Clerk, Bart.
Mr. J. Paterson Reid of Glasgow, by the Marquess of Breadalbane.
Mr. Reid of Dalgarven, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Capt. Hope Reid of Grangehill, R.N., by the Duke of Argyll.
Captain Reid, R.N., by Lieut.-Col. Cadell.
Mr. Renny, by Lord Dunfermline.
Provost Reoch of Leith, by Viscount Melville.
Mr. MacDuff Rhind, Assessor to the Canongate, by the Marquess of Breadalbane.
Mr. John Rhind, Edinburgh, by Sir George Clerk, Bart.
Provost Richardson of Banff, with an Address.
Mr. John Richardson, Magistrate of Edinburgh, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. R. Richardson, Councillor, Do.
Lieut. A. Jardine Roberts, Inniskilling Dragoons, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Mr. Robertson, Saline, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. Hercules Robertson, Sheriff of Renfrewshire, by the Lord-Justice-Clerk.
Mr. Thomas Robertson, Convener of Trades of Canongate, by the Marquess of Breadalbane.
Mr. D. J. Robertson, City Chamberlain, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. Patrick Robertson, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. Murdoch Robertson, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. Hugh Ross, Do.
Mr. G. Edward Russell, by Sir W. Newbigging.
Major-General Russell, by Sir George Murray.
Dr. James Russell, Councillor, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. Grahame Russell, by the Duke of Argyll.
Mr. Robert Rutherford, Deputy-Keeper of Palace of Holyrood, by the Duke of Hamilton.
Mr. Sceales, Bailie of Leith, by the Viscount Melville.
Mr. Wm. Schofield, Heybrooke House, by Sir James Spittal.
Mr. Benjamin Schofield, Crossfield House, Do.
Captain Walter Scott, Madras Army, by Lieut.-Col. Sir R. Mowbray.
Lieut. Scott, R.N., by Lord A. Fitzclarence.

Mr. Alex. Scott, Convener, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Dr. Scott, Surgeon Extraordinary to the Queen in Scotland, by Sir James Clark, Bart.
Mr. David Scott, R.S.A., by Sir Wm. Allan.
Mr. Edward Seaton, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
M. de Serre, French Consul at Edinburgh, by the Lord Provost.
Major Shairpe, by the Earl of Hopetoun.
Dr. O'Shaughnessy, Royal Medical Staff, by Viscount Melville.
Rev. H. W. Sheppard, by Lord Rollo.
Rev. James Shields of Newry, Presbyterian Church, Ireland, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. John Shiffner, 53d Regiment, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Lieut. C. C. Shute, Inniskilling Dragoons, Do.
Dr. Sibbald, by Sir P. H. Durham.
Rev. Dr. Simpson, by the Earl of Morton.
Mr. Jas. Simpson, Legal Assessor, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Professor Simpson, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. Alex. Sinclair, Thurso Castle, by the Duke of Argyll.
Lieut. J. F. Slight, R.N., by Lieut.-Col. Sir R. Mowbray, K.H.
Mr. Sligo, by Sir George Clerk, Bart.
Mr. John Small of Glasgow, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Captain Smart, 53d Regiment, by Major-Gen. Sir Neil Douglas.
Rev. John Smart, A.M., Moderator of the United Associate Synod, by Sir James Spittal.
Major A. Carmichael Smyth, 93d Regiment, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Commander A. Smyth, by Rear-Admiral Tait.
Captain Charles Smyth, R.N., by Rear-Admiral Brian Hodgson.
Mr. Thomas Somerville of Greenfield, by Rear-Admiral Tait.
Lieut. Southey, R.N., by Lord A. Fitzclarence.
Professor Spalding, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. Speirs, Sheriff of Mid-Lothian, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Dr. R. Spittal, Physician Extraordinary in Scotland to Her Majesty, by Sir James Spittal.
Mr. Sprott of Riddell, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. D. Stevenson, by the Duke of Argyll.
Mr. Stewart of Glenormiston, Dep.-Lieut. of the County of Peebles, by Sir John Hope, Bart.
Lieut. Archibald Stewart, 92d Regiment, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Mr. Stewart of Binny, by the Earl of Hopetoun.
Mr. Stewart of Physgill, by the Earl of Glasgow.
General G. Stirling, by Sir George Murray.
Mr. Gartshore Stirling of Craigbarnet, Do.
Mr. Silvester Stirling, by Sir George Clerk, Bart.
Mr. Wm. Stirling of Kenmore, by the Duke of Argyll.
Mr. G. Stirling of Strowan, by Sir Geo. Murray.
Mr. A. Stoke, 53d Regiment, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Mr. Straton of Kirkside, by Sir G. Ballingall.
Mr. G. J. Straton of Kirkton, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. Stair Stuart of Glyserton, by the Duke of Argyll.
Rev. T. G. Suther, by Major-Gen. Sir N. Douglas.
Lieut. Sutherland, 25th Bengal Native Infantry, by Sir Edward Colebrooke, Bart.
Professor Swinton, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Professor Syme, University of Edinburgh, by Lord Dunfermline.
Captain Tait, R.N., by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. A. Tait, Councillor, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. G. R. Tennant, by the Duke of Hamilton.
Mr. Tennent, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Mr. David Thom, Moderator of the High Constables of Leith, by Viscount Melville.
Captain Frederick Thompson, Inniskilling Dragoons, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Commander W. Thompson, by Sir J. Spittal.
Mr. Thomson, Sheriff of Caithness-shire, by Lord Dunfermline.
Mr. D. J. Thomson, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. William Thomson, Do.
Mr. J. G. Thomson, Do.
Mr. Thomson, by Sir John Robison.
Mr. H. M. Thorburn, by the Earl of Aberdeen.
Professor Traill, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. Trotter, Musselburgh, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Mr. Trotter of Mortonhall, by Lord Dunfermline.
Captain Tulloch, 90th Light Infantry, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.

Mr. Tytler of Woodhouselee, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. Ure of Croy, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Mr. A. Urmston, by Lord Rollo.
Mr. Urquhart, by the Lord Advocate of Scotland.
Mr. J. Urquhart, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Dr. Valange, half-pay, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Mr. Wm. Verner, 53d Regiment, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Mr. Warner of Ardeer, by the Earl of Eglintoun.
Lieut. W. Tyrwhitt Walker, Inniskilling Dragoons, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Captain Walker, 88th Regt., by Sir G. Clerk, Bart.
Mr. Walker of Bowland, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Captain Warren, 53d Regiment, by Major-Gen. Sir Neil Douglas.
Mr. Watson, Treasurer of Leith, by Viscount Melville.
Mr. Alex. Webster, Treasurer of Aberdeen, by Provost Blaikie.
Mr. Webster of Aberdeen, by Mr. Rutherfurd.
Mr. G. Wedderburn, by Sir George Clerk, Bart.
Captain Weir, 50th Regiment, by Lord R. Kerr.
Mr. Duncan Weir, Magistrate of Greenock, by Mr. Patrick Maxwell Stewart, M.P.
Professor Welsh, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Lieut.-Col. Raymond Whyte, Inniskilling Dragoons, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Lieut. H. Dalrymple Whyte, Do. by Do.
Mr. A. Wilkie, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Major Wilson, Bengal Army, by Sir Thomas B. Hepburn, Bart.
Mr. James Wilson, Sheriff-Clerk of the County of Edinburgh, by the Lord Advocate.
Professor Wilson, University of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Buccleuch.
Mr. George Ross Wilson of Benmore, by the Marquess of Lorne.
Captain Wright, Royal Artillery, by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas.
Captain Wright, R.N.
Mr. James Wright, Treasurer of Glasgow, by the Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Mr. Charles W. Wright, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

TRANSLATION OF "AN FEILE PREASACH," &c.—P. 363.

CHORUS.

The kilt well-plaited pleases me,
With hose that reach not near the knee,
And tartan coat of varied hue,
With bonnet of the darkest blue.

Garb—my own delight and pride,
Close plaited round from side to side—
O'er mountains I could bound so free,
Or briskly work, when clad in thee.
The kilt well-plaited, &c.

Thick woven garment, my delight,
Fame follows thee as thine own right;
As triumphs to thy wearers cleave,—
What feats with thee would I achieve!
The kilt well-plaited, &c.

The plaited kilt of many folds.
The shoulder brooch, the plaid that holds.
The belt that freely girds the waist—
Well suited to the warlike taste.
The kilt well-plaited, &c.

The plaited kilt, how much more dear,
Than cloth from sheep, which Saxon shear:
Mill'd, and made in trowsers tight—
Enough to madden Highland wight.
The kilt well-plaited, &c.

The kilt in bending sweep that flows,
New courage on the man bestows
'Midst hardships of disastrous life,
And nerves the arm in mortal strife.
The kilt well-plaited, &c.

Though I were laid on some hill side
Alone, till o'er me weeks should glide,
No cold of night could do me harm,
If wrapp'd within my plaid so warm.
The kilt well-plaited, &c.

Full well the dirk becomes thy folds,
With sheath, the knife and fork that holds;
The furrow'd hilt, with studded nails,
Gives force to point that never fails.
The kilt well-plaited, &c.

When heroes for the fight array,
The dauntless Gael shall slash and slay,—
Roused by the powerful bagpipe's breath
To glory in the field of death.
The kilt well-plaited pleases me.
With hose that reach not near the knee.
And tartan coat of varied hue,
With bonnet of the darkest blue.

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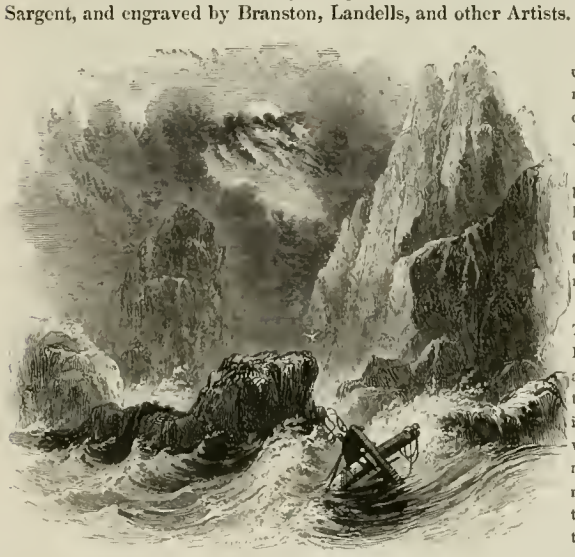

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